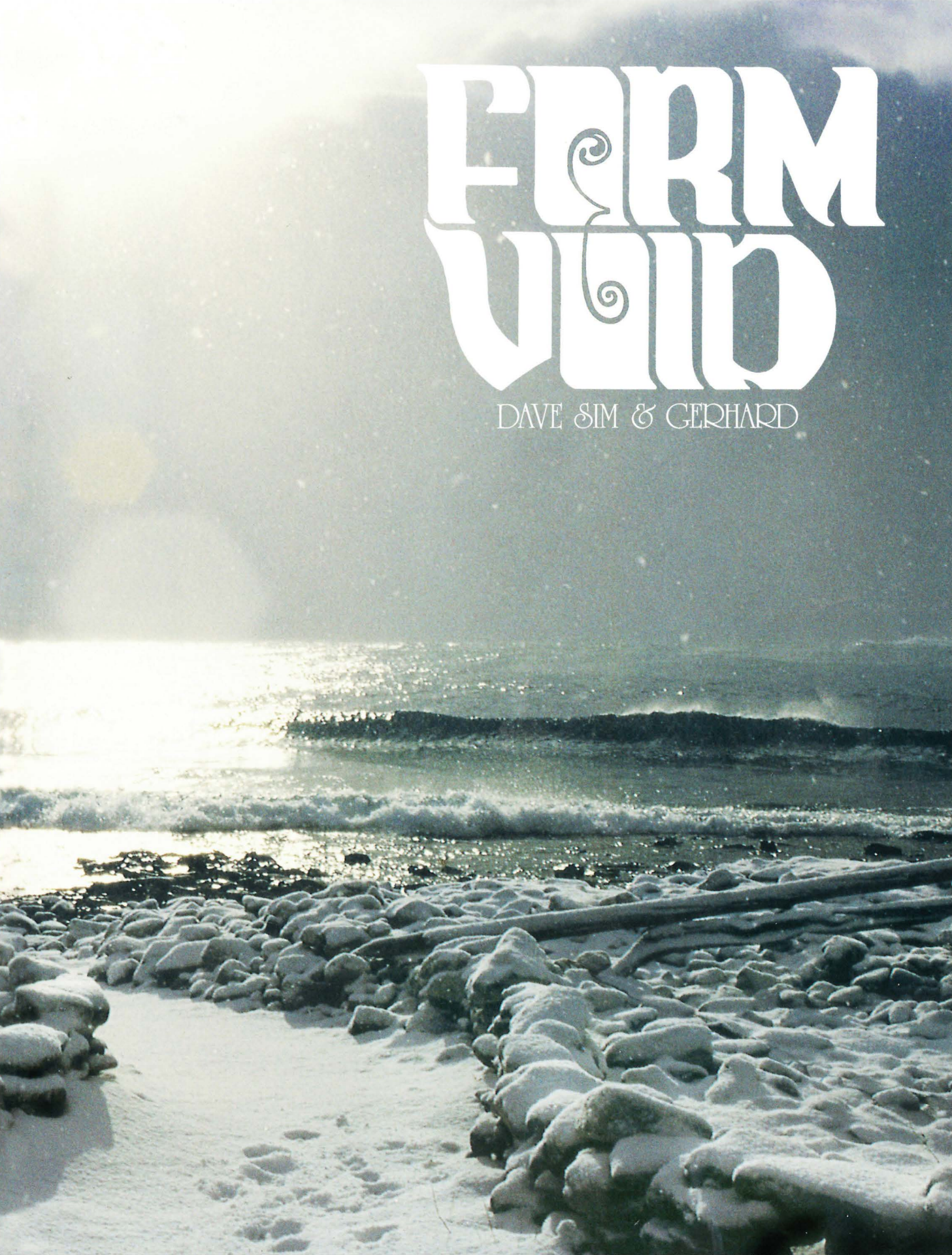
FARM
VOID
DAVE SIM & GERHARD

FORM & VOID

(GOING HOME Volume II)

by

Dave Sim and Gerhard

Dave's dedication:

To STEVE PLOTKIN
&
The Hemingway Archives
At the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library

(in a world where your brand of professionalism
and efficieny seem always to be
going the way of the dodo)

Gerhard's dedication:

Dedicated to not going completely mental
before finishing this thing...

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Introduction:

Ernest Hemingway and his works seem very distant to me now despite my having lived with them for a little more than a year and despite the *end* of that year being less than six months in the past as I am writing this introduction. This seems to me either a peculiarity of one's forties or of the twenty-first century. Gerhard remarked the other day—on his weekly trip to the office (he works at home now)— that "it would appear that it is *never* going to stop snowing " (a familiar observation in Southern Ontario in mid-March). I replied, "Mexico must seem like a long time ago" (referring to his week's vacation with Rose in early February). He said something to the effect that he felt like a completely different person from the one who had gone to and returned from Mexico. This in the space of a month. As I say, one's forties or the twenty-first century? Who is to say?

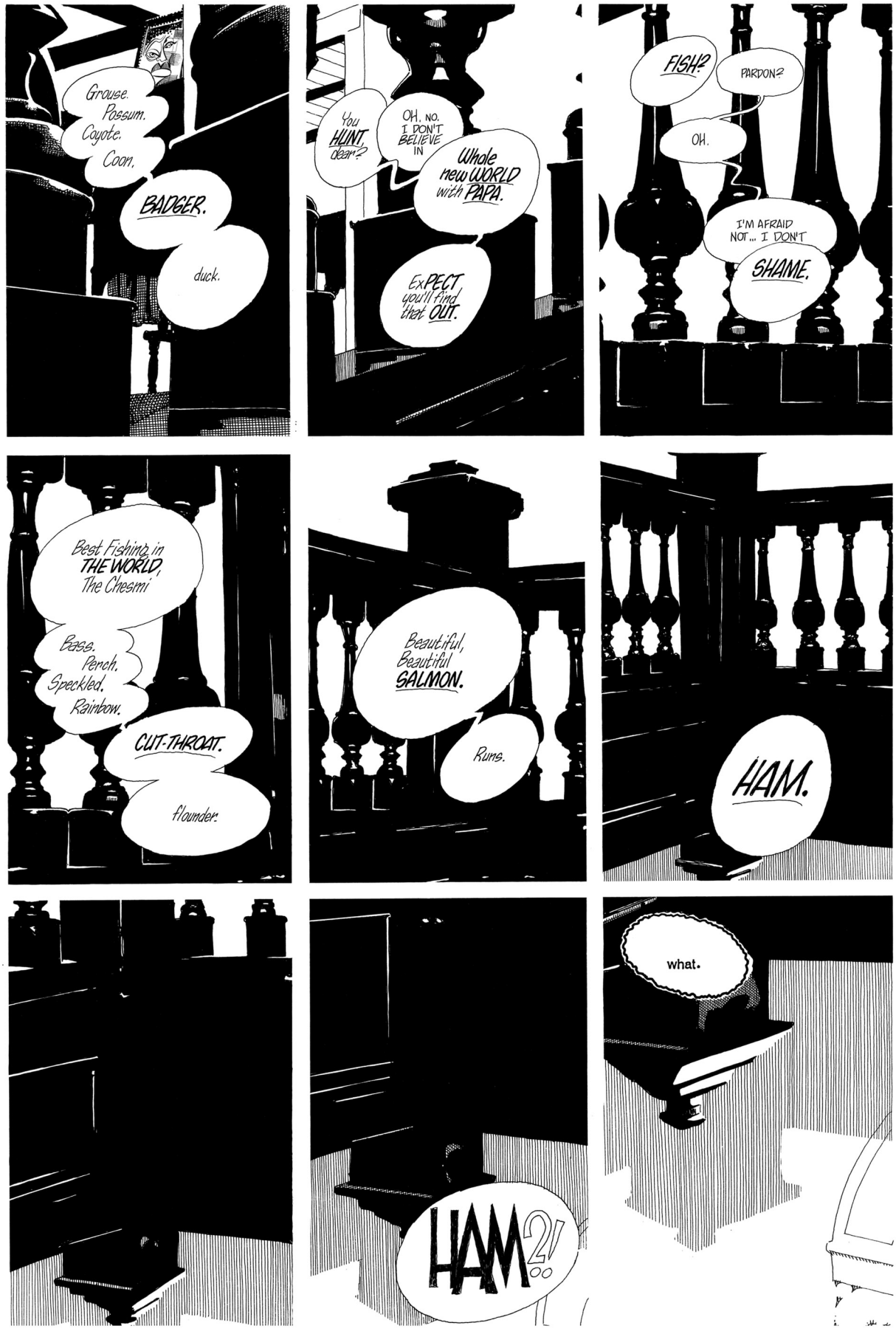
Anyway, so it is with my Hemingway research. A year ago at this time I was burning up the phone and fax lines to the John F. Kennedy Library, "hot on the trail" of Mary Hemingway's African diary (and practically *living* in the American Literature section of the *Kitchener* Public Library, one shelf down from my previous habitation in F. Scott Fitzgerald's life). Although I have dedicated my part of this book to Steve Plotkin and the Hemingway Archives, I want to thank him (and it/them) again here in the introduction for his (and its/their) superlative efforts in providing me with all the materials I found necessary—and for painstakingly searching for the few noticeably absent materials I sought that proved to just not be there (most particularly Edward Scott's columns for the *Havana Post* which I address at greater length in the collected "To Ham & Ham Not" notes which follow the story).

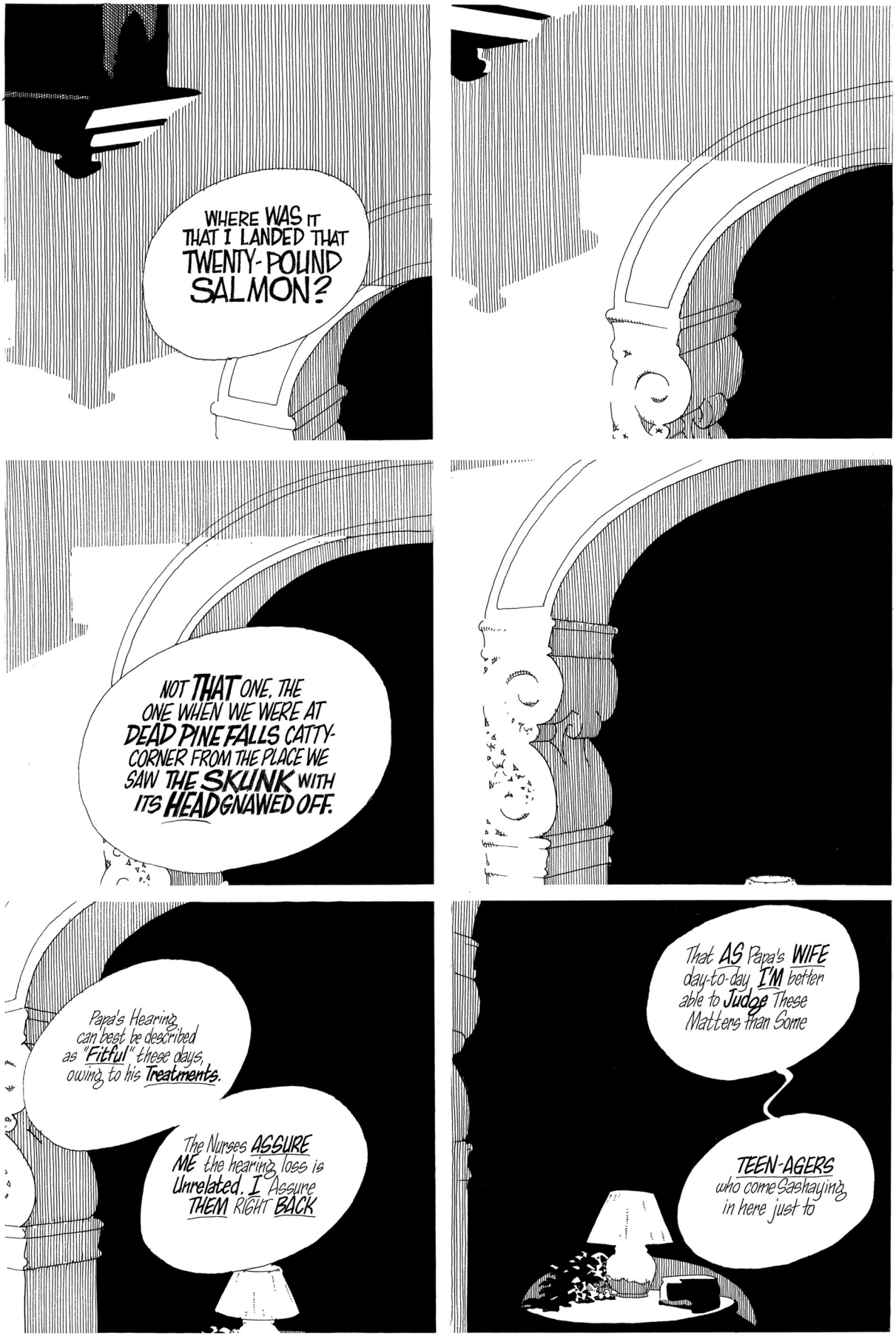
Apart from the above-mentioned notes, I really have very little to add. Having reviewed the "To Ham & Ham Not" notes in their entirety I have made only two (perhaps) significant additions which I had *intended* to include in the original serialised notes but which ended up as loose ends (which tends to happen when you are weaving that many threads together over the course of a year or so). For those readers who followed the serialisation of "To Ham & Ham Not," and who (justifiably I'm sure) have no intention of wading through that much Dave blah blah to see what they missed, I will point out that the first addition occurs early in my discussion of the John F. Kennedy Library's Hemingway Archives (in italics on page 713) and concerns my best speculation on Mary Hemingway's motives in donating Hemingway's papers to the Kennedy Library. The second represents my best assessment of the ignominious *end* of the "Gertrude Stein-Ernest Hemingway feud" (which I began discussing after the note for page 521, under "Gertrude Stein" and then forgot to conclude at the appropriate point) and which appears way, way, *way* at the end of the (lengthy) notes for *How It Was* page 555 on page 753 (and—for the devotees of such minutiae—serves as an interesting capstone, counterpoint and point of resonance for my own "feud" with cartoonist/publisher Jeff Smith—when one compares his bizarre misconstruction of my words in his *Comics Journal* interview with Hemingway's own fabrications in *A Moveable Feast*) (but *only* for the devotees of such minutiae, which is why I make only a tangential reference to it here).

Dave Sim
Kitchener, Ontario
March 10, 2001

form & void

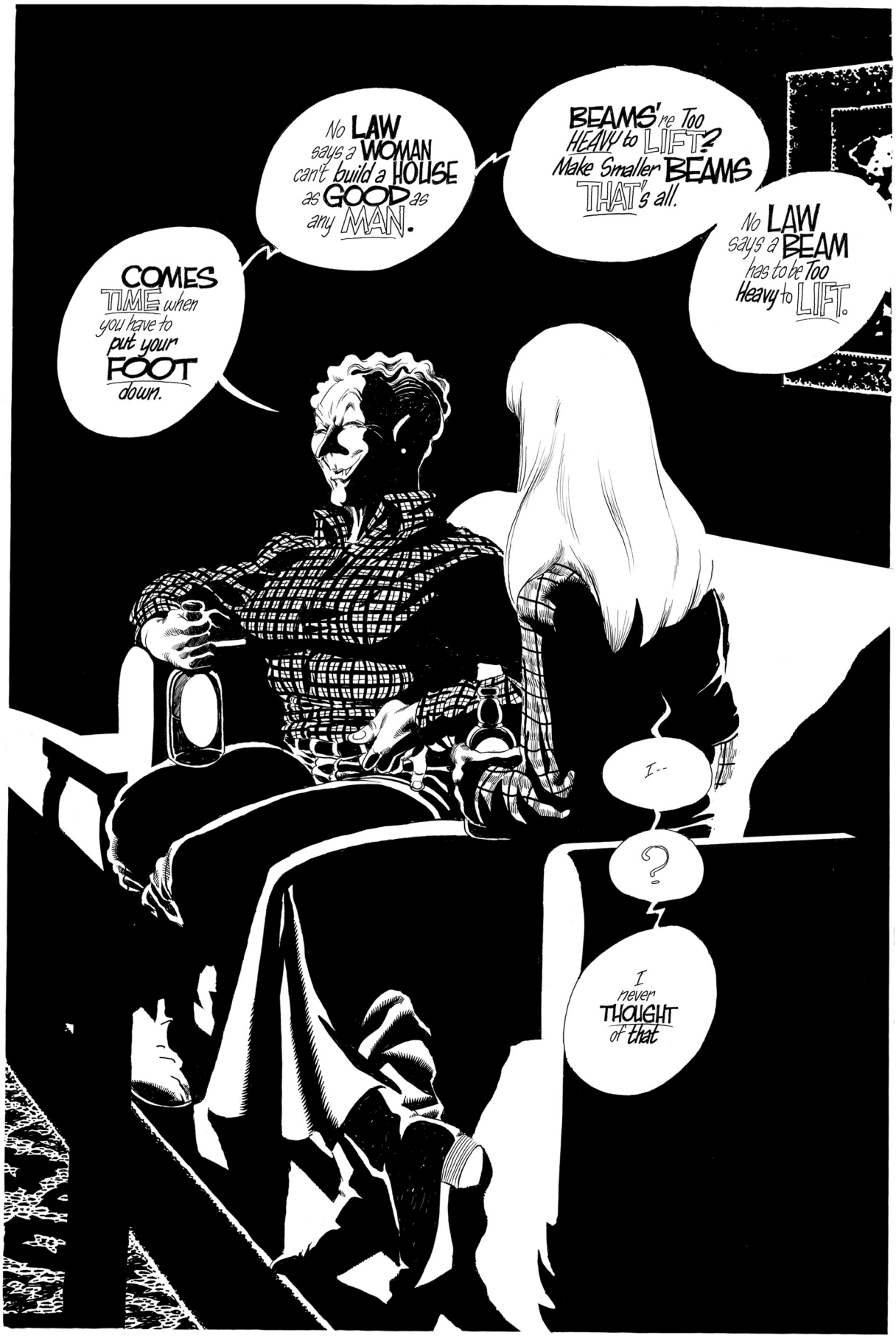
Beduin was always worth it and you received return for whatever you brought to it. But this is how Beduin was in the early days when we were very poor and very happy. It will always
be
Why, PAPA AND I know the Chesmi River Trail like the BACK of our HAND
Damn Fine HUNTING, The Trail:


Grouse.
Possum.
Coyote.
Coon.
BADGER.
duck.
You HUNT, dear?
OH. NO. I DON'T BELIEVE IN
Whole new WORLD with PAPA.
EXPECT you'll find that OUT.
FISH?
PARDON?
OH.
I'M AFRAID NOT... I DON'T
SHAME.
Best Fishing in THE WORLD, The Chesmi
Bass.
Perch.
Speckled.
Rainbow.
CUT-THROAT.
flounder.
Beautiful, Beautiful SALMON.
Runs.
HAM.
HAM?!
what.

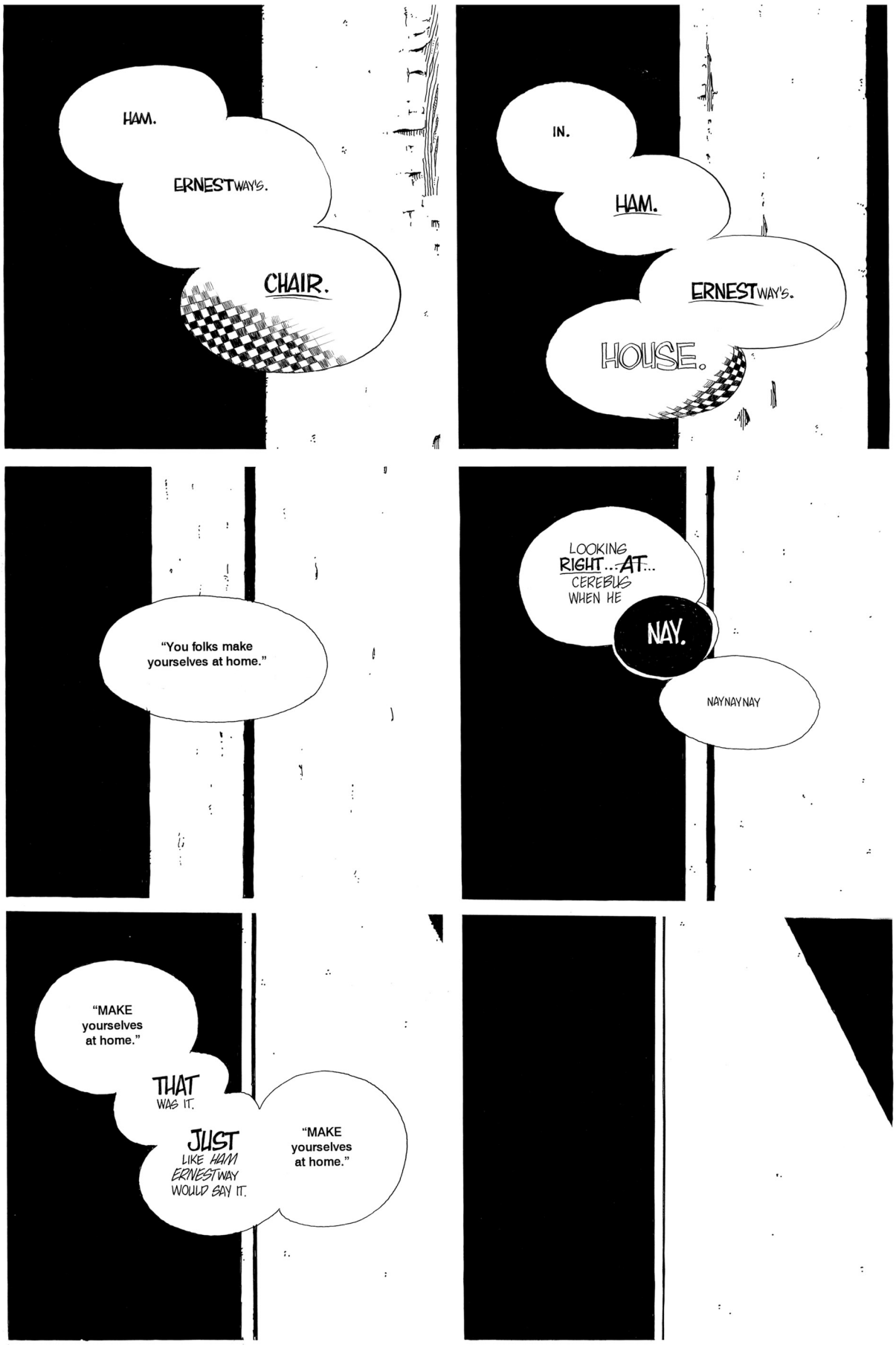

WHERE WAS IT THAT I LANDED THAT TWENTY-POUND SALMON?
NOT THAT ONE, THE ONE WHEN WE WERE AT DEAD PINE FALLS CATTY-CORNER FROM THE PLACE WE SAW THE SKUNK WITH ITS HEAD GNAWED OFF.
Papa's Hearing can best be described as "Fitful" these days, owing to his Treatments.
The Nurses ASSURE ME the hearing loss is Unrelated. I Assure THEM RIGHT BACK
That AS Papa's WIFE day-to-day I'M better able to Judge These Matters than Some
TEEN-AGERS who come Sashaying in here just to

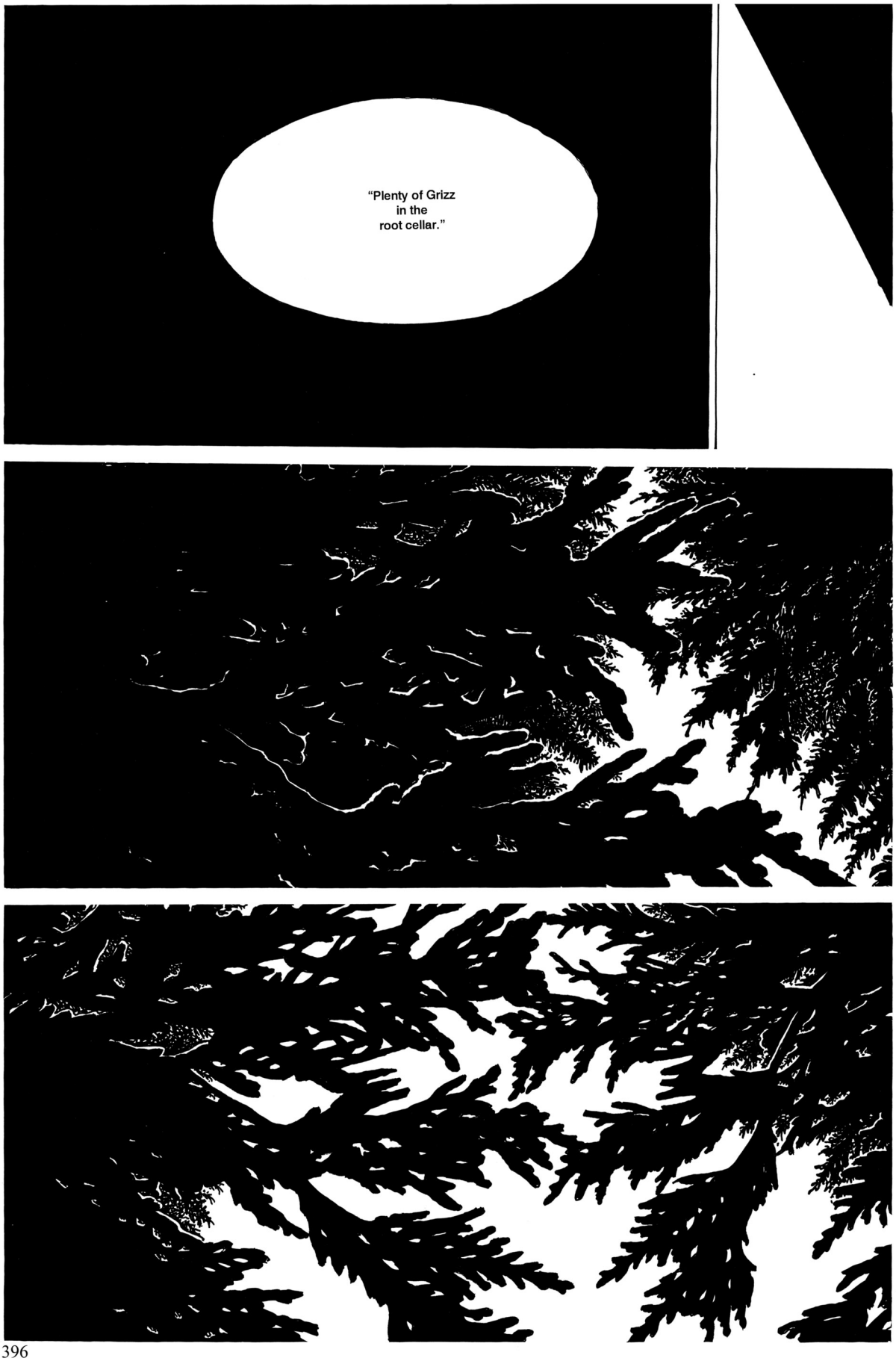
I'm sorry, dear -- WHERE did you say you're going again?
TO -- TO SAND HILLS CREEK
CEREBUS' PARENTS LIVE UP THERE
Papa HATED his mother!
Names I wouldn't call a dog if I caught him doing his Business on my Best Carpet
CEREBUS like that?
I-- I DON'T THINK SO
?
NO. HIS MOTHER MAKES QUILTED COMFORTERS
AN INCH THICK.
WE

WE'RE STILL... DISCUSSING... WHERE WE'RE GOING TO LIVE.
I THINK WE SHOULD HAVE A PLACE OF OUR OWN... RIGHT AWAY.
BUT I GUESS THERE'S SOME... TRADITION... IN CEREBUS' FAMILY WHERE YOU... BUILD... A NEW HOUSE
None of my business of course BUT YOU CAN'T JUST GIVE IN ALL THE TIME.
You've got to GIVE AS GOOD AS YOU GET.

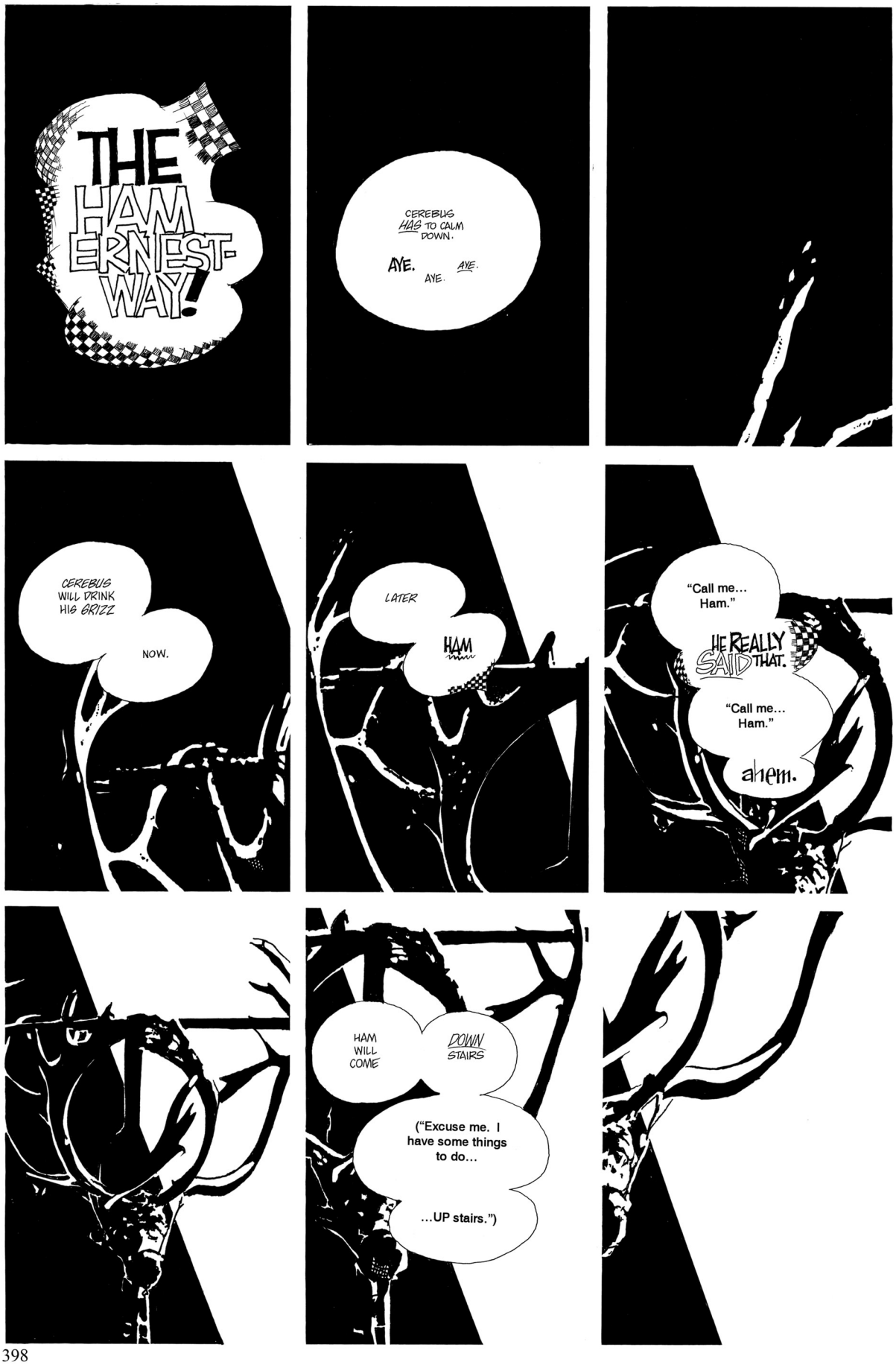

COMES TIME when you have to put your FOOT down.
No LAW says a WOMAN can't build a HOUSE as GOOD as any MAN.
BEAMS're Too HEAVY to LIFT? Make Smaller BEAMS THAT's all.
No LAW says a BEAM has to be Too Heavy to LIFT.
I--
?
I never THOUGHT of that

None of my BUSINESS of course, but a GOOD marriage is a GOOD PARTNERSHIP.
FIFTY-fifty
EVEN-steven
EYEBALL-to-eyeball
TOE-to-toe
HAND-to-hand
HOUSE-to-house

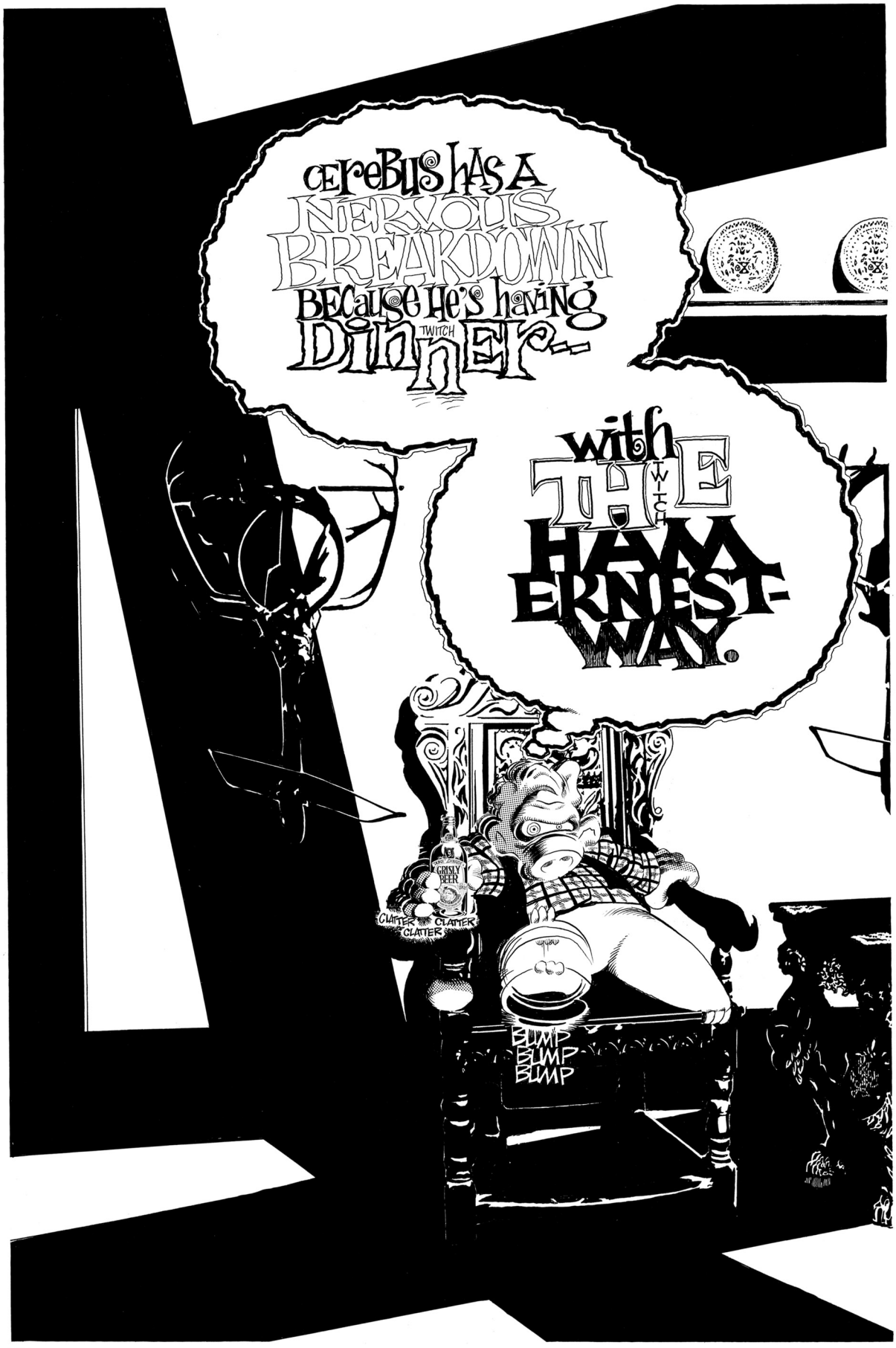

HAM.
ERNESTWAY'S.
CHAIR.
IN.
HAM.
ERNESTWAY'S.
HOUSE.
"You folks make yourselves at home."
LOOKING RIGHT...AT... CEREBUS WHEN HE
NAY.
NAYNAYNAY
"MAKE yourselves at home."
THAT WAS IT.
JUST LIKE HAM ERNESTWAY WOULD SAY IT.
"MAKE yourselves at home."

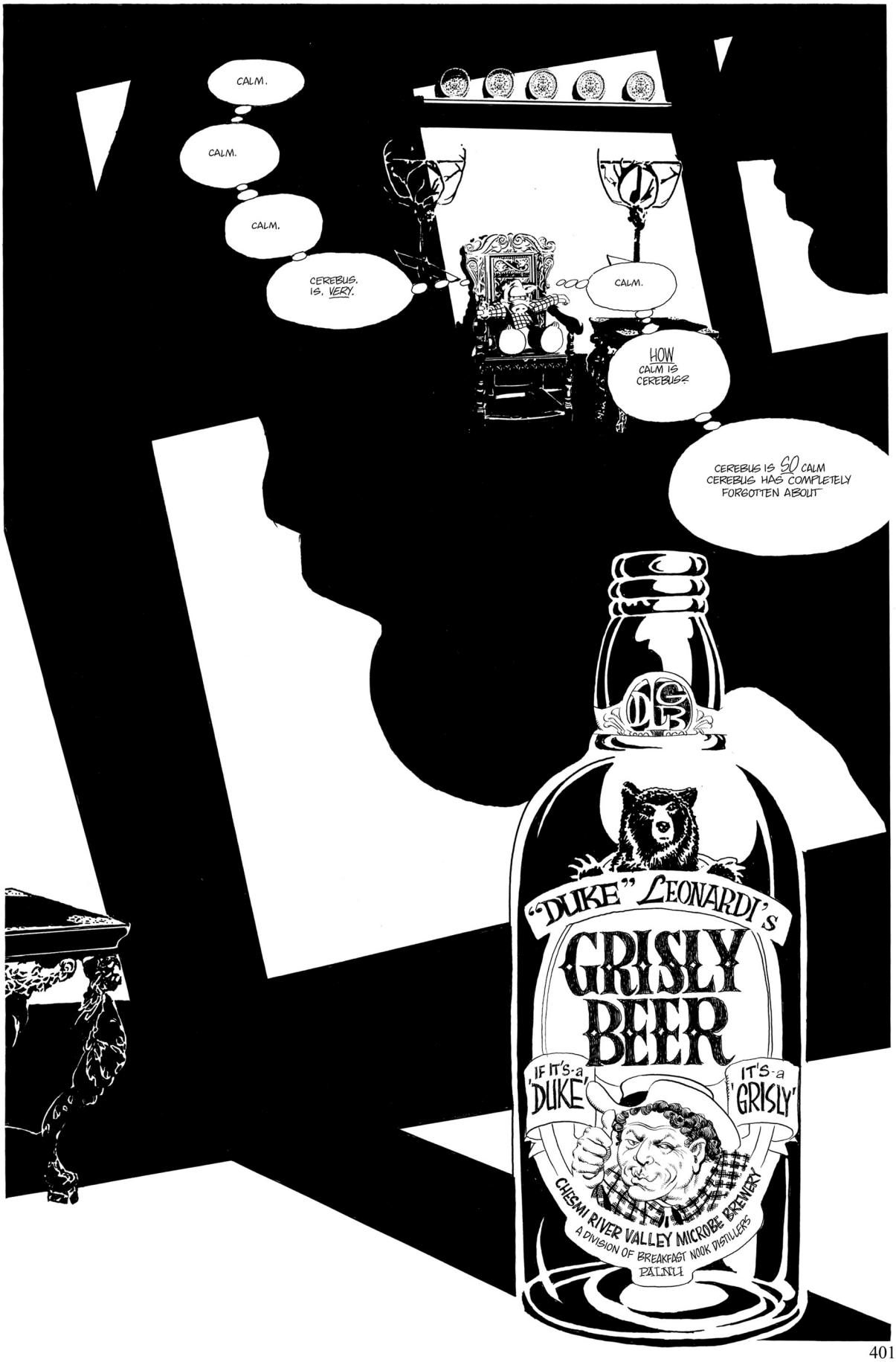

"Plenty of Grizz
in the
root cellar."

YOU NEVER HEARD IT CALLED GRIZZ UNTIL WATTAYACALL "BIG TWO-HEADED MOUNTAIN"
APTER
YOU NEVER HEARD IT CALLED NOTHIN' ELSE.


THE HAM ERNEST-WAY!
CEREBUS HAS TO CALM DOWN.
AYE.
AYE.
AYE.
CEREBUS WILL DRINK HIS GRIZZ
NOW.
LATER
HAM
"Call me... Ham."
HE REALLY SAID THAT.
"Call me... Ham."
ahem.
HAM WILL COME
DOWN STAIRS
("Excuse me. I have some things to do...
...UP stairs.")

AND CEREBUS AND HAM WILL
SWAP YARNS
ABOUT
MANY THINGS.
CEREBUS WILL TELL HAM ABOUT
BEAR AND
STINKY JOE AND
CROTCH FACE AND THE BATTLE
OF PETROU PASS.
MANY YARNS OF
WHEN CEREBUS WAS
A SOLDIER
AND CEREBUS WILL SPIN HIS YARNS
TRULY
AND
GOOD.
UNLESS...


CEREBUS HAS A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN BECAUSE HE'S HAVING DINNER-
TWITCH
with THE HAM ERNEST-WAY.
TWITCH
GRISLY BEER
CLATTER CLATTER CLATTER
BUMP BUMP BUMP


CALM.
CALM.
CALM.
CEREBUS, IS, VERY.
CALM.
HOW CALM IS CEREBUS?
CEREBUS IS SO CALM CEREBUS HAS COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN ABOUT
"DUKE" LEONARDI'S
GRISLY BEER
IF IT'S a 'DUKE'
IT'S a 'GRISLY'
CHIZMI RIVER VALLEY MICROBE BREWERY
A DIVISION OF BREAKFAST NOOK DISTILLERS
PAINLI

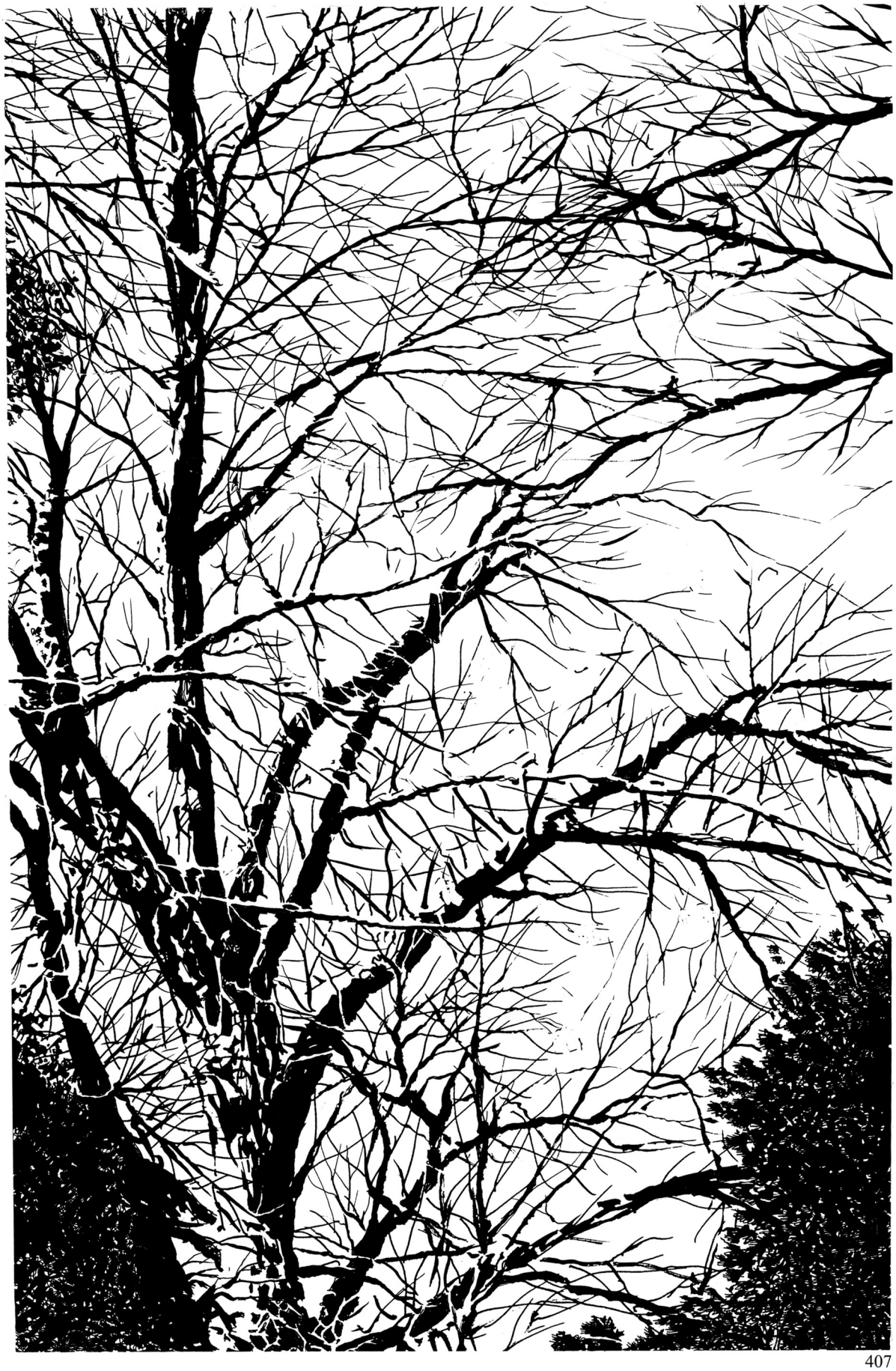
MAYBE THEY WERE ✲
I FORGET THE MILITARY TERM FOR IT.
IT MEANS "PRACTICING"....
?.
"ON MANEUVERS"?
YES. "MANEUVERS"...
JAKA. A WHOLE DIVISION OF HEAVY PIKE WOULDN'T STAGE MANEUVERS ON A DOCK.
THEY'D STAGE THEM ON A PLAIN OR...OR...

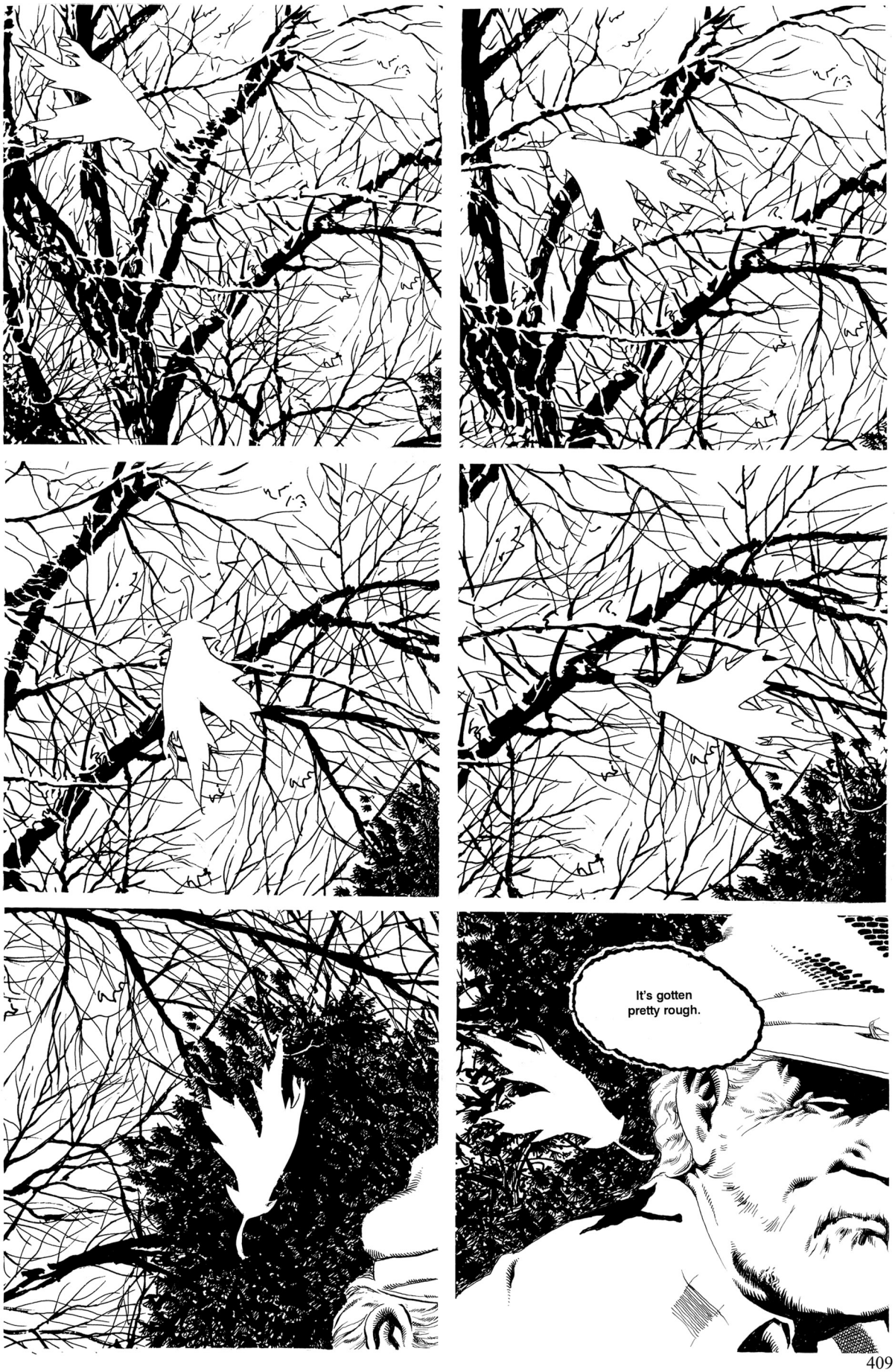
I ALREADY TOLD YOU I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ...MILITARY... THINGS
SO MAY WE PLEASE TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE?
AYE.
GRISLY BEER
THAT.

SHE'S LYING.
SHE'S NOT LYING AND SO WHAT IF SHE IS?
SHE KNEW THOSE CIRINIST TROOPS WERE THERE.
SHE DID NOT AND SO WHAT IF SHE DID?!
LEONARDI'S
"SO. WHAT. IF. SHE. DID?"
?!
THE IMPORTANT THING IS CEREBUS AND JAKA ARE TOGETHER!
EVEN IF SHE SUMMONED THE HEAVY PIKE
SHE DIDN'T.
AND SO WHAT IF SHE DID?!
"SO. WHAT. IF. SHE
CEREBUS THINKS CEREBUS HAS TO STOP THINKING ABOUT THIS NOW!
LIKE WHEN JAKA SAYS: "I THINK WE
?
LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA
GRISLY BEER

IT ONLY ADDS UP ONE. WAY.
LA-LA LALA LALA

THE
HAM
ERNESTWAY'S
CHAIR.
IN
THE
HAM
ERNESTWAY'S
HOUSE.




It's gotten
pretty rough.

I can't finish the bloody book.
I've *got* it all
and I know what I want it to be
but I can't get it down.
Hotch, I can't finish the book. I *can't*.
I've been at this goddamn worktable all day, standing here all day
all I've got to get is this one thing, maybe only a sentence

maybe more,
I don't know,
and I can't
get it. Not
any of it.
You understand?
I *can't*.
I've told them to scratch the
book. It was all set for the
fall but I had to scratch it.

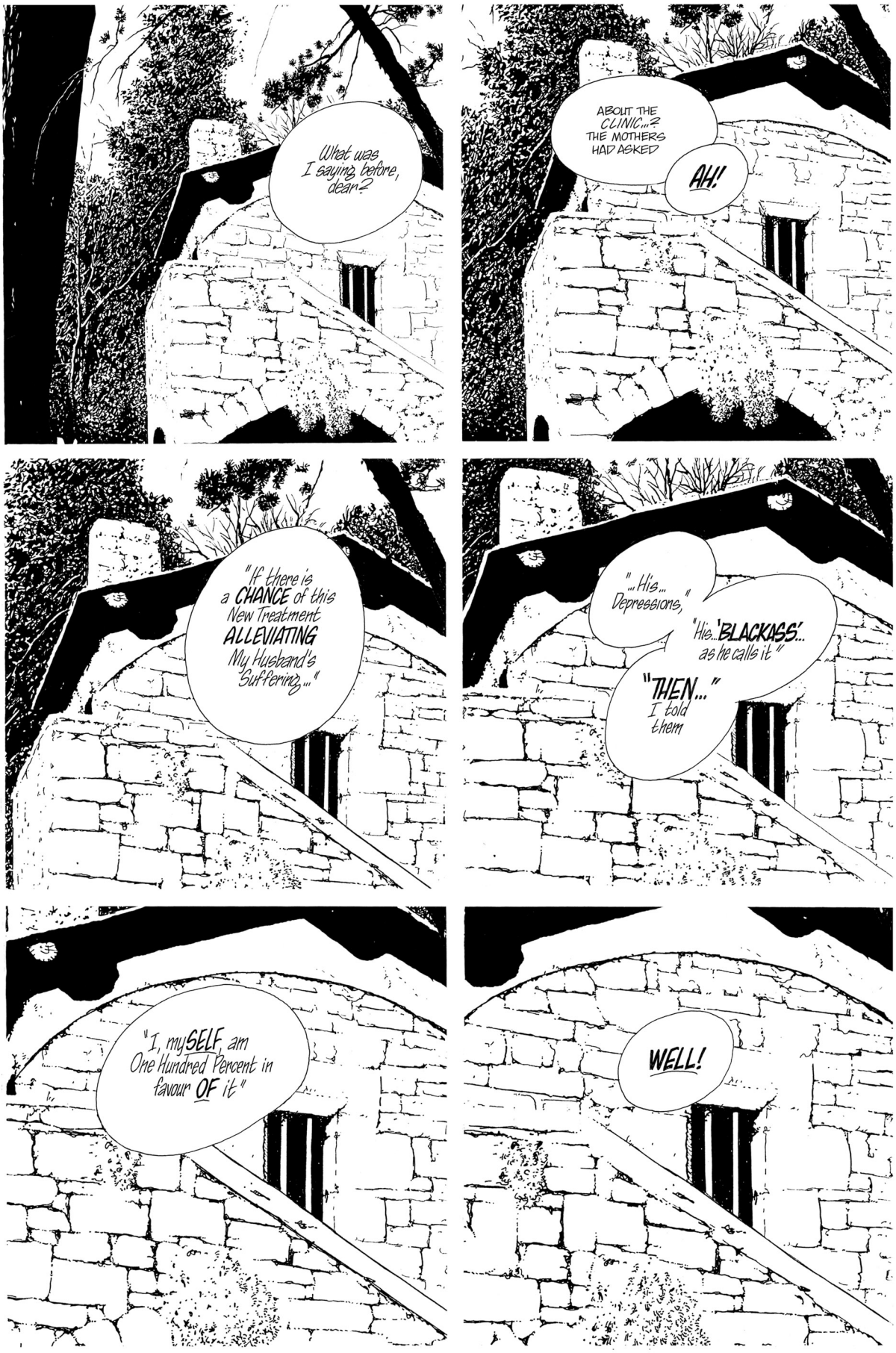
No, no they won't. Because I can't finish it.

Not this fall or next spring or ten years from now.
I *can't.*

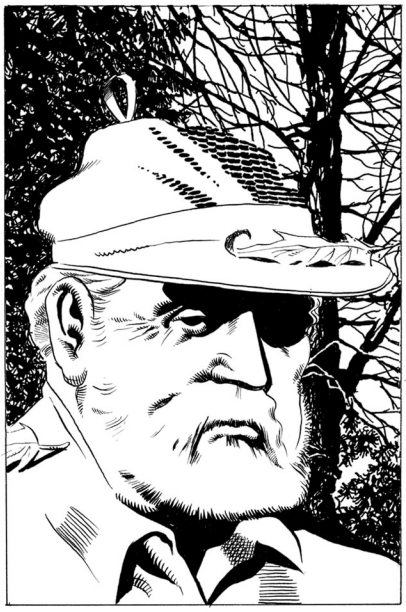
This wonderful damn book and I can't finish it.

You understand?

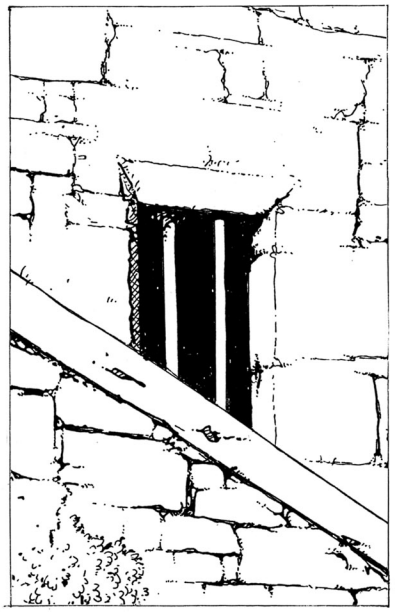
open to the outDOORS -- thus enSURING that the sleeping bags will be aired out - THOROughly -- by morning.
Our GUN-BEARERS will be here at noon.
?


What was I saying, before, dear?
ABOUT THE CLINIC...? THE MOTHERS HAD ASKED
AH!
"If there is a CHANCE of this New Treatment ALLEVIATING My Husband's Suffering..."
"...His... Depressions,"
"His...'BLACKASS'... as he calls it"
"THEN..." I told them
"I, my SELF, am One Hundred Percent in favour OF it"
WELL!

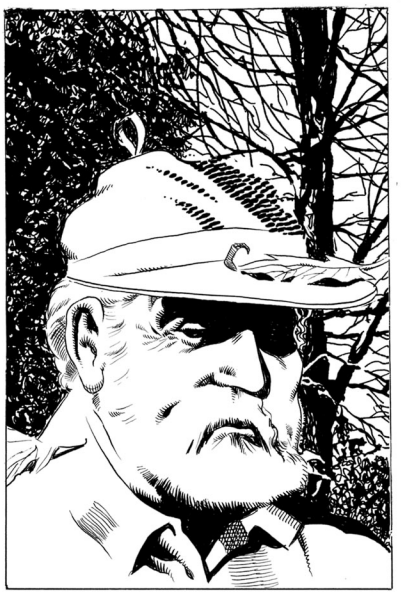
You talk about the Close-Order Drill Efficiency of Today's Modern Medicine!
No sooner were the words OUT of my mouth than the Clinic Staff were WHEELING Papa out onto the roof of the Admissions Office.
UNSPOOLING (as they went) what I reckoned to be not more than EIGHTY and not less than SEVENTY meters of woven, quarter-inch copper wire
ONE END of which they carefully UNwove into two strands of approximately equal length which they then alligator-clipped to Papa's left and right ears respectively
THE OTHER END of which swiftly ascended to the summit of the Clinic Flagpole



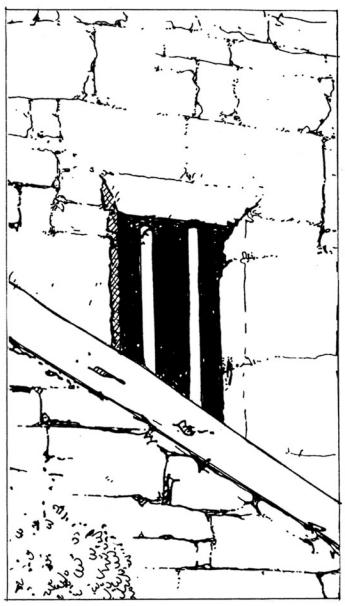
Carried aloft clenched between the sturdy teeth of a very Brave and Capable Young Woman (whose name— I regret to say— I failed to ascertain



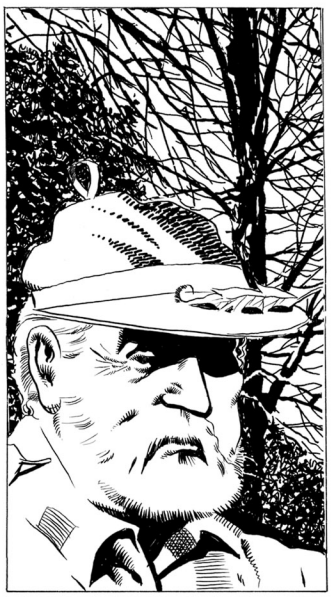
PREOCCUPIED as I was, at the time, by Papa's Well-Being.)



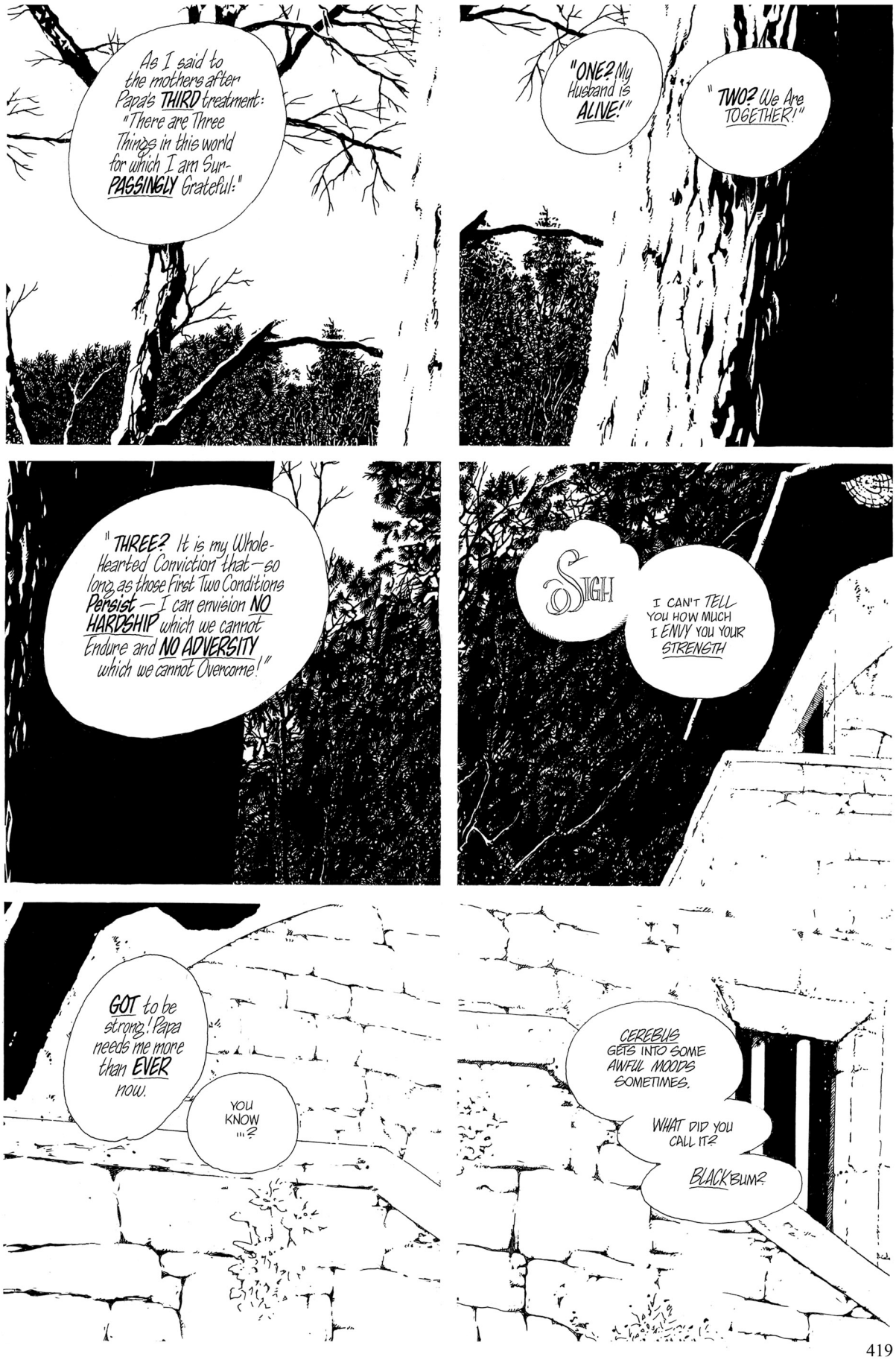
Where **SAID** Other End of **SAID** copper wire was firmly affixed to the All-Metal, Rooster-Shaped Weather Vane surmounting **SAID** Clinic Flagpole by **SAID** Brave and Capable Young Woman.



Who **THEREUPON** descended to **SAID** Admissions Office roof **EVEN AS** the Rooster's Directional Finding Arrow gave indication that a Storm System was bearing down on us from out of the north-west at a cruising speed which I estimated to be not more than Thirty-Five and not less than Thirty Nautical Miles per hour.

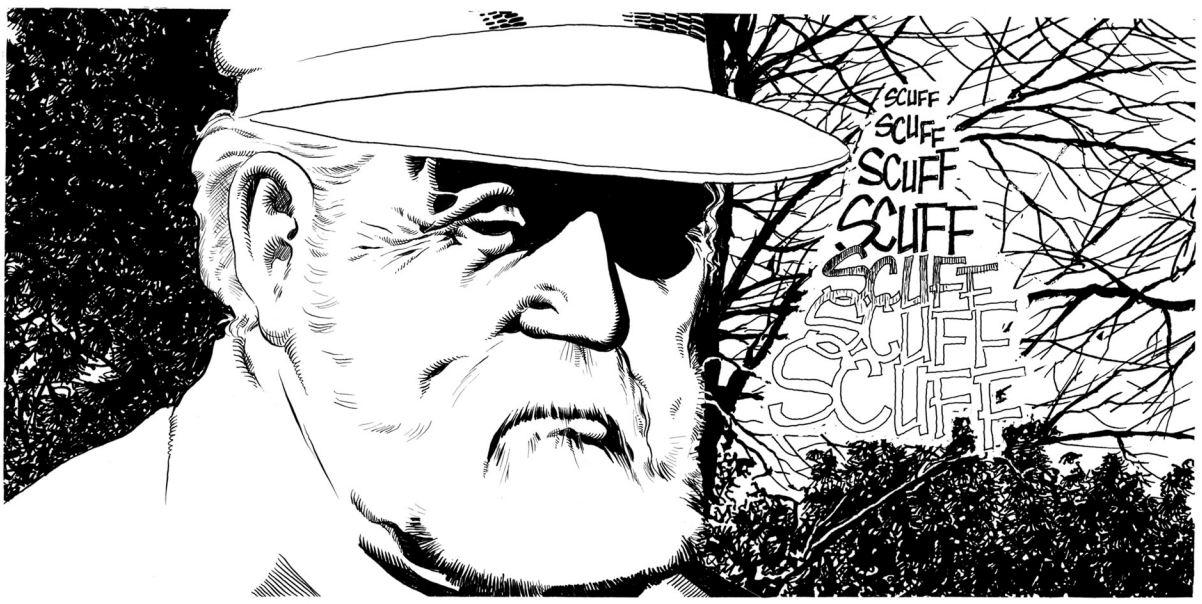


Mere Moments Later?
Papa's First Treatment was a FAIT ACCOMPLI.
PLOP
AND...?
IT WORKED? HE'S BETTER NOW?


As I said to the mothers after Papa's THIRD treatment: "There are Three Things in this world for which I am Sur-PASSINGLY Grateful:"
"ONE? My Husband is ALIVE!"
"TWO? We Are TOGETHER!"
"THREE? It is my Whole-Hearted Conviction that—so long as those First Two Conditions Persist—I can envision NO HARDSHIP which we cannot Endure and NO ADVERSITY which we cannot Overcome!"
SIGH
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH I ENVY YOU YOUR STRENGTH
GOT to be strong! Papa needs me more than EVER now.
YOU KNOW ...?
CEREBUS GETS INTO SOME AWFUL MOODS SOMETIMES.
WHAT DID YOU CALL IT?
BLACK BUM?

BLACKASS.
BLACK. ASS.
AND IT NEVER SEEMS TO BE ABOUT ANYTHING? HE'S JUST
COTTONMOUTHS
Miserable to BE Around?
YES!
Uncommunicative?
=gasp!= YES! EXACTLY!
SOUNDS like BLACKASS all right-- Take it from a
BLACK

SCUFF


SCUFF
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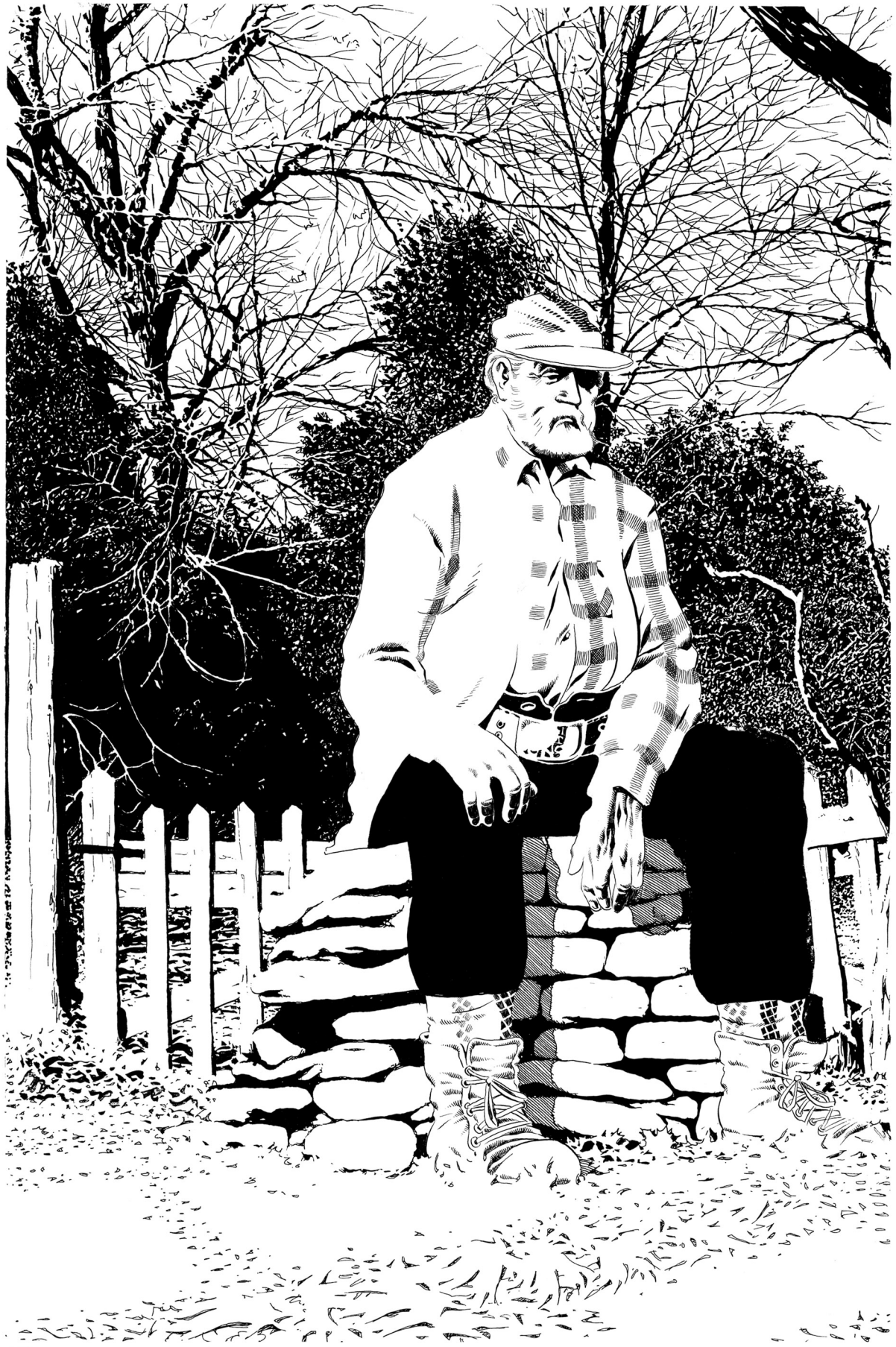
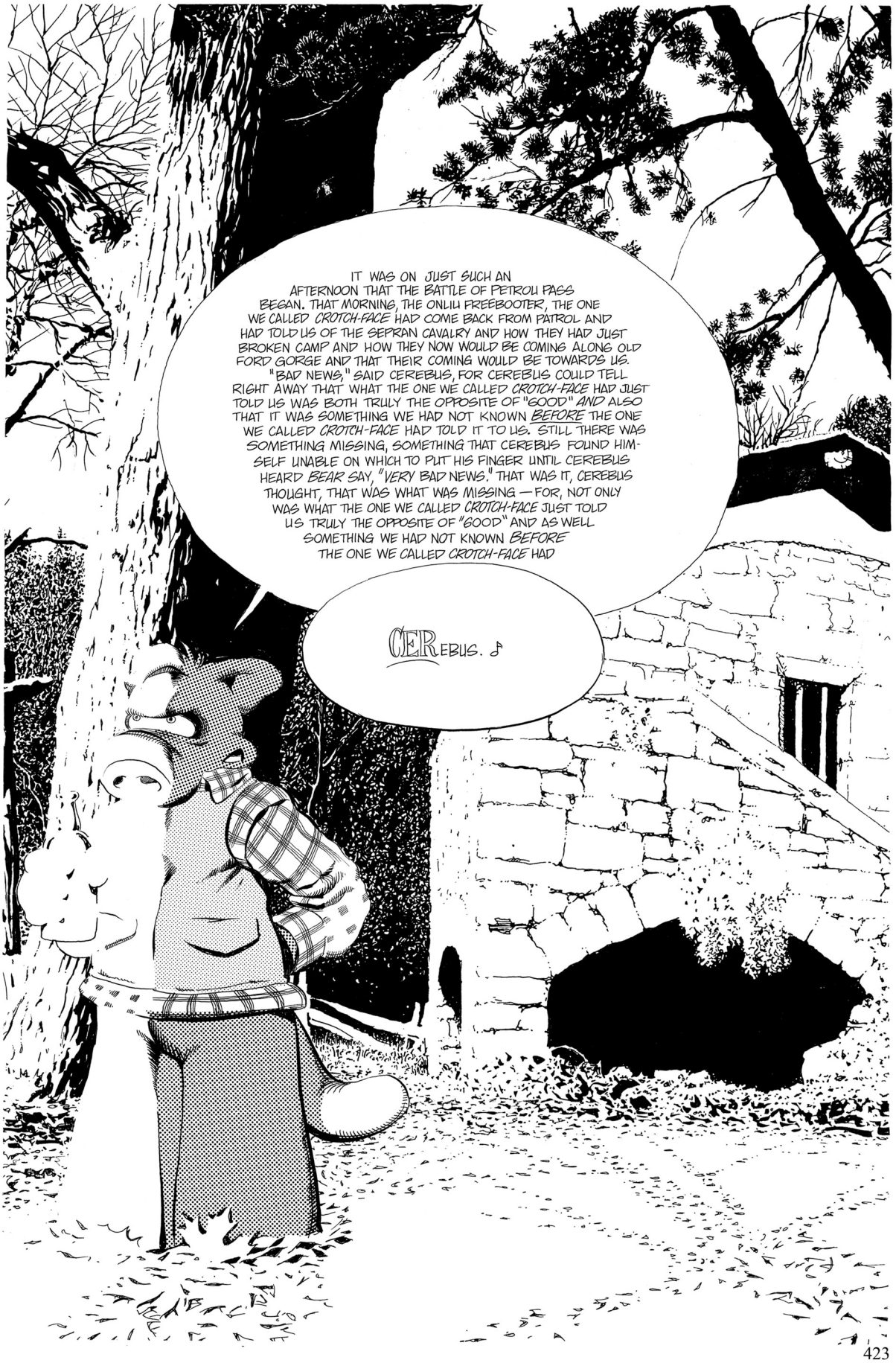
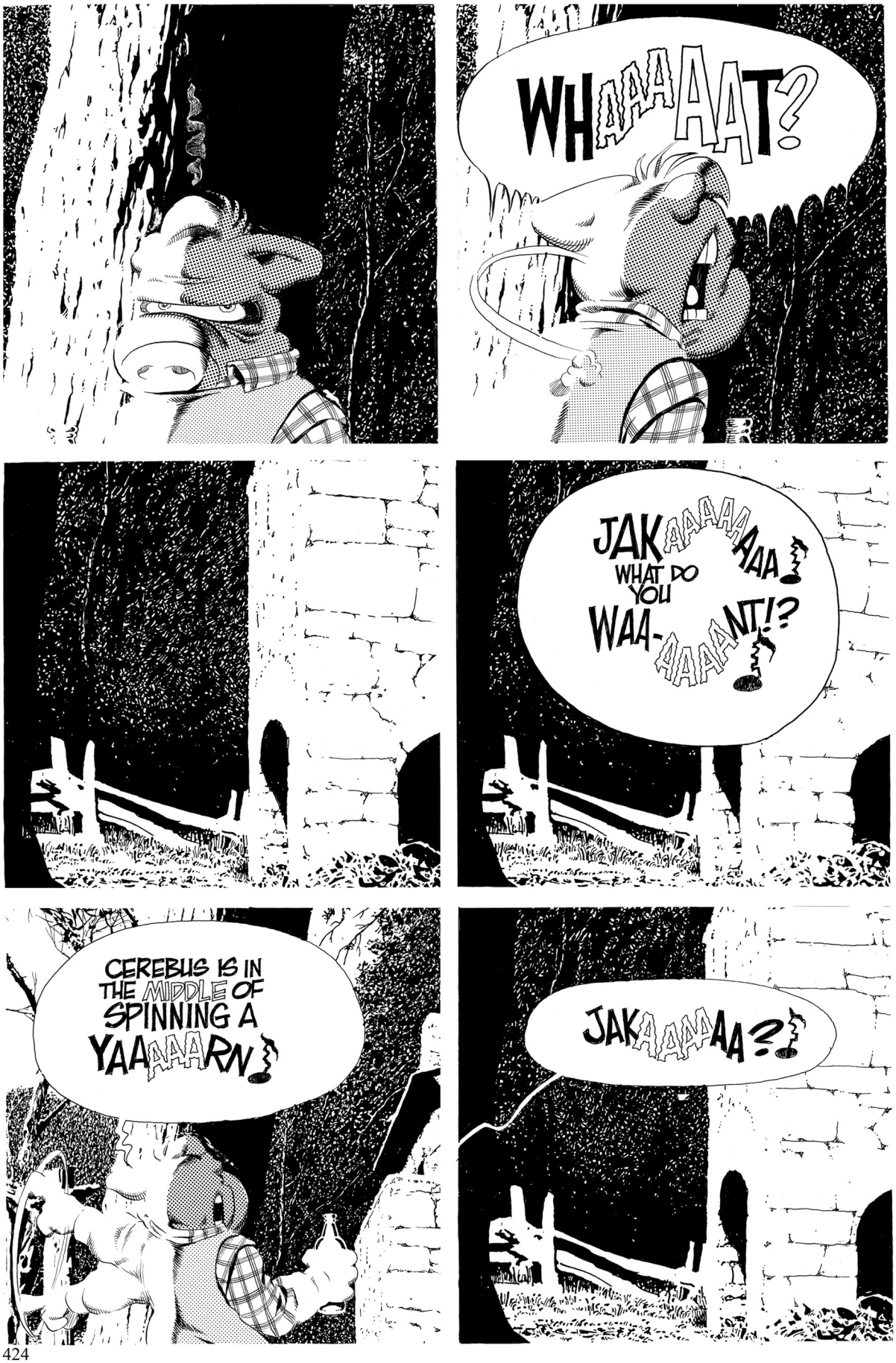
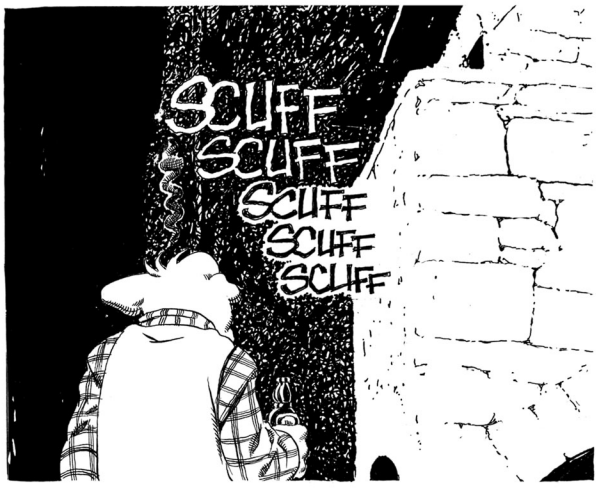



IT WAS ON JUST SUCH AN AFTERNOON THAT THE BATTLE OF PETROU PASS BEGAN. THAT MORNING, THE ONLIU FREEBOOTER, THE ONE WE CALLED CROTCH-FACE HAD COME BACK FROM PATROL AND HAD TOLD US OF THE SEPRAN CAVALRY AND HOW THEY HAD JUST BROKEN CAMP AND HOW THEY NOW WOULD BE COMING ALONG OLD FORD GORGE AND THAT THEIR COMING WOULD BE TOWARDS US. "BAD NEWS," SAID CEREBUS, FOR CEREBUS COULD TELL RIGHT AWAY THAT WHAT THE ONE WE CALLED CROTCH-FACE HAD JUST TOLD US WAS BOTH TRULY THE OPPOSITE OF "GOOD" AND ALSO THAT IT WAS SOMETHING WE HAD NOT KNOWN BEFORE THE ONE WE CALLED CROTCH-FACE HAD TOLD IT TO US. STILL THERE WAS SOMETHING MISSING, SOMETHING THAT CEREBUS FOUND HIMSELF UNABLE ON WHICH TO PUT HIS FINGER UNTIL CEREBUS HEARD BEAR SAY, "VERY BAD NEWS." THAT WAS IT, CEREBUS THOUGHT, THAT WAS WHAT WAS MISSING — FOR, NOT ONLY WAS WHAT THE ONE WE CALLED CROTCH-FACE JUST TOLD US TRULY THE OPPOSITE OF "GOOD" AND AS WELL SOMETHING WE HAD NOT KNOWN BEFORE THE ONE WE CALLED CROTCH-FACE HAD
CEREBUS. ♪


WHAAAAAT?
JAKAAAAAAAAA!
WHAT DO YOU WAA-AAAANT!?
CEREBUS IS IN THE MIDDLE OF SPINNING A YAAAAARN!
JAKAAAAAA?!

Heh.
"WOMEN,"
EH, HAM?
"CAN'T LIVE WITH 'EM..."
"...CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM."


SCUFF
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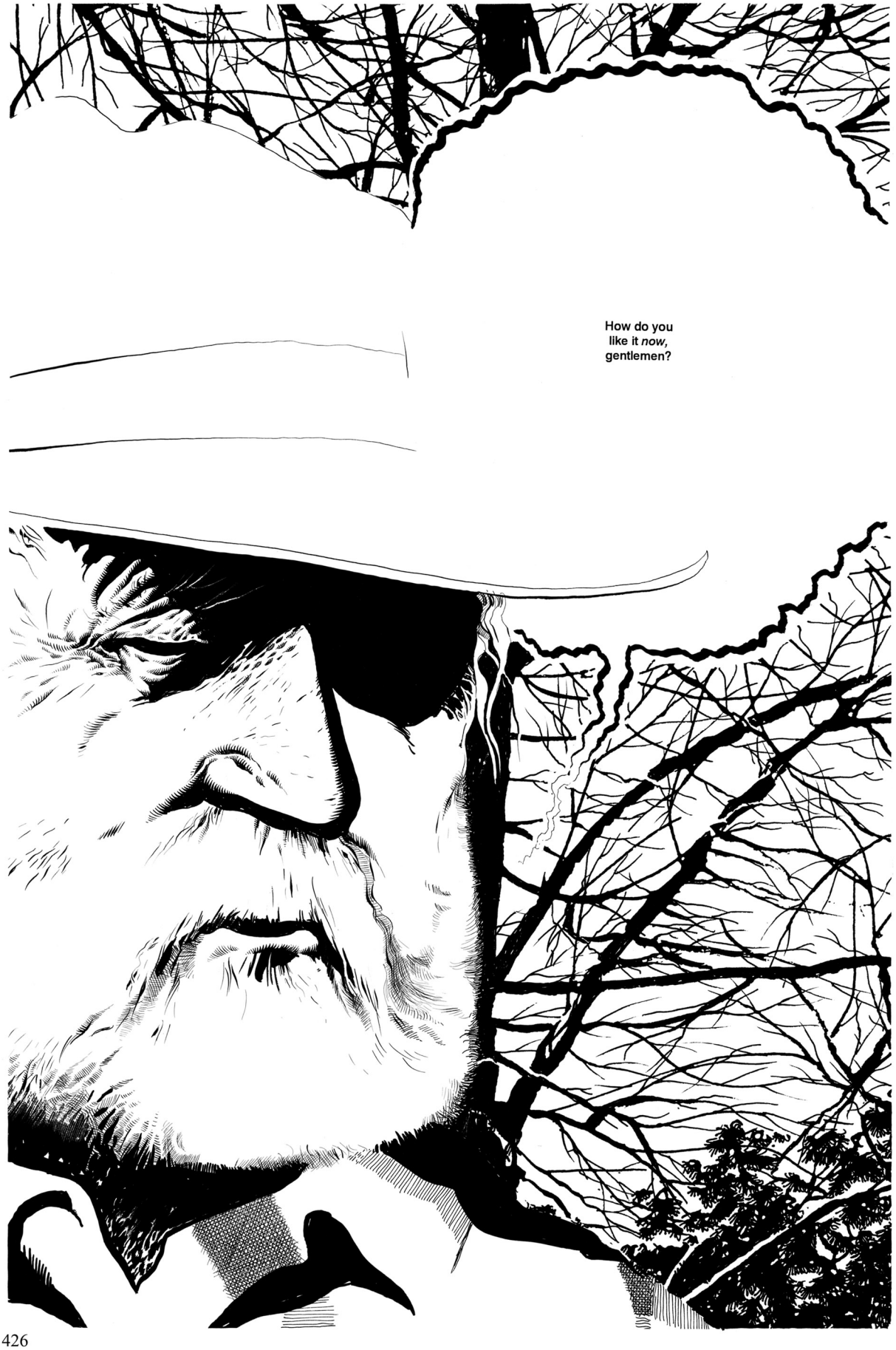
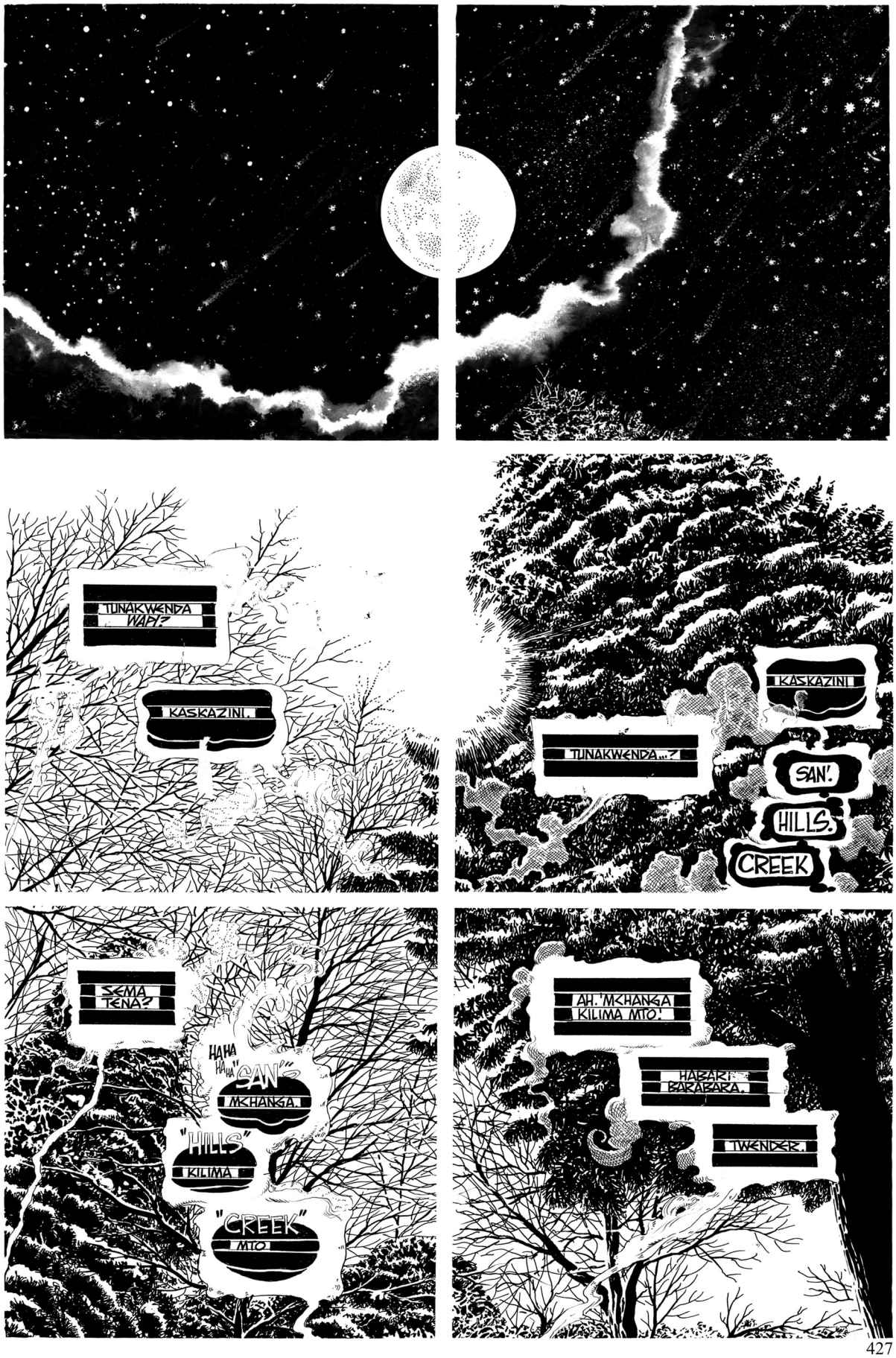
JAKAAAA?!

SCUFF
SCUFF
SCUFF

WHAT DO YOU WA-AAANT?


How do you like it *now*, gentlemen?


TUNAKWENDA WAPI?
KASKAZINI.
KASKAZINI
TUNAKWENDA...?
SAN'.
HILLS.
CREEK
SEMA TENA?
HAHA HAHA
"SAN" MCHANGA.
"HILLS" KILIMA
"CREEK" MTO.
AH.' MCHANGA KILIMA MTO'.
HABARI BARABARA.
TWENDER.

HAHAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHAHA
HA

MMM.
NI MBALI?
NI KILOMITA NGAPI KUTOKA KAPA?
POA

MINI? SABINI, LABDA?
KWELI?
KWELI.
POA

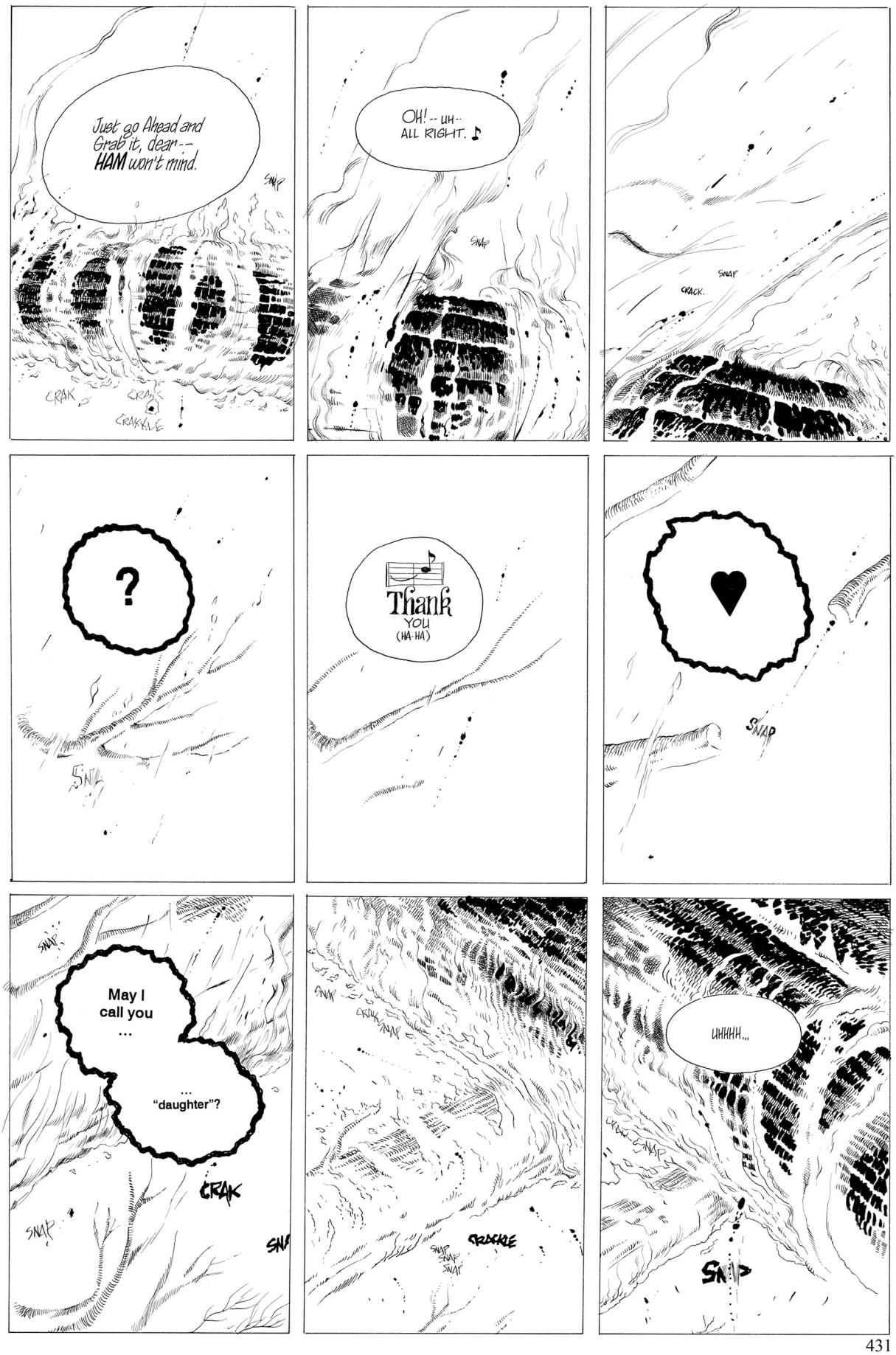
POA

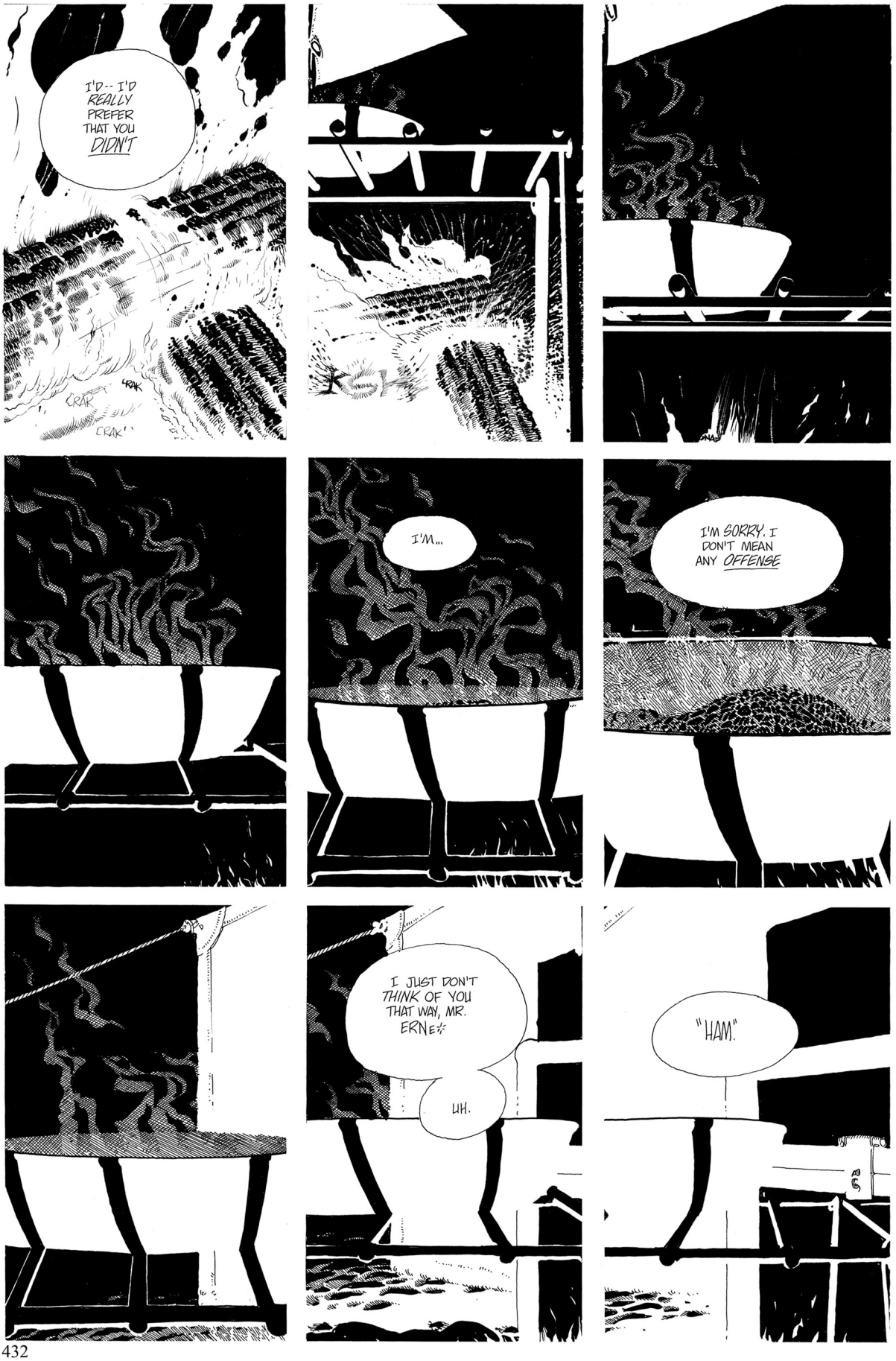
JE NAWEZA KUKAA?
NIMEBADILI NIA.

HAHA
HA

SURE F-FEELS LIKE W-WINTER
CRAK
WINTER'S STILL A WAYS OFF
THIS IS JUST AN EARLY COLD SNAP
SNAP
HAM SAYS WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET ALL THE WAY TO SAND HILLS CREEK BEFORE THE REAL SNOW FLIES
KK SNAP
BUT--WHAT ABOUT GETTING TRAPPED IN A M-MOUNTAIN PASS BY AN EARLY SNOWFALL LIKE YOU--
HA!
CRAK SNAP
HAM ERNESTWAY? TRAPPED IN A MOUNTAIN PASS? HA. THAT'LL BE THE DAY
SNAP
KRAK
SNAP
?!
H-HE'S JUST A W-WRITER, ISN'T HE?
JAKA.
KRAK
HE'S HAM.
ERNESTWAY.
KRAK
OH.
SNAP
KRAK

IT'S VERY GOOD
CRUNCH CRUNCH
TINK
M.
GLOM
TINK
ISN'T it, though?
I work up SUCH an Appetite in the GREAT
CRACK
SNAP
TZIN
OH!
Forgot to MENTION.
CRAK
When Papa has one of his "SPELLS"...
It's Best to have a Good, Firm Grip on any lightweight metal items in the Immediate Vicinity
SNAP
Nothing SERIOUS.
It's just -- heh-heh-- It's Just Those DARNED TREATMENTS again!
LAMB?
JAKA'S SALAD FORK.
IS STUCK TO YOUR FACE.
LAMB!
CRAK
SNAP

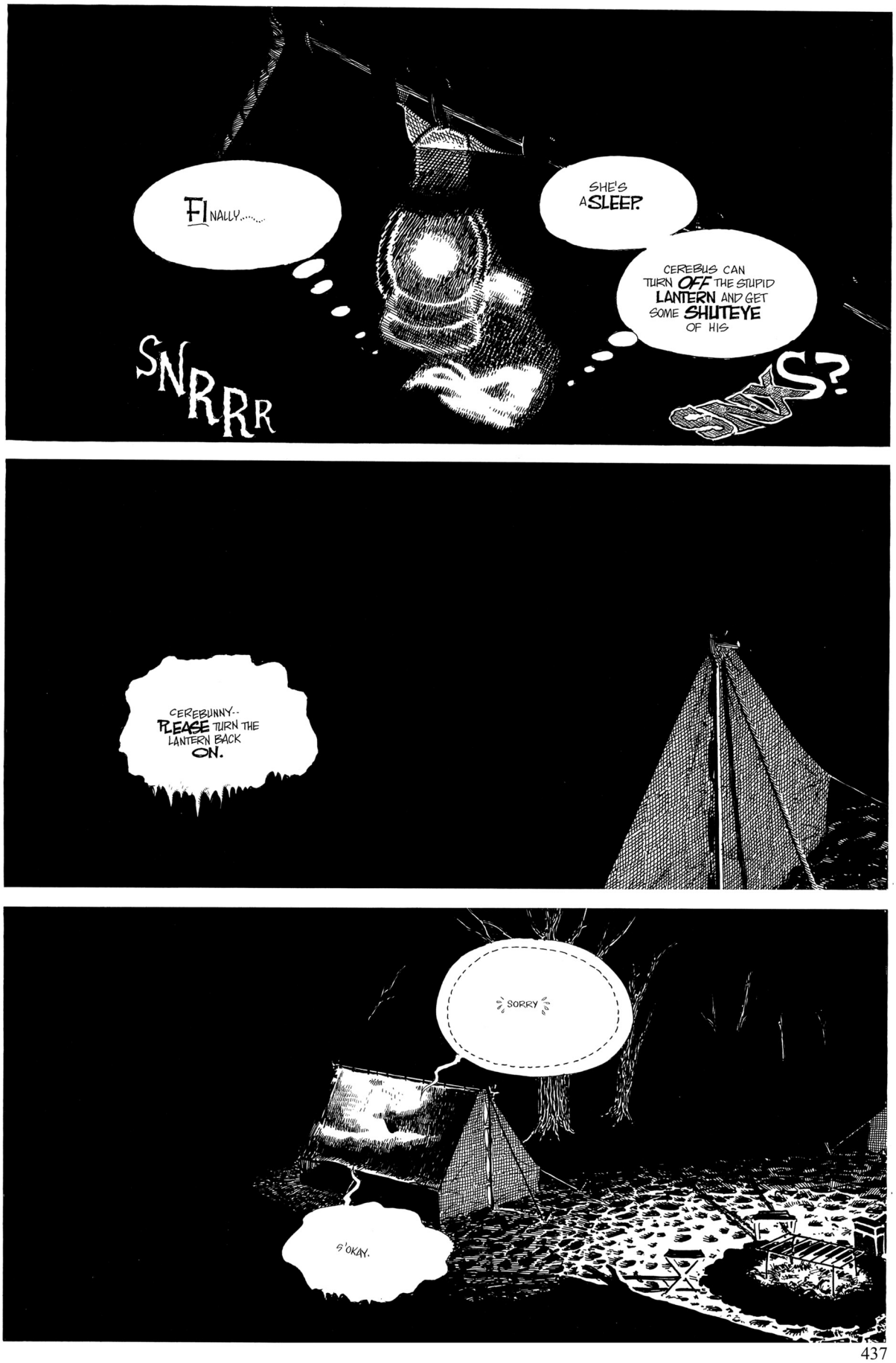

Just go Ahead and Grab it, dear -- HAM won't mind.
SNAP
CRAK
CRAK
CRAKKLE
OH! -- UH-- ALL RIGHT. ♪
SNAP
SNAP
CRACK.
?
SNAP
Thank YOU (HA-HA)
SNAP
SNAP
May I call you ... ... "daughter"?
CRAK
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
CRAK/SNAP
CRACKLE
SNAP SNAP SNAP
UHHHH...
CRAK-CRAK-SNAP
SNAP

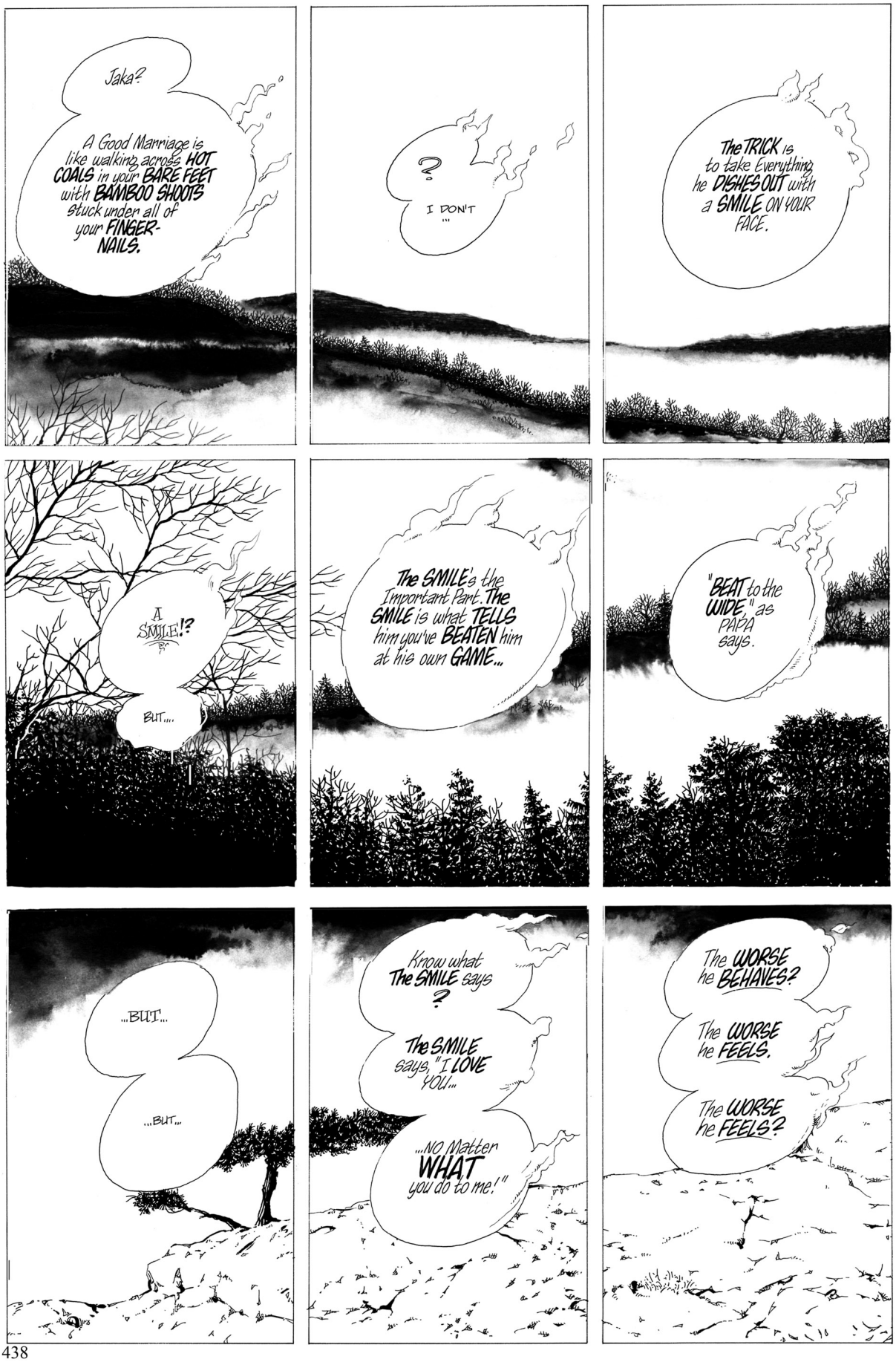

I'D-- I'D REALLY PREFER THAT YOU DIDN'T
CRAK
CRAK
CRAK
I'M...
I'M SORRY. I DON'T MEAN ANY OFFENSE
I JUST DON'T THINK OF YOU THAT WAY, MR. ERNE.
UH.
"HAM."

I TOLD you, Lamb. SHE's a Feisty One! You'll have BOTH hands full with HER.
Be quiet.
HO ho ho. Don't pay him ANY mind, Cerebus, Jaka. It's Just His Way.
You're a GRUMPY OLD BEAR, today, Lamb! I expect it's those TREATMENTS that're...
SHUT UP!

PLOP

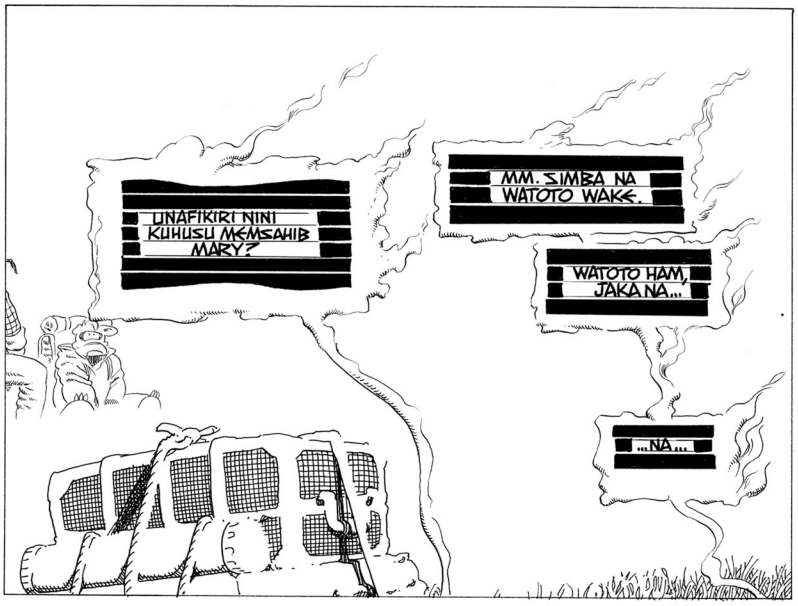
"WELL? WOULD YOU THROW A FULL CUP OF WINE IN MY FACE?!"
WHAT CEREBUS SHOULD HAVE SAID WAS:
"IF CEREBUS THOUGHT HE HAD A GOOD REASON? SURE."
BUT NOOOOO
CEREBUS JUST SAYS "NEVER!" RIGHT AWAY!
AS IF CEREBUS DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO THINK ABOUT IT.
AS IF CEREBUS WAS AFRAID TO LOOK NEEDY IF HE ASKED TO THINK ABOUT IT.
"THEN HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY SAY: 'CEREBUS IS SURE HAM HAD A GOOD REASON.'?"
ALL CERE'S WAS TRYING... TO ...Y. IS...
CEREBUS IS JUST GOING TO HAVE TO TELL HER: "JAKA?
"I THINK WE HAVE TO STOP TALKING ABOUT THIS NOW."
"YOU CAN'T TALK THAT WAY WHEN WE GET TO CEREBUS SAND HILLS CREEK."
"YOU CAN'T"
"IF CEREBUS' DAD'S FRIENDS AT THE SAWMILL CLUB HEAR YOU MOUTHING OFF LIKE THAT
SNORR


FINALLY.....
SHE'S A SLEEP.
CEREBUS CAN TURN OFF THE STUPID LANTERN AND GET SOME SHUTEYE OF HIS
SNRRR
SNRS?
CEREBUNNY-- PLEASE TURN THE LANTERN BACK ON.
SORRY
S'OKAY.

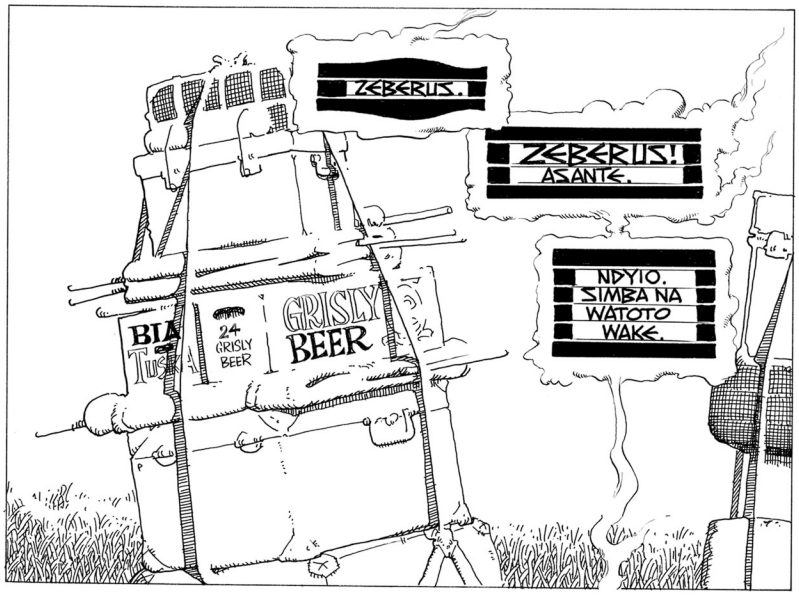

Jaka?
A Good Marriage is like walking across HOT COALS in your BARE FEET with BAMBOO SHOOTS stuck under all of your FINGER-NAILS.
?
I DON'T ...
The TRICK is to take Everything he DISHES OUT with a SMILE ON YOUR FACE.
A SMILE!?
BUT....
The SMILE's the Important Part. The SMILE is what TELLS him you've BEATEN him at his own GAME...
"BEAT to the WIDE," as PAPA says.
...BUT...
...BUT...
Know what The SMILE says?
The SMILE says, "I LOVE YOU...
...NO Matter WHAT you do to me!"
The WORSE he BEHAVES?
The WORSE he FEELS.
The WORSE he FEELS?

The LONGER it takes him to APOLOGIZE.
The LONGER it takes him to APOLOGIZE?
The WORSE he FEELS.
Yessir.
A Good Marriage is like walking across HOT COALS in your BARE FEET with BAMBOO SHOOTS stuck under all of your FINGER-NAILS.
It's the WISE WIFE who knows how to make CERTAIN...
... WHOSE Bare Feet and
WHOSE fingernails
THOSE. WILL. BE.
MagNIFicent View.
PARDON?
OH!
ISN'T it though?

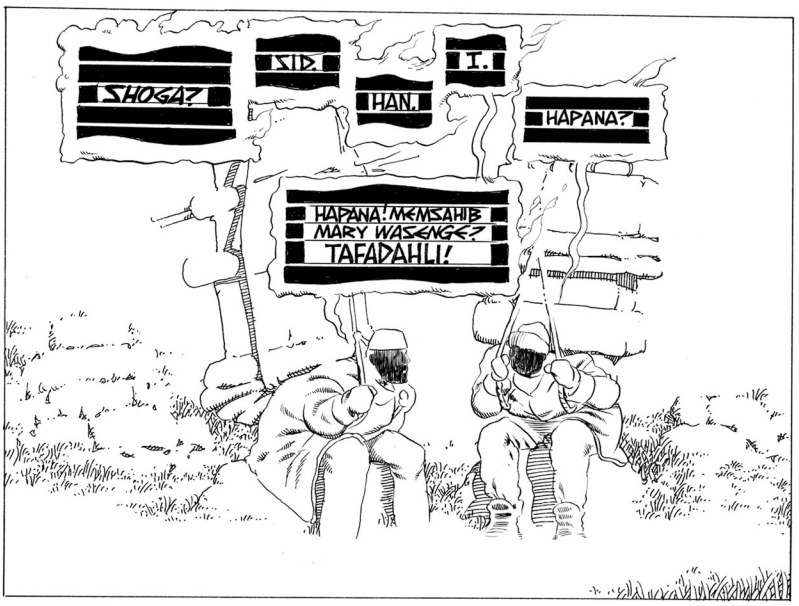
WOW.
JUST THIS MORNING CEREBUS SAID THAT VERY THING TO HIMSELF!
ALMOST WORD-FOR-WORD WHAT YOU JUST SAID JUST NOW, HAM!
CEREBUS SAID TO HIMSELF
(CEREBUS SAID):
"WITH HIS HAIR FLOPPED OVER IN HIS FACE LIKE THIS--CEREBUS LOOKS LIKE A DAMN SHEEP DOG!"
TUG. TUG.
(CEREBUS ADDED,)
"YESSIR. AS SOON AS WE PITCH OUR TENT TONIGHT CEREBUS WILL GET JAKA
Shut. Up.

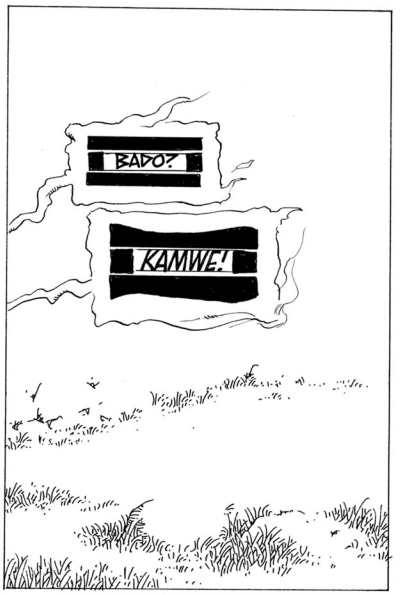

UNAFIKIRI NINI KUHUSU MEMSAHIB MARY?
MM. SIMBA NA WATOTO WAKE.
WATOTO HAM, JAKA NA...
...NA...

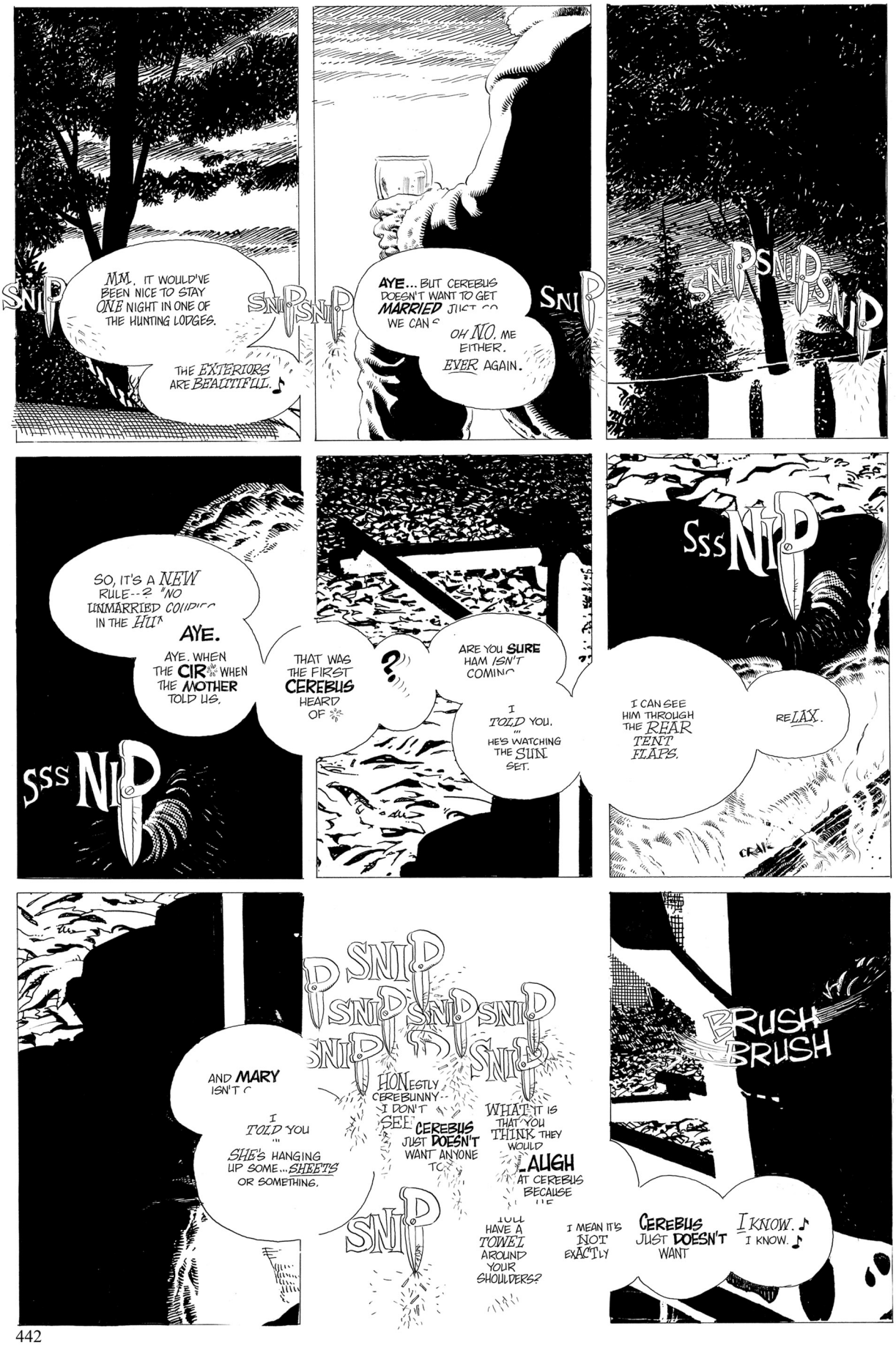
PUNDA USO RANGI YA MAJIVU... MTU MDOGO
NI NINI...?

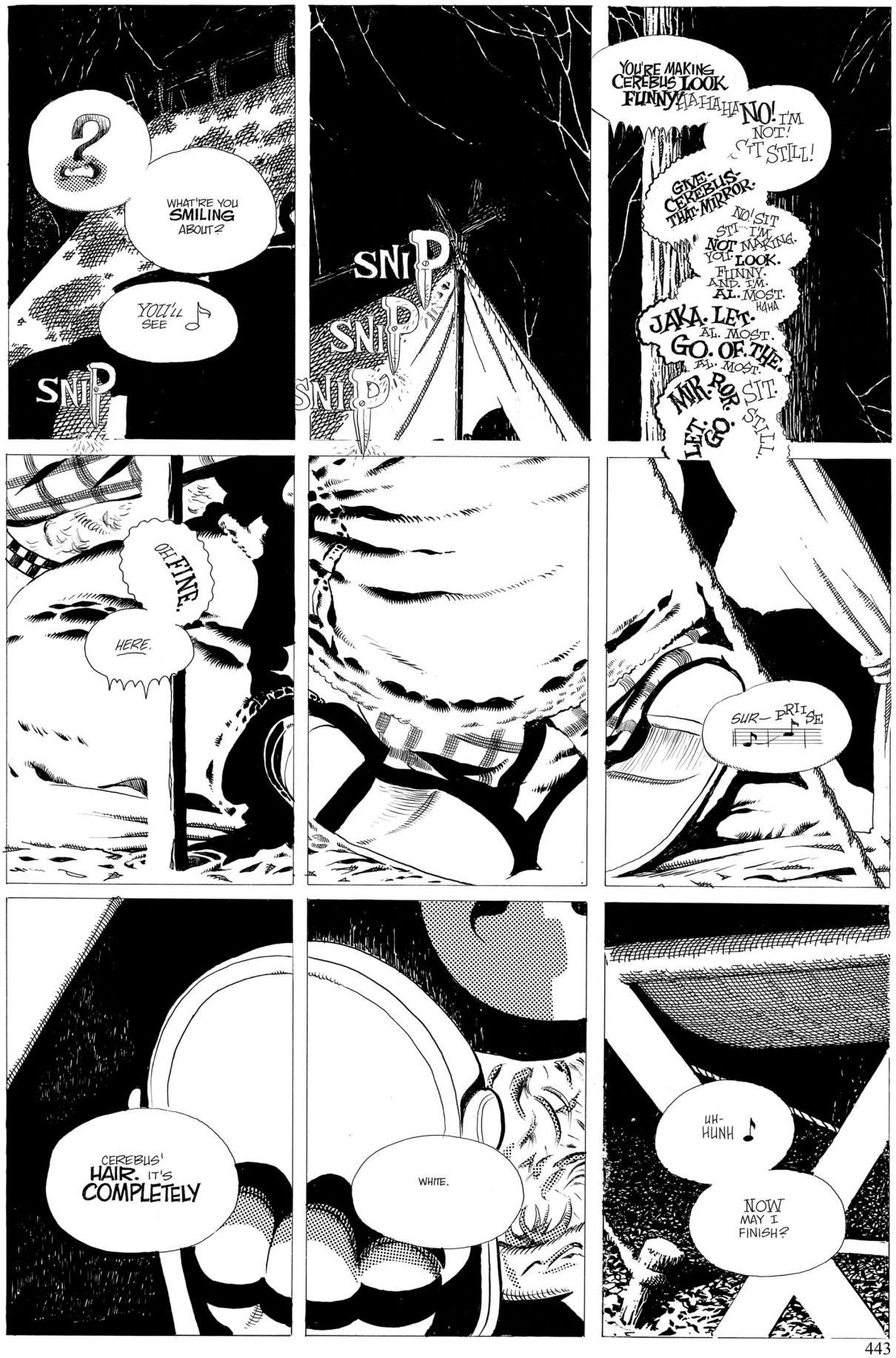

ZEBERUS.
ZEBERUS! ASANTE.
NDYIO. SIMBA NA WATOTO WAKE.
GRISLY BEER
24 GRISLY BEER

SIMBA SHOGA.


SHOGA?
SIDI.
HAN.
I.
HAPANA?
HAPANA! MEMSAHIB MARY WASENGE? TAFADHALI!


BADO?
KAMWE!


SNIP
MM. IT WOULD'VE BEEN NICE TO STAY ONE NIGHT IN ONE OF THE HUNTING LODGES.
THE EXTERIORS ARE BEAUTIFUL.
SNIPSNIP
AYE... BUT CEREBUS DOESN'T WANT TO GET MARRIED JUST SO WE CAN
OH NO. ME EITHER. EVER AGAIN.
SNIP
SNIPSNIPSNIP
SO, IT'S A NEW RULE--? "NO UNMARRIED COUPLES IN THE HUT"
AYE.
AYE. WHEN THE CIR* WHEN THE MOTHER TOLD US,
SSS NIP
THAT WAS THE FIRST CEREBUS HEARD OF *
?
ARE YOU SURE HAM ISN'T COMING
I TOLD YOU, "HE'S WATCHING THE SUN SET.
SSS NIP
I CAN SEE HIM THROUGH THE REAR TENT FLAPS.
RELAX.
CRAIG
AND MARY ISN'T
I TOLD YOU "SHE'S HANGING UP SOME...SHEETS OR SOMETHING.
SNIP SNIP SNIP SNIP SNIP SNIP SNIP SNIP
HONESTLY CEREBUNNY-- I DON'T SEE CEREBUS JUST DOESN'T WANT ANYONE TO
WHAT IT IS THAT YOU THINK THEY WOULD LAUGH AT CEREBUS BECAUSE HE
SNIP
HAVE A TOWEL AROUND YOUR SHOULDERS?
I MEAN IT'S NOT EXACTLY
CEREBUS JUST DOESN'T WANT
BRUSH BRUSH
I KNOW. ♪ I KNOW. ♪


?
WHAT'RE YOU SMILING ABOUT?
YOU'LL SEE
SNIP
SNIP
SNIP
SNIP
YOU'RE MAKING CEREBUS LOOK FUNNY!
HA-HA-HA
NO! I'M NOT!
SIT STILL!
GIVE CEREBUS THAT MIRROR.
NO! SIT STI... I'M NOT MAKING YOU LOOK FUNNY. AND I'M AL. MOST. HAHA
JAKA. LET. GO. OF. THE. MIR. ROR.
AL. MOST.
AL. MOST.
SIT. STILL.
LET. GO.
OH FINE.
HERE.
SUR— PRI SE
CEREBUS! HAIR. IT'S COMPLETELY
WHITE.
UH-HUNH
NOW MAY I FINISH?

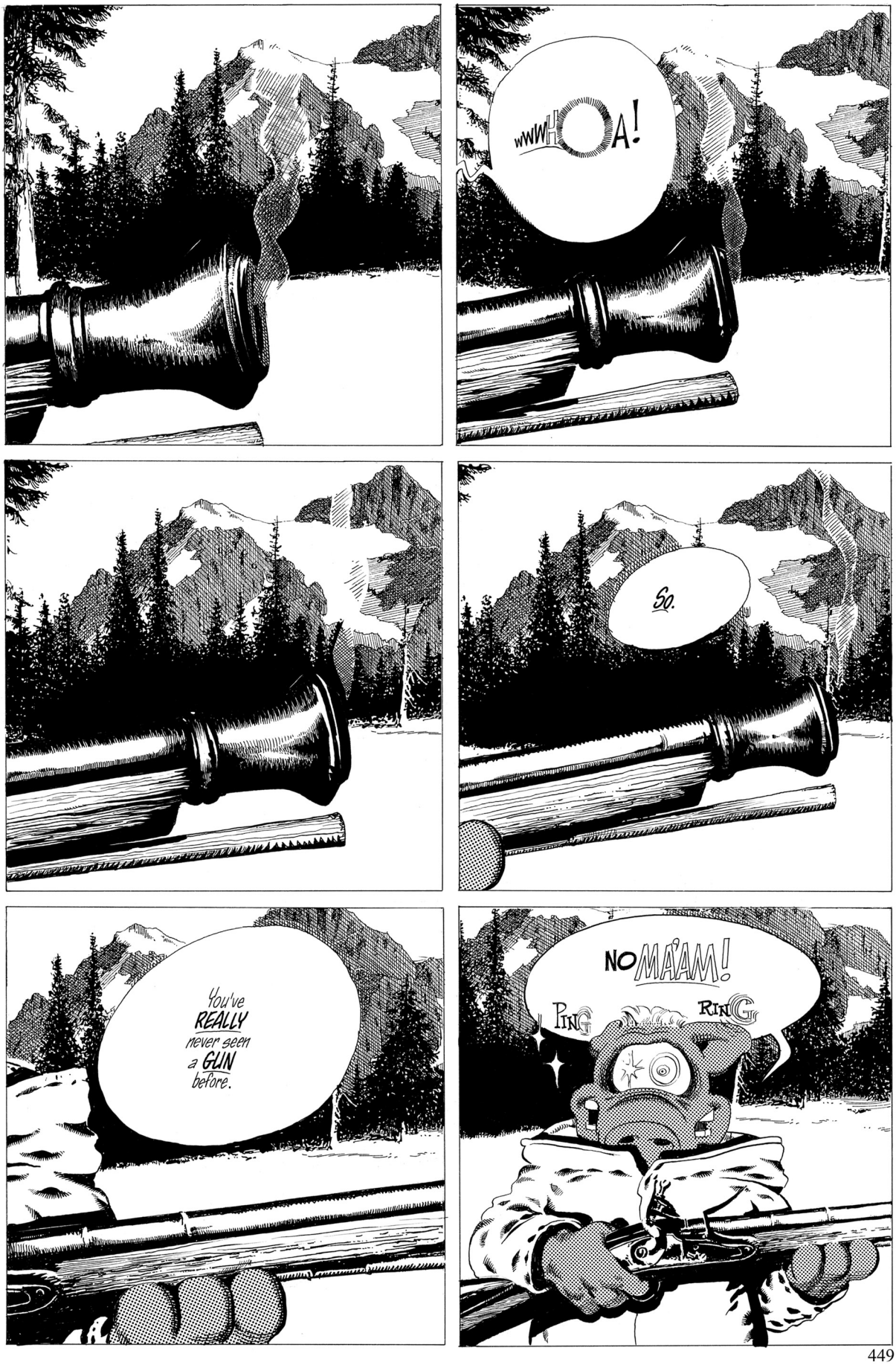
wWOWW.

JUST LIKE HAM'S HAIR!
OHHHHHH BROTHER.
CRAK
SNAP
CRAKACRAK

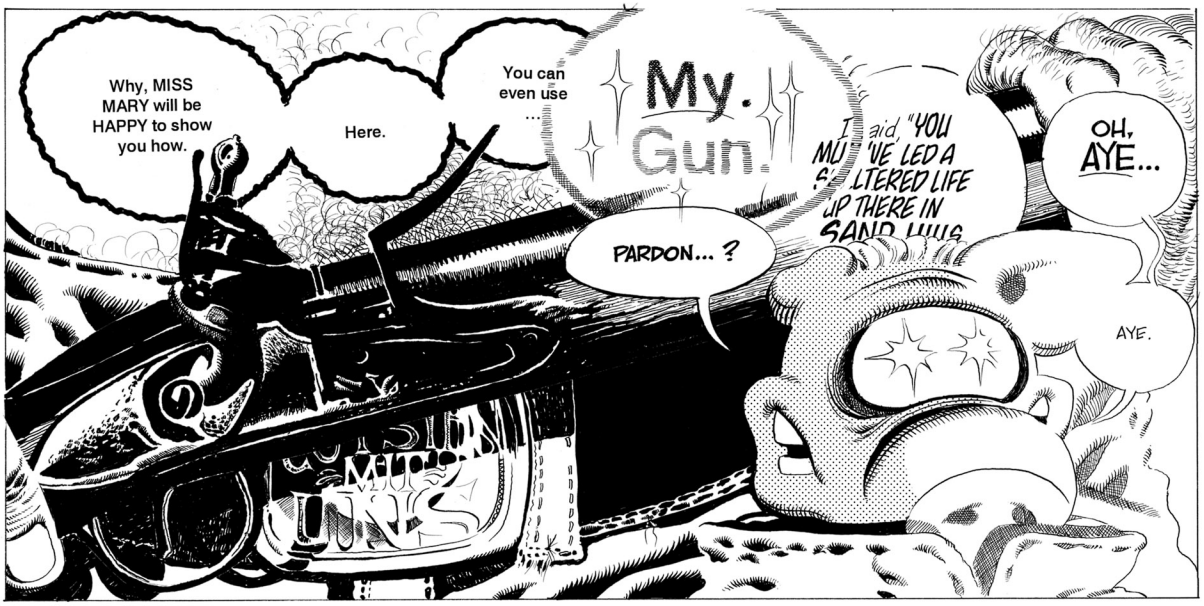
TELL YOU WHAT, CEREBUNNY:
YOU START-- RIGHT NOW-- GROWING A DOZEN HAIRS ON THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD...
...AND NEXT TIME, I'LL SHAVE THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD...
...AND JUST ARRAAANGE♪ THOSE DOZEN HAIRS...
VERRRY♪ CAREFULLY
ACROSS YOUR SCALP.
WHAT.
ARE YOU SAYING.
SNIP
I'M NOT SAYING ANYTHING. JUST...
...IF YOU REALLY♪ WANT YOUR HAIR TO LOOK LIKE HAM ERNESTWAY's
WAIT A SECOND WAIT A SECOND
SNIP

?
FlapFlapFlapFlapfla

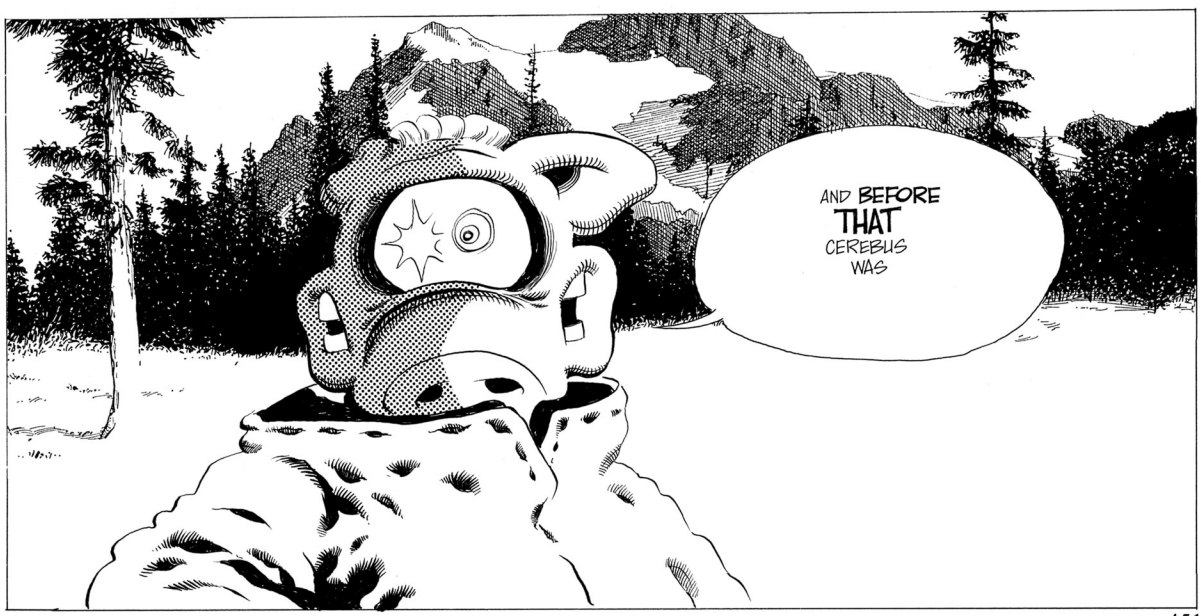
BONK
BUMP
FLAP
Flap
FLAP
THUMP
BUMP
FLAP
FLAP
FLAP
FLAP
FLAP

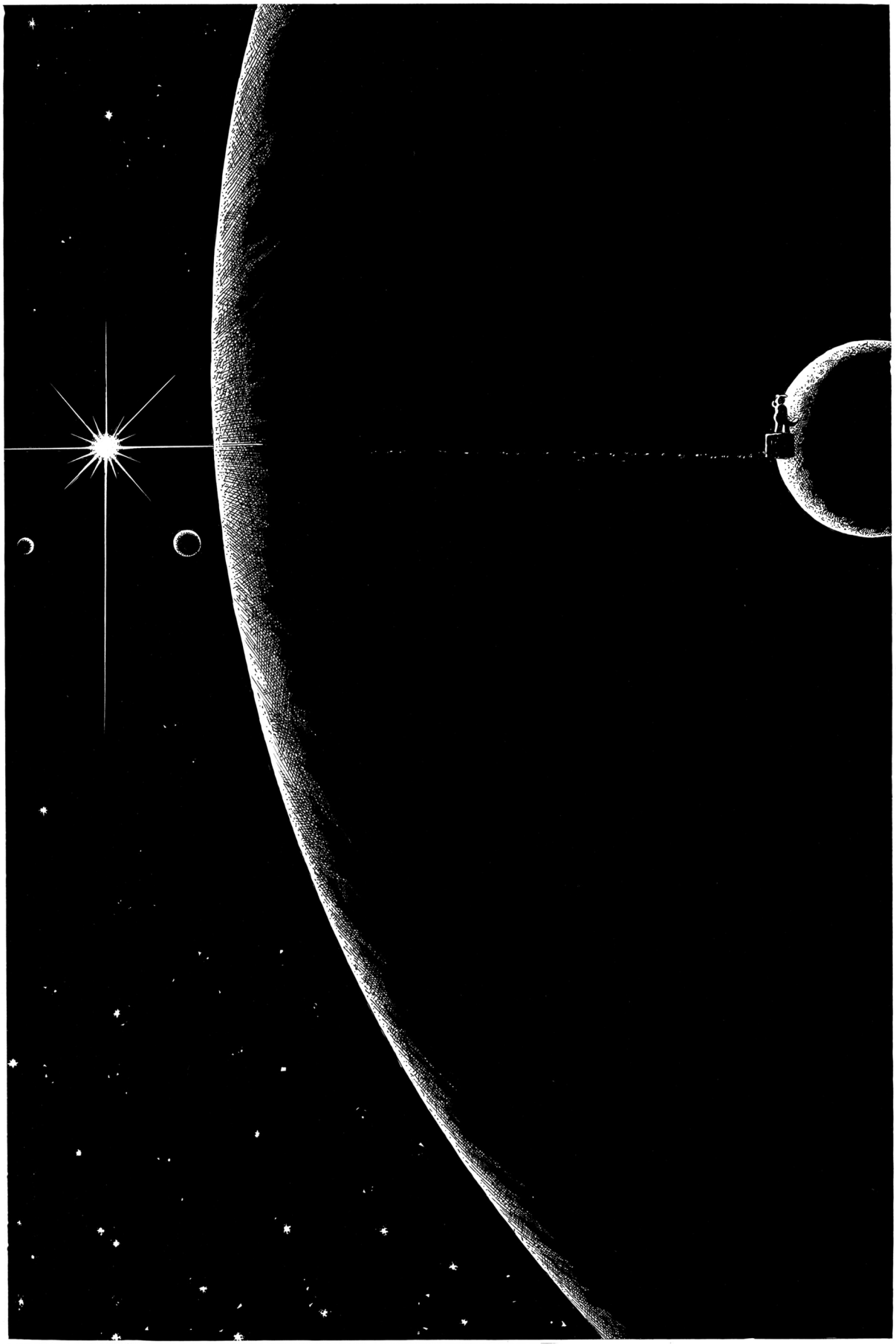

WWWHOA!
So.
You've REALLY never seen a GUN before.
NO MA'AM!
PING
RING

Must've led a pretty SHELTERED LIFE up there in SAND HILLS CREEK.
SING
SING
SING
Brit Jackson is a fighter I admired very much...kept on his TOES...never let them hit him SOLID.
Like I keep on MY toes...never let them hit ME solid.
Never LEAD against a HITTER unless you can outHIT him...
JAB.
...CROWD a BOXER...
...DUCK a SWING...
...BLOCK a HOOK...
...and COUNTER a JAB with EVERYthing you own.
JAB. jab.
One time I asked Brit
...(speaking of his fight with Leonard Benny)...
"Brit? How did you handle Benny so easy?"
"Ham," he said, "Benny is an awfully SMART fighter..."
"All the time he's BOXING, he's THINKING."
"And all the time he was THINKING..."
"...I was HITTING him."
HAR! HAR! HAR! HAR!
HAR! HAR! HAR! HAR!


Why, MISS MARY will be HAPPY to show you how.
Here.
You can even use ...
My. Gun!
I said, "YOU MU... 'VE LED A ...LTERED LIFE UP THERE IN SAND ...
PARDON... ?
OH, AYE...
AYE.

ACTUALLY? MA'AM?
CEREBUS HASN'T BEEN IN SAND HILLS CREEK FOR A LONG TIME
CEREBUS SPENT THE LAST FEW YEARS RUNNING A TAVERN ...
... WAAAAY OUT BY THE WALL OF TSI!


AND BEFORE THAT CEREBUS WAS



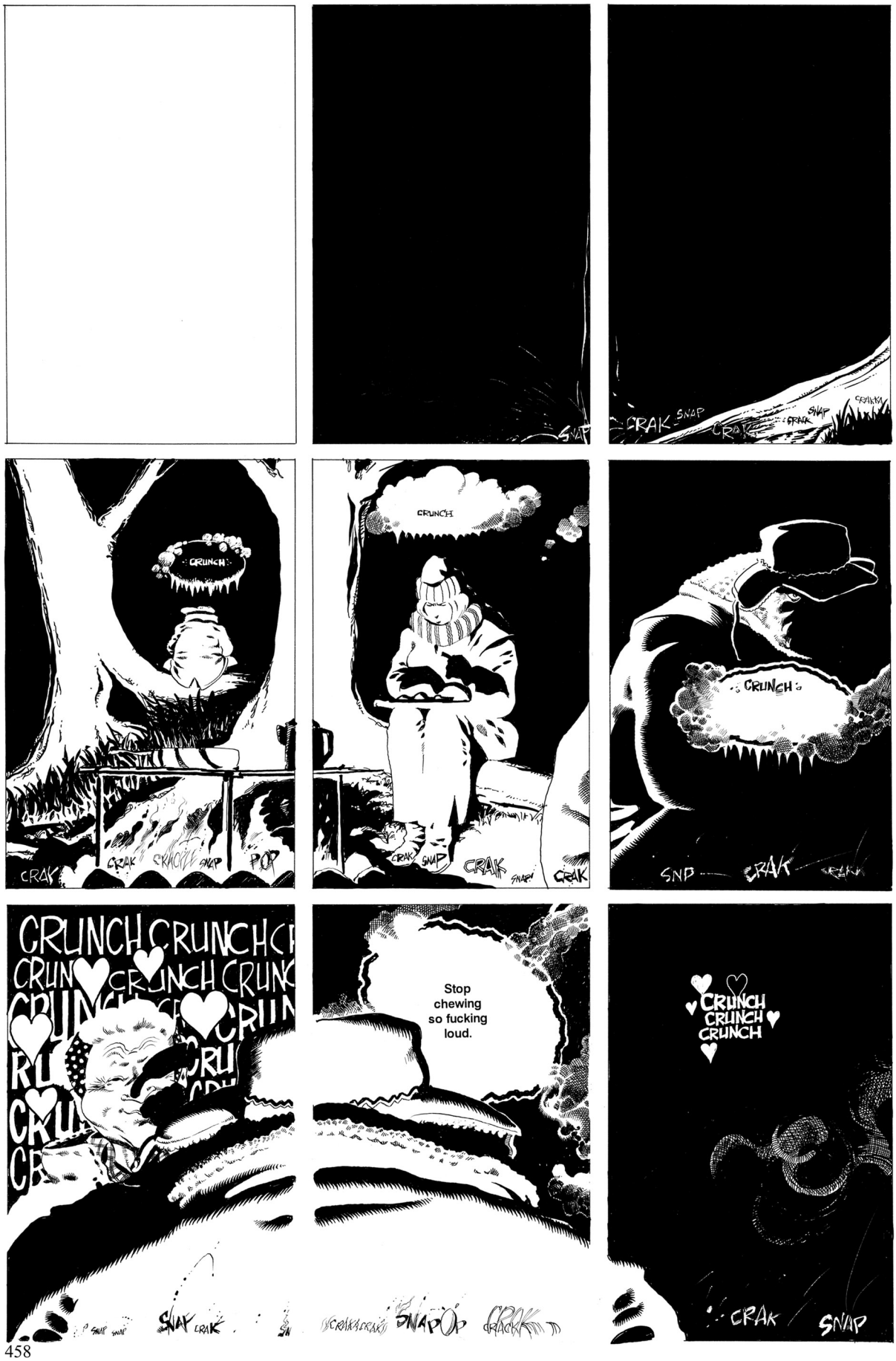
...TRAVELLING...
... A LOT...
NONE SO BLIND AS HE WHO WILL NOT SEE.
KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.
FOLLOW YOUR HEART.
LIE DOWN WITH DOGS AND GET UP WITH FLEAS.
TRAVELLING, you say
UHHHHH
OH heh-heh YES, MA'AM! SO THERE'S PROBABLY A HUNDRED THINGS THAT ARE "OLD HAT" TO YOU... AND H☆A☆M AND JAKA... AND HEH-HEH
BRAND NEW TO CEREBUS!

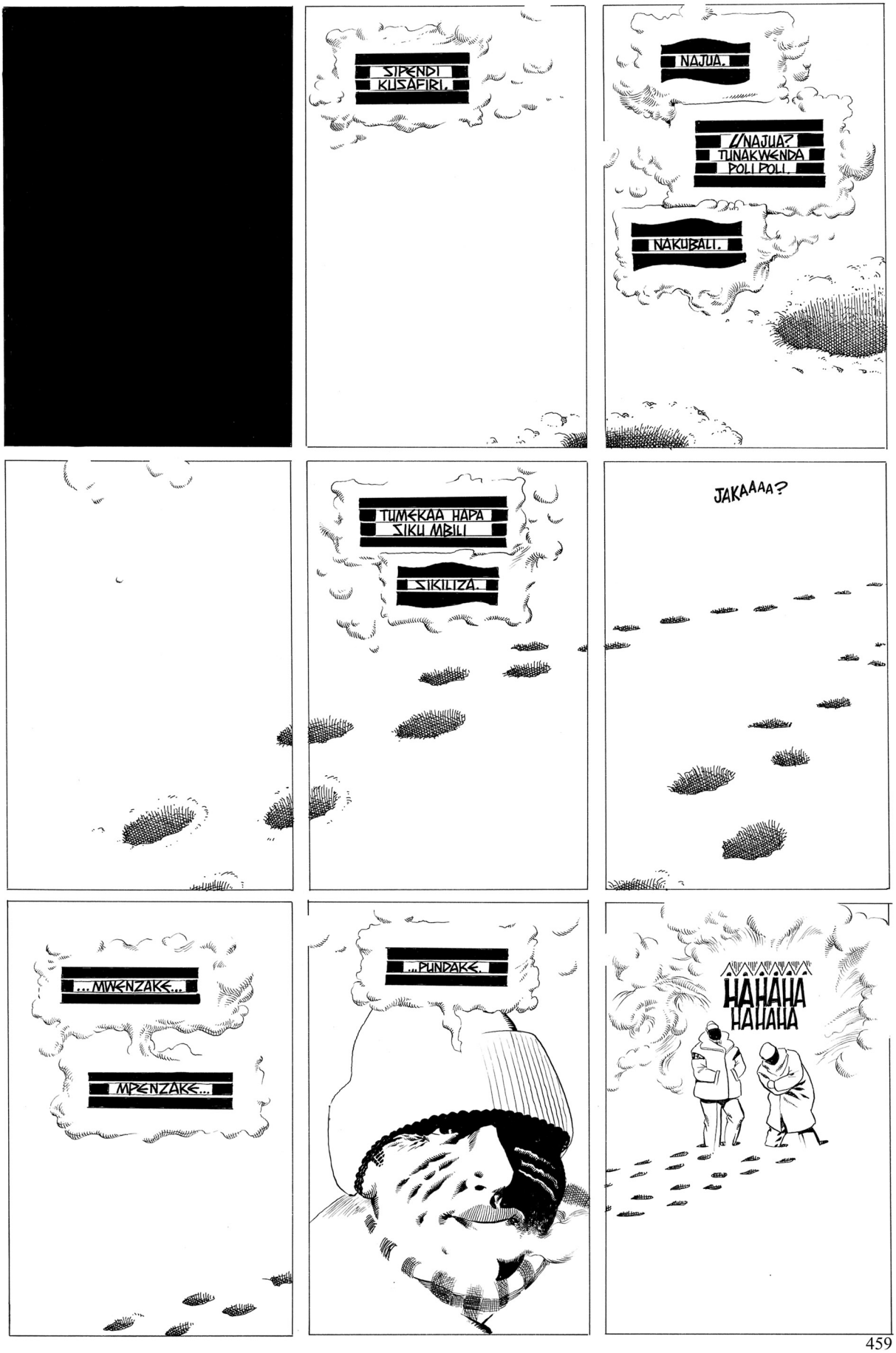
IN OTHER WORDS: "WHY BUY THE MILK WHEN THERE'S A SLUT-COW WILLING TO COME UP AND SQUIRT IT IN YOUR MOUTH FOR FREE?"
UHHHHH
Now that we've CLEARED THE AIR about THAT--I expect you'll be wanting to BLAST AWAY at a few more SAPLINGS before we head back to CAMP.
OH YES PLEASE MA'AM PRETTY PLEASE AND THANK YOU MA'AM PLEASE!
Ngui?
YES, MEMSAHIB?
BOUNCE
BOUNCE
BOUNCE
Please RELOAD Sahib Cerebus! Gun...
YES, MEMSAHIB!
HOT DIGGITY!

You MAY be WONDERING WHY I am INSTRUCTING Charo to return BOTH guns to this BASKET-CASE equipped with PADLOCKS.
UHHHH
The Mothers have CAUTIONED me that TEMPORARY SEVERE DEPRESSION is a Possible Side Effect of Papa's Treatments.
SKTCH SKTCH
I TRUST that I have Made Myself UnderSTOOD.
UHHHH
?
YES MA'AM.
?
ALSO.
I find it ADVISABLE to Fire Off a WARNING SHOT when APPROACHING Camp Under These Circumstances.
In Case ANYone has fallen ASLEEP Where he or she Ought NOT To Have.
AGAIN.
I TRUST that I have Made Myself UnderSTOOD.
?
OH!
UHHHH
YES, MA'AM
?
LAMB?

THERE you are.
Sahib Cerebus did SPLENDIDLY. If saplings were Game, we'd have provisions for the Entire Winter.
and what about YOU, Lamb?
I trust YOU had a Good Time while we...
were
YOU HIT HAM ERNESTWAY?!
I DIDN'T ...HIT... HIM
I SLAPPED HIM.

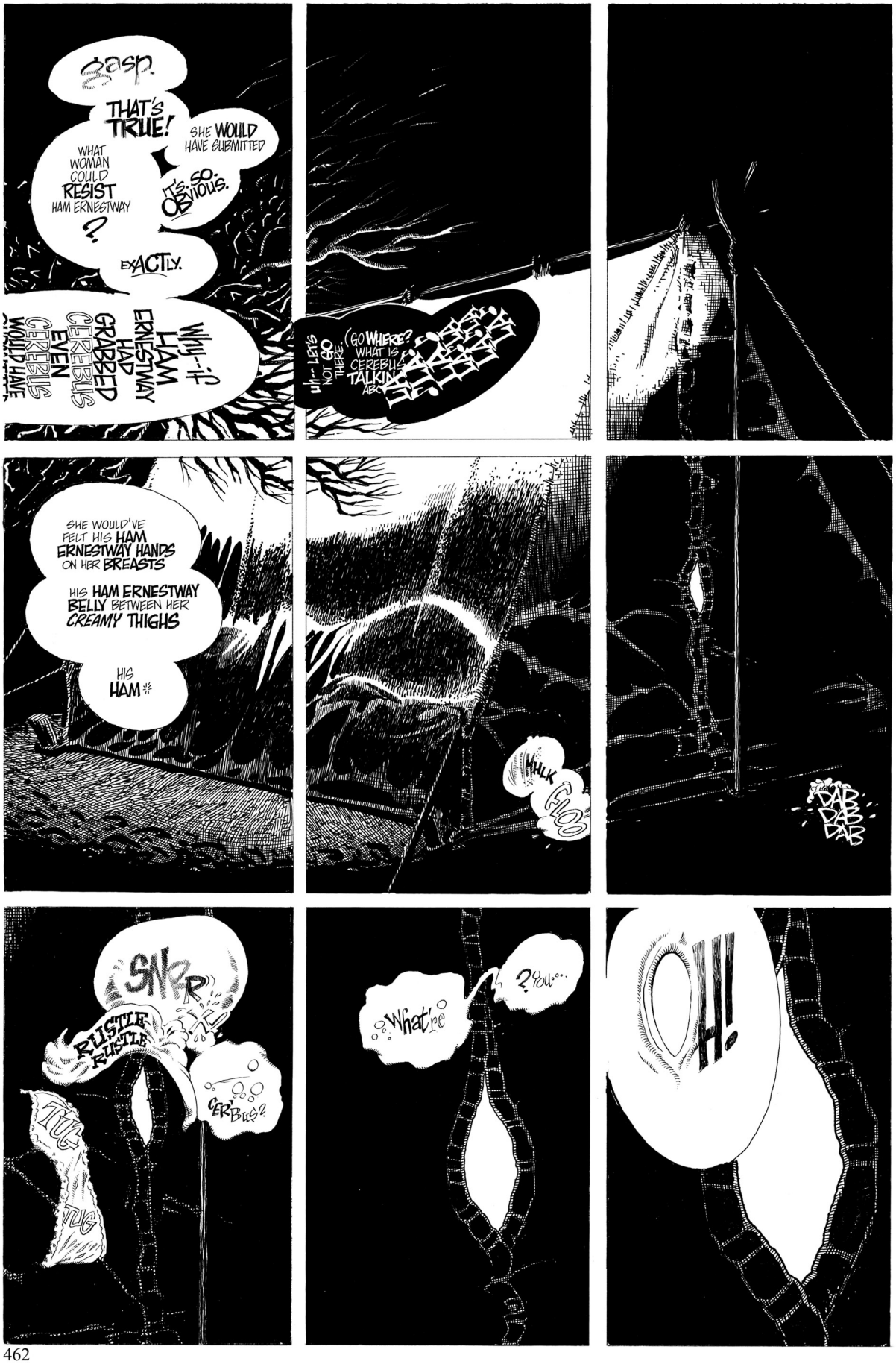
THERE'S A BIG DIP!
YOU SLAPPED HAM ERNEST
I. TOLD. YOU.
HE. GRABBED. ME.
JAKAAAAAAAA
What.
HAM LET CEREBUS USE HIS GUN.
IMPLYING. What. EXACTLY.
IMPLYING:
IMPLYING:
WOULD YOU EVER SLAP CEREBUS?
IF YOU GAVE ME A GOOD REASON TO?
CERTAINLY.
SHIT.
CEREBUS KNEW THAT WAS THE RIGHT ANSWER TO THAT ONE.

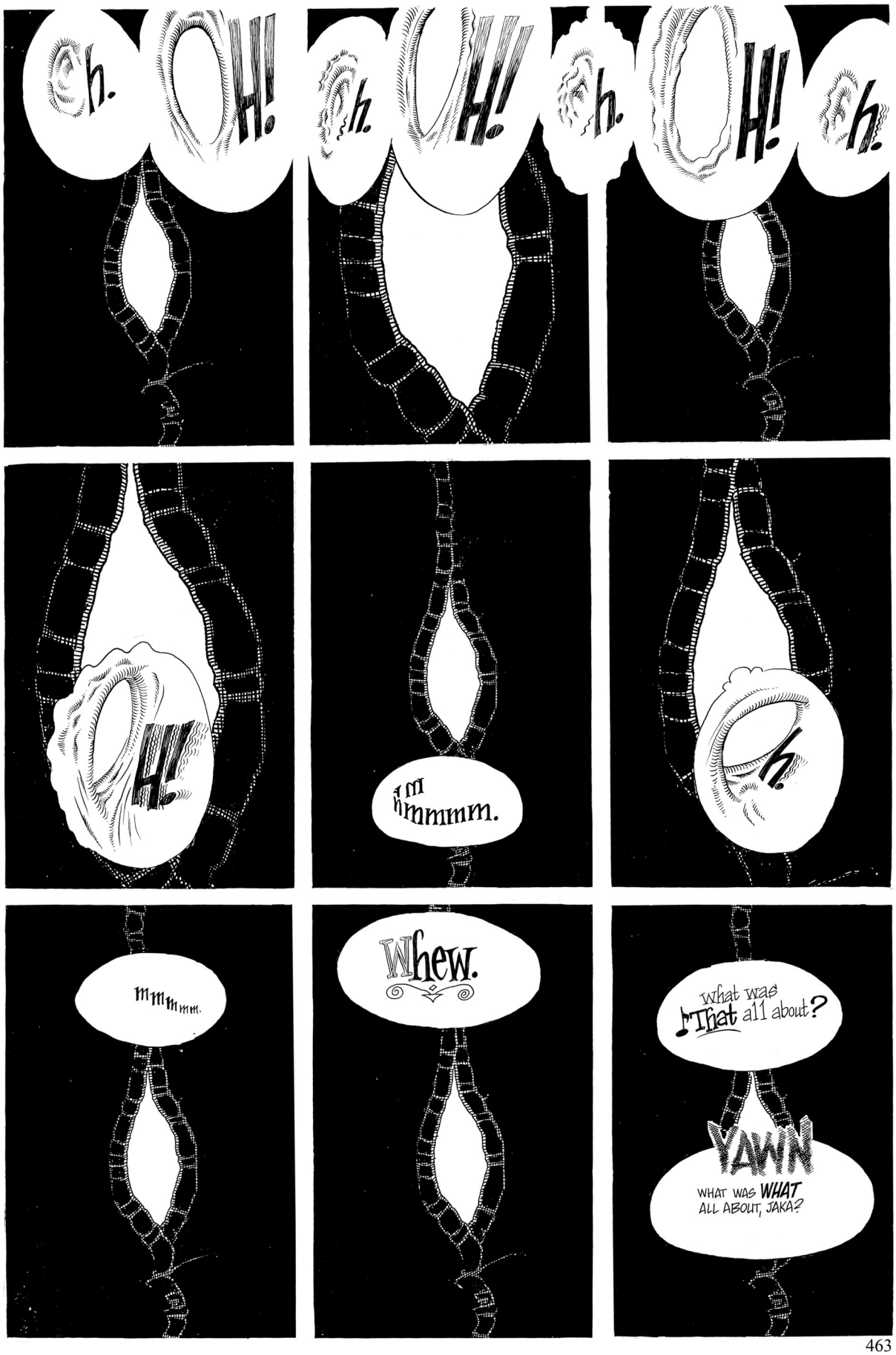

SNAP
CRAK SNAP
CRAK
CRAK SNAP
CRAKKA
CRUNCH
CRAK
CRAK
SNAP
POP
CRUNCH
CRAK SNAP
CRAK SNAP!
CRAK
CRUNCH
SNP
CRAK
CRUNCH CRUNCH
SNAP CRAK
Stop chewing so fucking loud.
CRAK SNAP
CRAK
CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRAK
SNAP

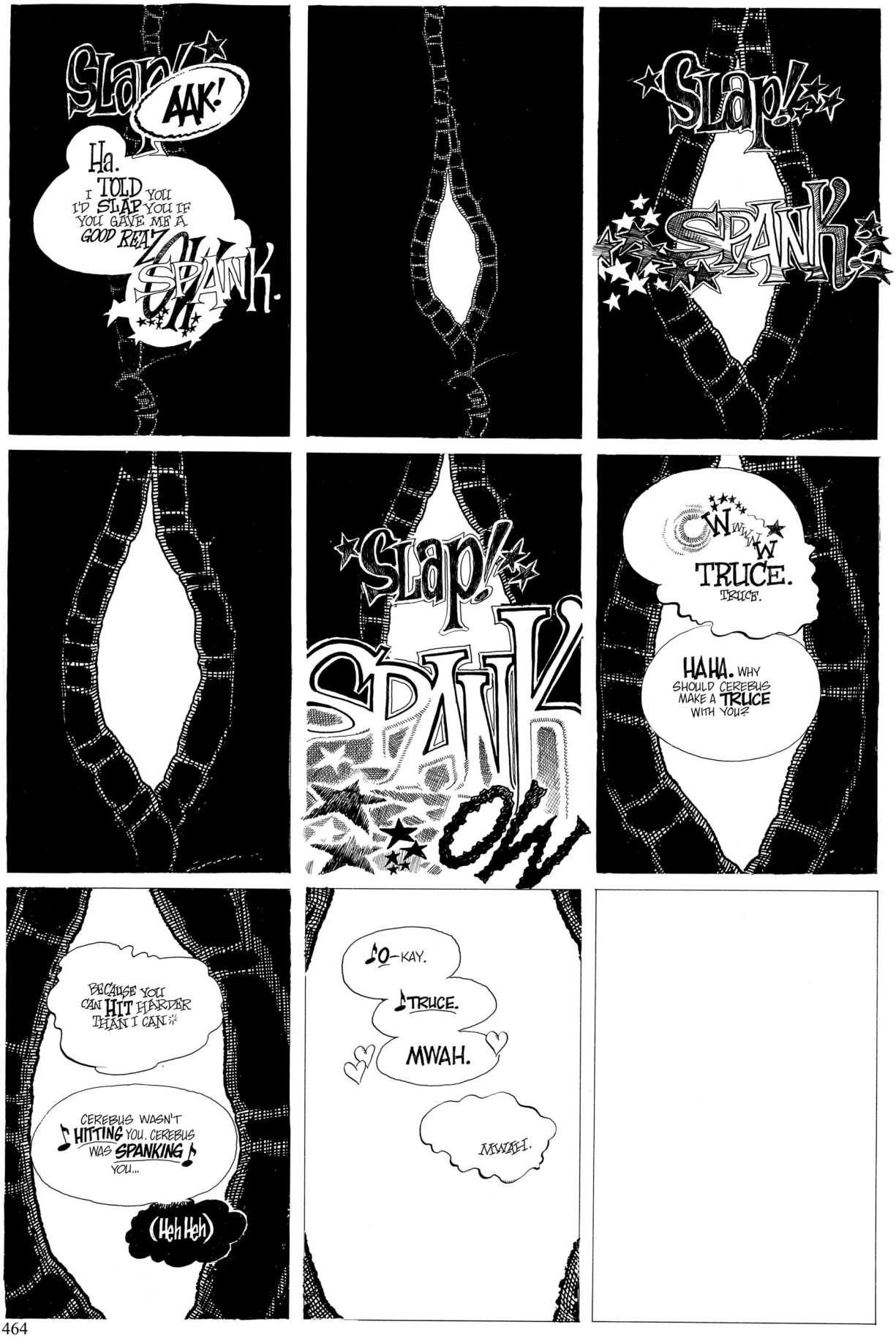

SIPENDI KUSAFIRI.
NAJUA.
UNAJUA? TUNAKWENDA POLI POLI.
NAKUBALI.
TUMEKAA HAPA SIKU MBILI
SIKILIZA.
JAKAAAA?
...MWENZAKE...
MPENZAKE...
...PUNDAKE.
HAHAHA HAHAHA

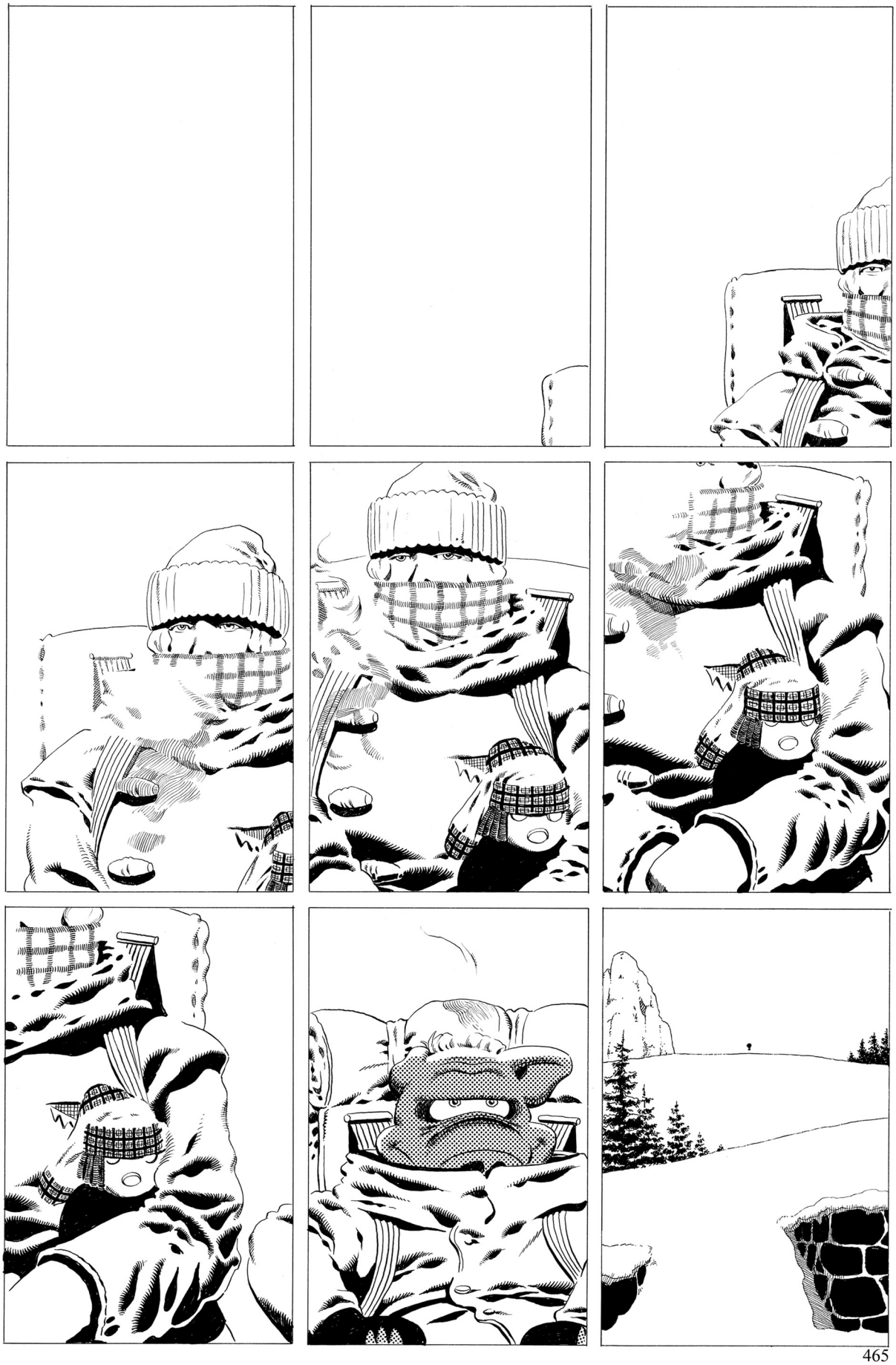
HUNH HUNH
KI
PUNDAKE
HAHAH
AHAHA
HAHAH
HA
PLOP
"...IS THE HAM ERNESTWAY."
"AND THIS?"
"DAD?"
"FELLAS."
"THIS..."
"THIS IS JAKA."
"the PRINCESS of JUST CALL ME JAKA."
"CEREBUS' GIRLFRIEND."
"WHO HIT HAM ERN?"
"PARDON."
"OH, RIGHT, HON. SORRY! SORRY!"
"WHO SLAPPED HAM ERNESTWAY"
WHICH IS WHY (AS YOU'VE NOTICED BY NOW) THEY'RE NOT SPEAKING TO EACH OTHER

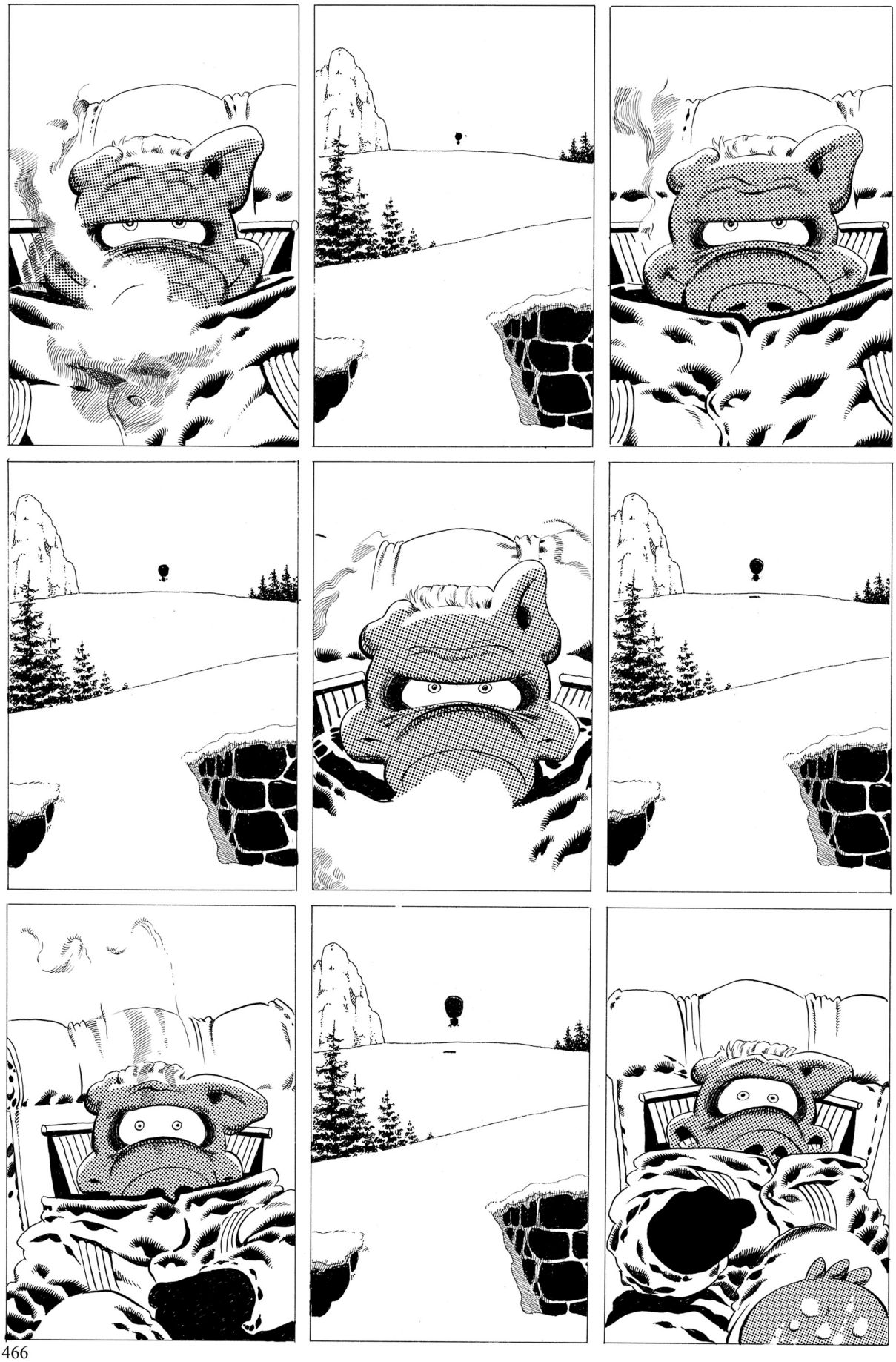
"GREAAAT LITTLE KIDDER."
"HAHAHA IT'S TRUE! AND THEN SHE CALLED IT OFF AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND."
"SHE'S A GREAT LITTLE KIDDER."
"WHAT'S THAT?"
"OH, AYE. AYE."
"SHE'S A BARREL OF LAUGHS."
"HEH HEH HEH DID CEREBUS TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME SHE CALLED OUT A WHOLE DIVISION OF HEAVY PIKE TO HAVE CEREBUS ARRESTED?"
HAM ERNESTWAY DID NOT "GRAB" JAKA.
HAM ERNESTWAY TRIPPED OR STUMBLED OR SOMETHING
AND JUST USED JAKA TO STEADY HIMSELF
YES. GOOD.
IF HAM ERNESTWAY DID GRAB JAKA JAKA WOULD NOT HAVE HIT HIM.
NAY? NAY.
WHAT WOULD JAKA HAVE DONE?
JAKA WOULD HAVE SUBMITTED TO HIM (HAM)
IF HAM ERNESTWAY DID "GRAB" JAKA:
YES?
CEREBUS' ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION IS:
BECAUSE!!
AND HOW DOES CEREBUS KNOW THAT IS WHAT HAPPENED?
CEREBUS IS GLAD CEREBUS ASKED HIMSELF THAT QUESTION
GOOD. AND CEREBUS' ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION IS...?

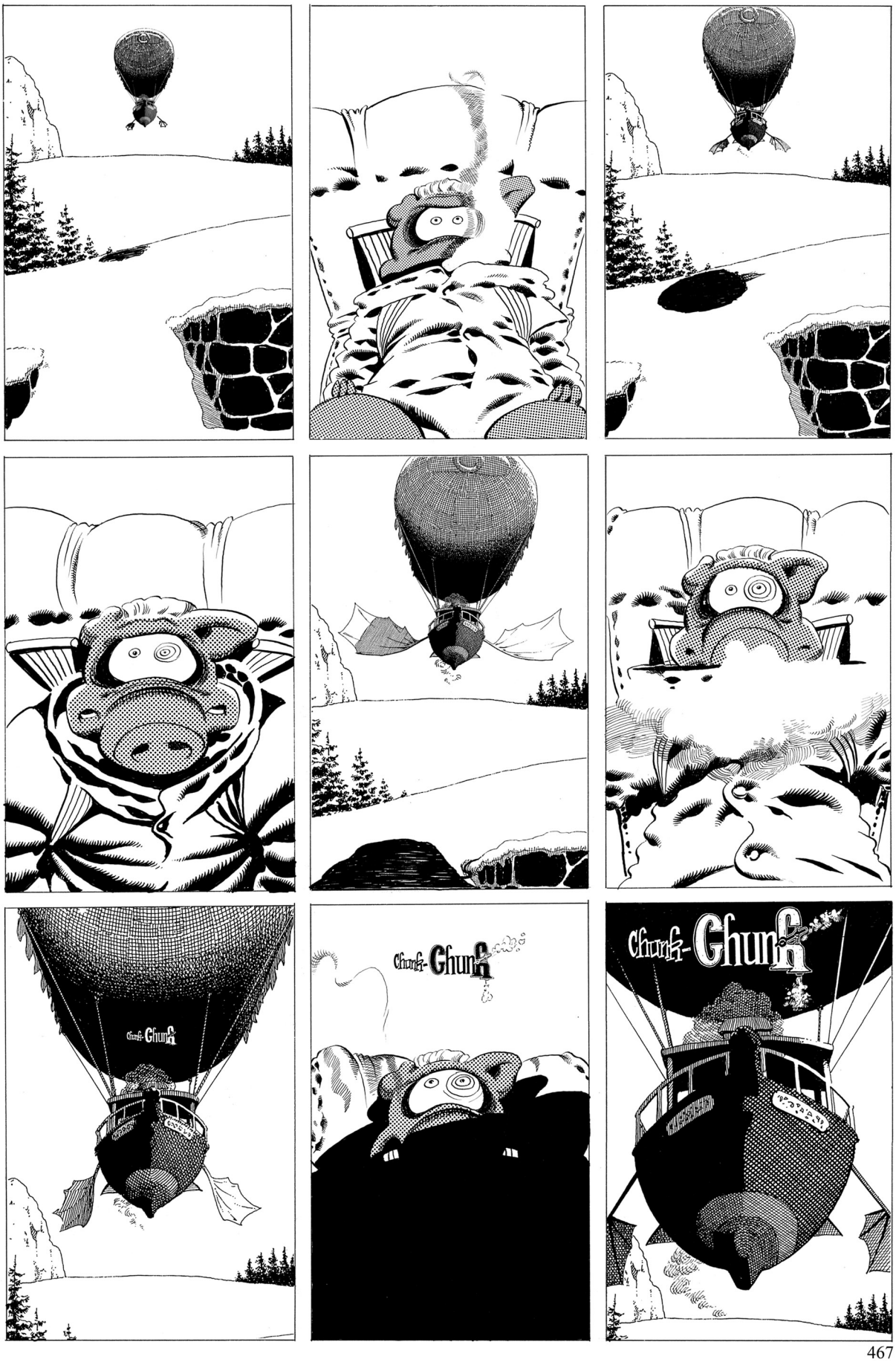

Gasp.
THAT'S TRUE!
SHE WOULD HAVE SUBMITTED
WHAT WOMAN COULD RESIST HAM ERNESTWAY?
IT'S SO OBVIOUS.
EXACTLY.
WHY--IF HAM ERNESTWAY HAD GRABBED CERBERUS EVEN CERBERUS WOULD HAVE
uh-- LETS NOT GO THERE.
(GO WHERE? WHAT IS CEREBUS TALKING ABO
SHE WOULD'VE FELT HIS HAM ERNESTWAY HANDS ON HER BREASTS
HIS HAM ERNESTWAY BELLY BETWEEN HER CREAMY THIGHS
HIS HAM
HHLK
GLOB
DAB DAB DAB
SNORE
RUSTLE RUSTLE
CER'BUS?
TUG TUG
What're
?You...
OH!

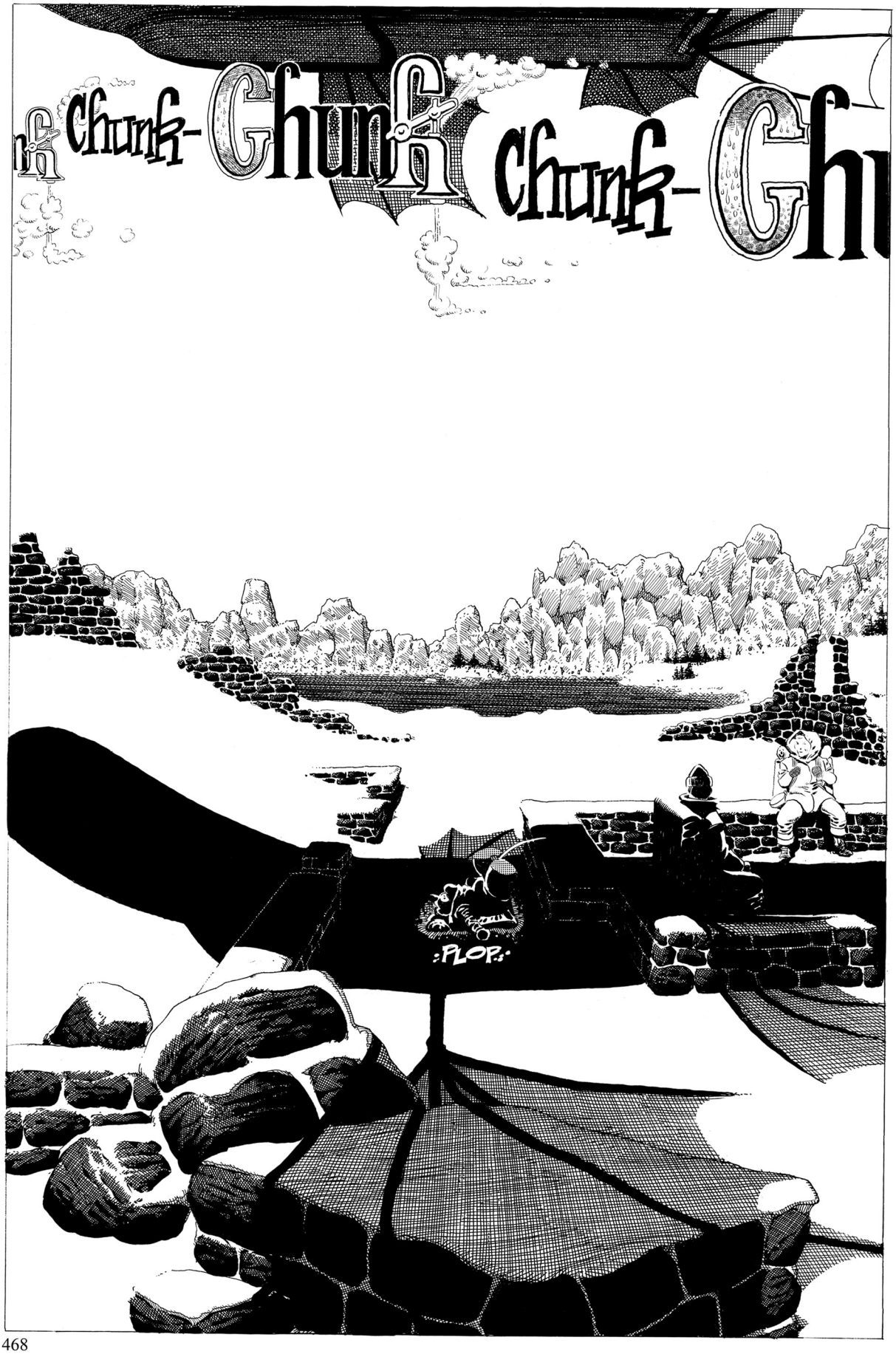

Oh.
OH!
Oh.
OH!
Oh.
OH!
Oh.
OH!
hmmmm.
Oh.
mmmmm.
Whew.
What was That all about?
YAWN
WHAT WAS WHAT ALL ABOUT, JAKA?


Slap!
AAK!
Ha.
I TOLD YOU I'D SLAP YOU IF YOU GAVE ME A GOOD REAZ ON.
SPANK.
Slap!
SPANK.
Slap!
SPANK
Ow
WWWW
TRUCE.
TRUCE.
HAHA. WHY SHOULD CEREBUS MAKE A TRUCE WITH YOU?
BECAUSE YOU CAN HIT HARDER THAN I CAN.
CEREBUS WASN'T HITTING YOU. CEREBUS WAS SPANKING YOU...
(Heh Heh)
O-KAY.
TRUCE.
MWAH.
MWAH.



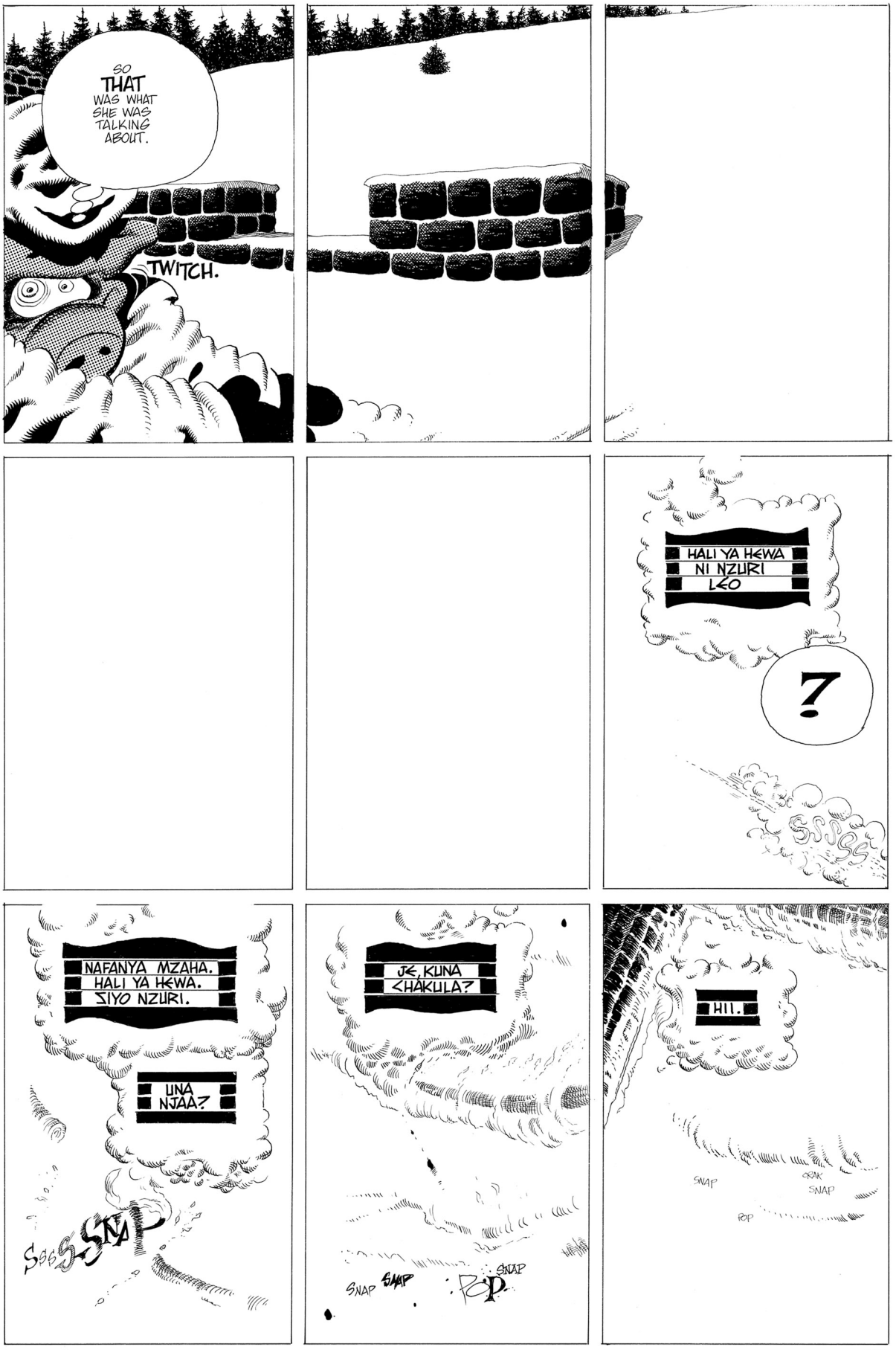


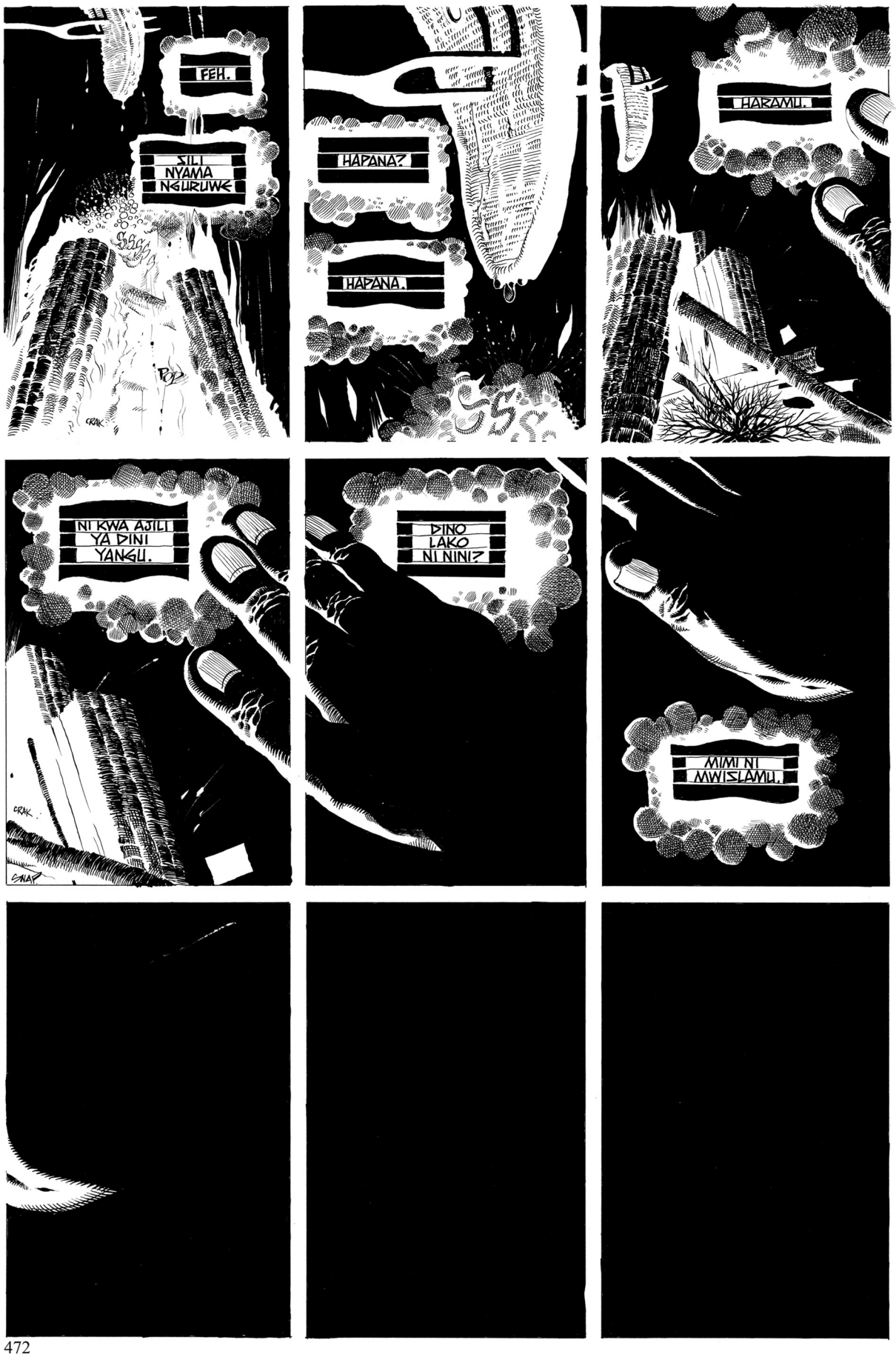

Chunk-Ghunk
Chunk-Ghunk
Chunk-Ghunk


nk
Chunk-
Chunk
Chunk-
Chu
:PLOP:

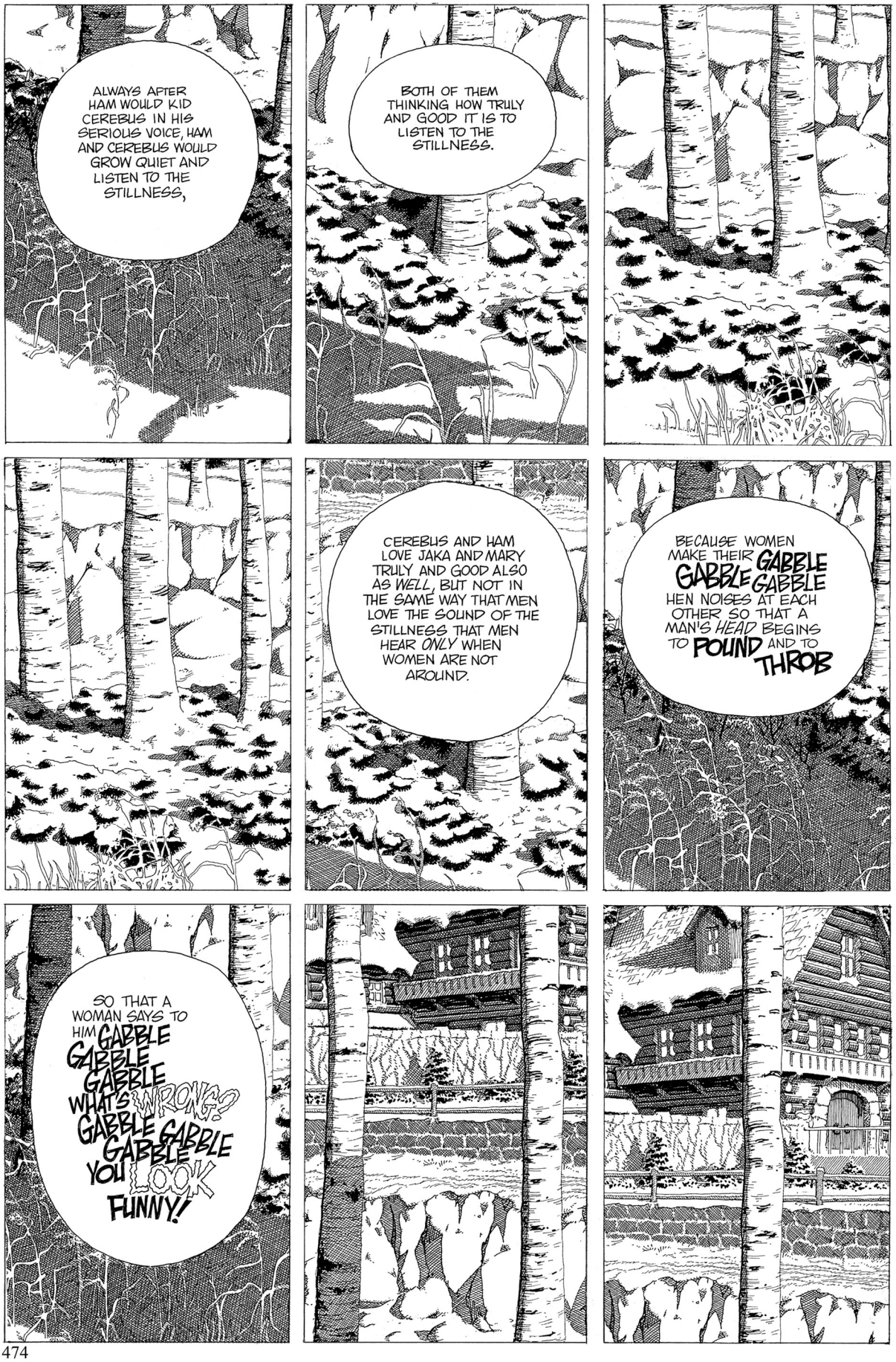
hunk
Chunk Chunk
Chunk Chunk Chunk Chunk

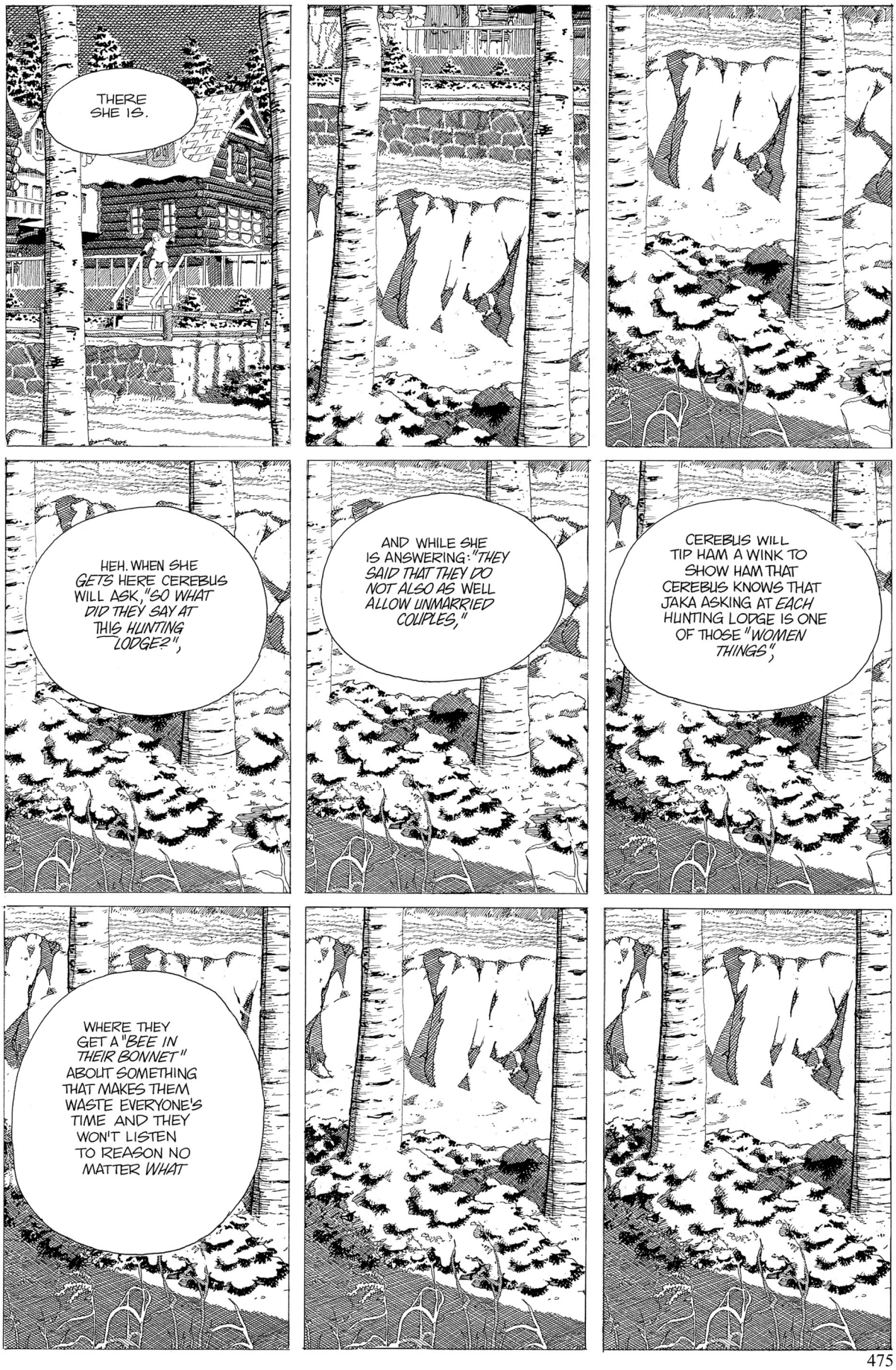
HUVABA
HUB!
HUH
L
L
LI
LOOH!
So.
He's never seen an AIRSHIP before EITHER.
EVIDENTLY NOT.
NO WONDER YOU GAVE ME SUCH A WEIRD LOOK WHEN I SUGGESTED WE TAKE AN AIRSHIP UP TO YOUR PARENTS' PLACE, CEREBUNNY...

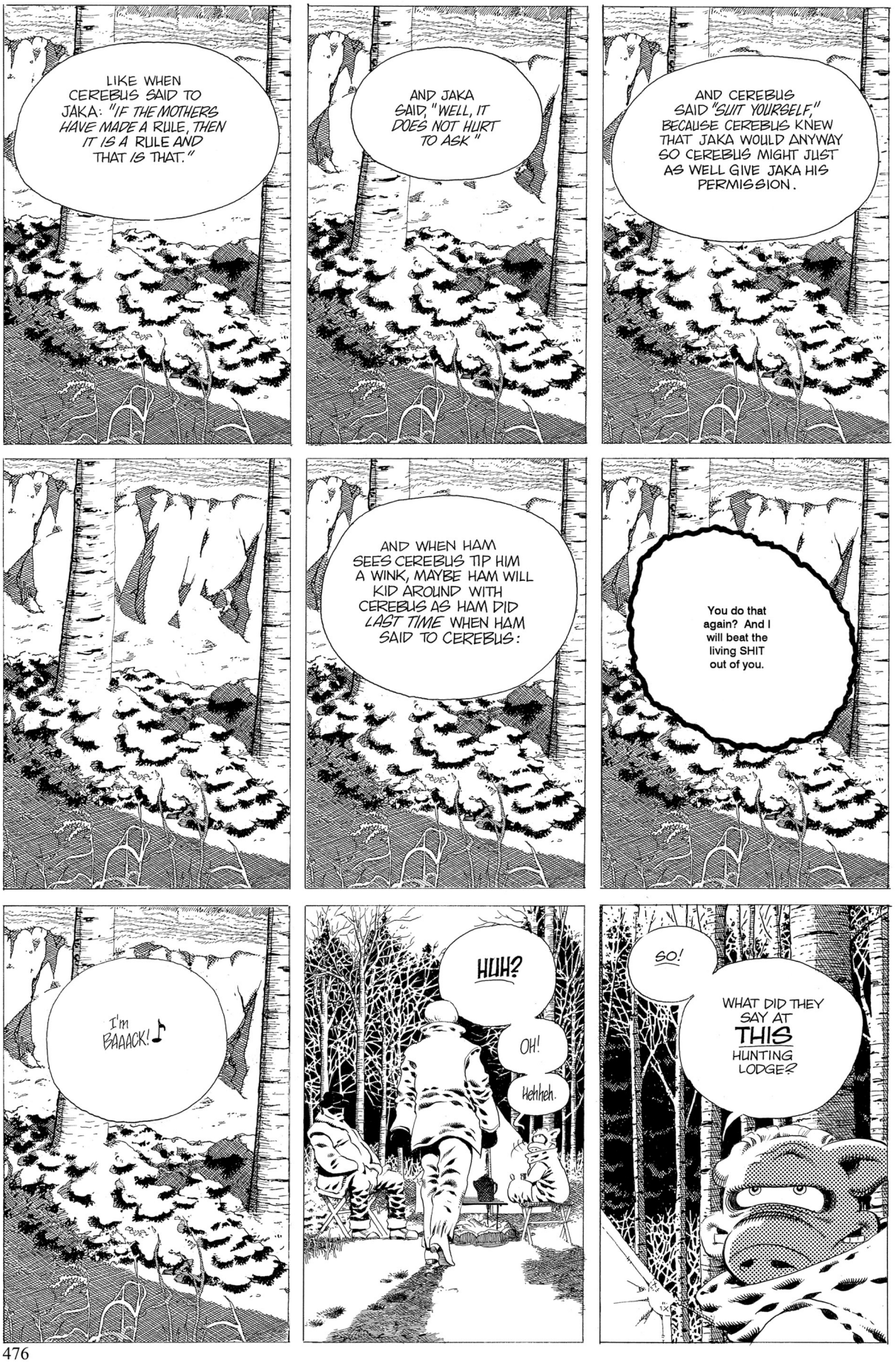

SO THAT WAS WHAT SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT.
TWITCH.
HALI YA HEWA NI NZURI LEO
?
NAFANYA MZAHA. HALI YA HEWA. SIYO NZURI.
UNA NJAA?
SSSSSNAP
JE, KUNA CHAKULA?
SNAP
SNAP
POP
HII.
SNAP
CRAK
SNAP
POP


FEH.
SIJI NYAMA NGURUWE
HAPANA?
HAPANA.
HARAMU.
NI KWA AJILI YA DINI YANGU.
DINO LAKO NI NINI?
MIMI NI MWISLAMU.

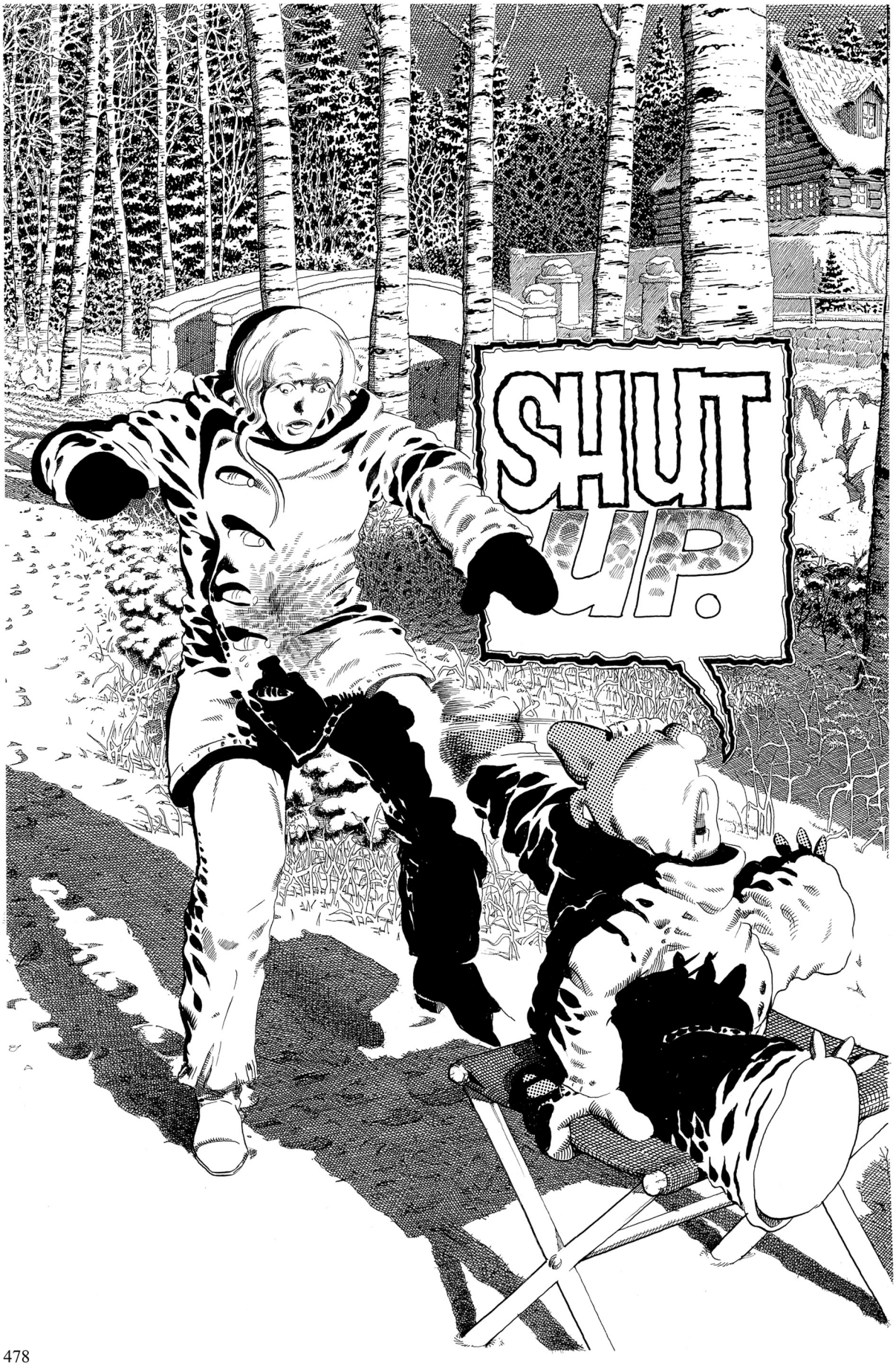
IT SEEMED AS IF CEREBUS AND HAM HAD ALWAYS BEEN TOGETHER FOR THEY DID EVERYTHING ALMOST THE SAME LIKE ONE PERSON WHO IS IN TWO DIFFERENT BODIES.
AS FOR INSTANCE THERE IS THE WAY IN WHICH THEY BOTH LEAN BACK SLIGHTLY ON THEIR CAMP STOOLS AND THE WAY THAT THEIR FOUR HANDS HOLD THEIR TWO BOTTLES OF GRIZZ BETWEEN THEIR FOUR LEGS.
(THEY DO NOT SAY TO EACH OTHER, "OH, LOOK HOW WE BOTH HOLD OUR BOTTLES OF GRIZZ BETWEEN OUR LEGS THE SAME!," FOR THEY BOTH SEEMED TO KNOW HOW "FUNNY-IN-A-BAD-WAY" THAT WOULD SOUND)
(NOT "FUNNY-IN-A-GOOD-WAY" LIKE WHEN CEREBUS SAID TO HAM:
"CEREBUS' NICKNAME SHOULD BE 'EGG'-- SO HAM AND CEREBUS COULD BE HAM AND 'EGG'.")
(AND HAM HAD REJOINDERED:
Shut. The fuck. Up.
IN THAT REALLY SERIOUS VOICE HE USES WHENEVER HE IS KIDDING CEREBUS)


ALWAYS AFTER HAM WOULD KID CEREBUS IN HIS SERIOUS VOICE, HAM AND CEREBUS WOULD GROW QUIET AND LISTEN TO THE STILLNESS,
BOTH OF THEM THINKING HOW TRULY AND GOOD IT IS TO LISTEN TO THE STILLNESS.
CEREBUS AND HAM LOVE JAKA AND MARY TRULY AND GOOD ALSO AS *WELL*, BUT NOT IN THE SAME WAY THAT MEN LOVE THE SOUND OF THE STILLNESS THAT MEN HEAR *ONLY* WHEN WOMEN ARE NOT AROUND.
BECAUSE WOMEN MAKE THEIR GABBLE GABBLE GABBLE HEN NOISES AT EACH OTHER SO THAT A MAN'S *HEAD* BEGINS TO POUND AND TO THROB
SO THAT A WOMAN SAYS TO HIM GABBLE GABBLE GABBLE WHAT'S WRONG? GABBLE GABBLE GABBLE YOU LOOK FUNNY!

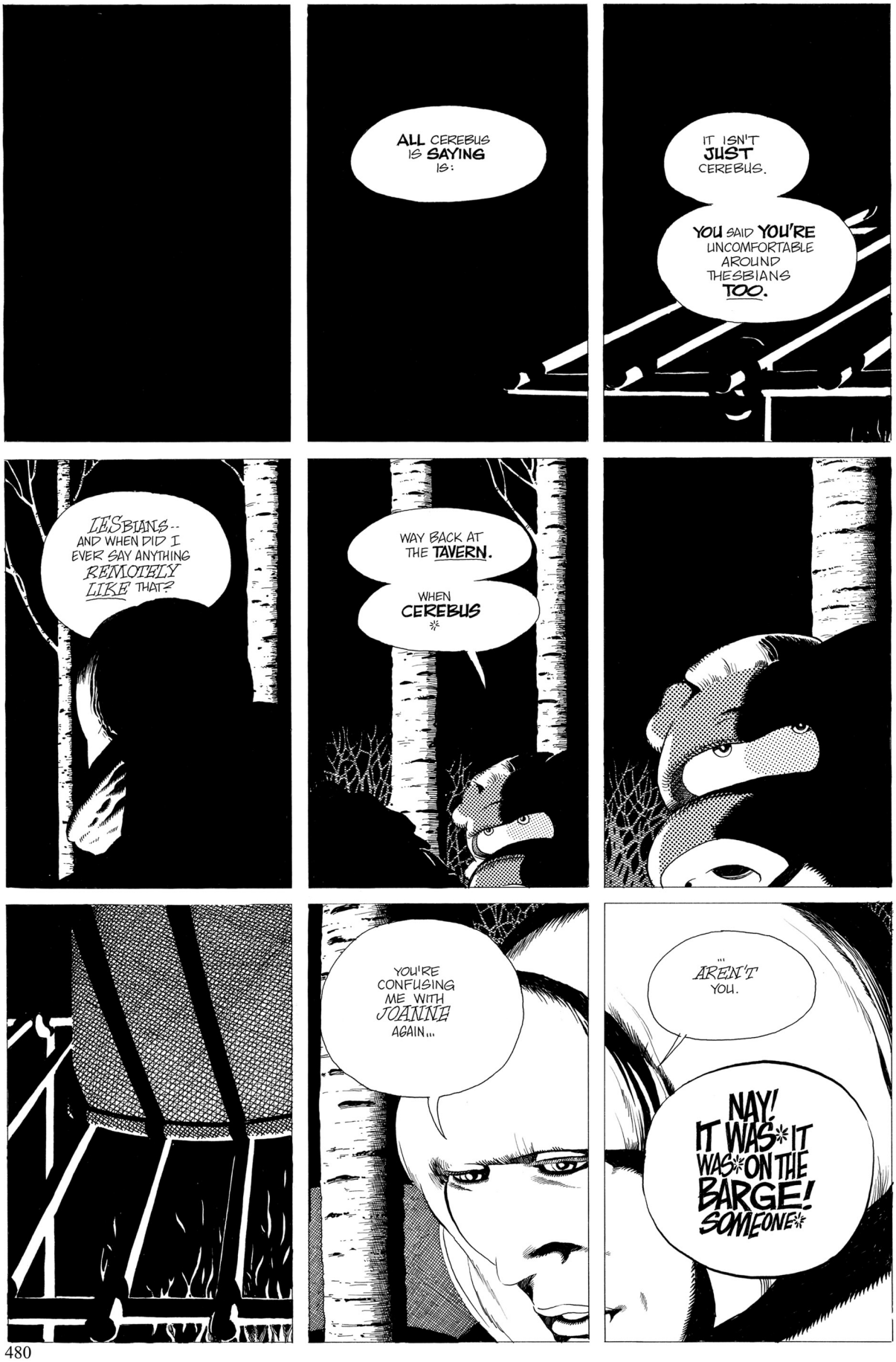

THERE SHE IS.
HEH. WHEN SHE GETS HERE CEREBUS WILL ASK, "SO WHAT DID THEY SAY AT THIS HUNTING LODGE?",
AND WHILE SHE IS ANSWERING: "THEY SAID THAT THEY DO NOT ALSO AS WELL ALLOW UNMARRIED COUPLES,"
CEREBUS WILL TIP HAM A WINK TO SHOW HAM THAT CEREBUS KNOWS THAT JAKA ASKING AT EACH HUNTING LODGE IS ONE OF THOSE "WOMEN THINGS",
WHERE THEY GET A "BEE IN THEIR BONNET" ABOUT SOMETHING THAT MAKES THEM WASTE EVERYONE'S TIME AND THEY WON'T LISTEN TO REASON NO MATTER WHAT


LIKE WHEN CEREBUS SAID TO JAKA: "IF THE MOTHERS HAVE MADE A RULE, THEN IT IS A RULE AND THAT IS THAT."
AND JAKA SAID, "WELL, IT DOES NOT HURT TO ASK"
AND CEREBUS SAID "SUIT YOURSELF," BECAUSE CEREBUS KNEW THAT JAKA WOULD ANYWAY SO CEREBUS MIGHT JUST AS WELL GIVE JAKA HIS PERMISSION.
AND WHEN HAM SEES CEREBUS TIP HIM A WINK, MAYBE HAM WILL KID AROUND WITH CEREBUS AS HAM DID LAST TIME WHEN HAM SAID TO CEREBUS:
You do that again? And I will beat the living SHIT out of you.
I'm BAAACK!♪
HUH?
OH!
Hehheh.
SO!
WHAT DID THEY SAY AT THIS HUNTING LODGE?

NOOO PROBLEM ♪
HA HA♪
NO PROBLEM. WE CAN STAY THERE TONIGHT IF WE WANT TO.
BUT...
...BUT...
I KNOW, I KNOW! BUT I WAS TALKING TO THE CARETAKER AND SHE SAID ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SIGN A PIECE OF PAPER SAYING THAT WE'RE LESBIANS
IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME BEFORE, BUT —THIS TIME— FOR SOME REASON I JUST ASKED:
" WITH THE 'UNMARRIED COUPLE' RULE?"
" WOULD IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE ... "
"...THAT CEREBUS HAS BOTH A PENIS AND A "

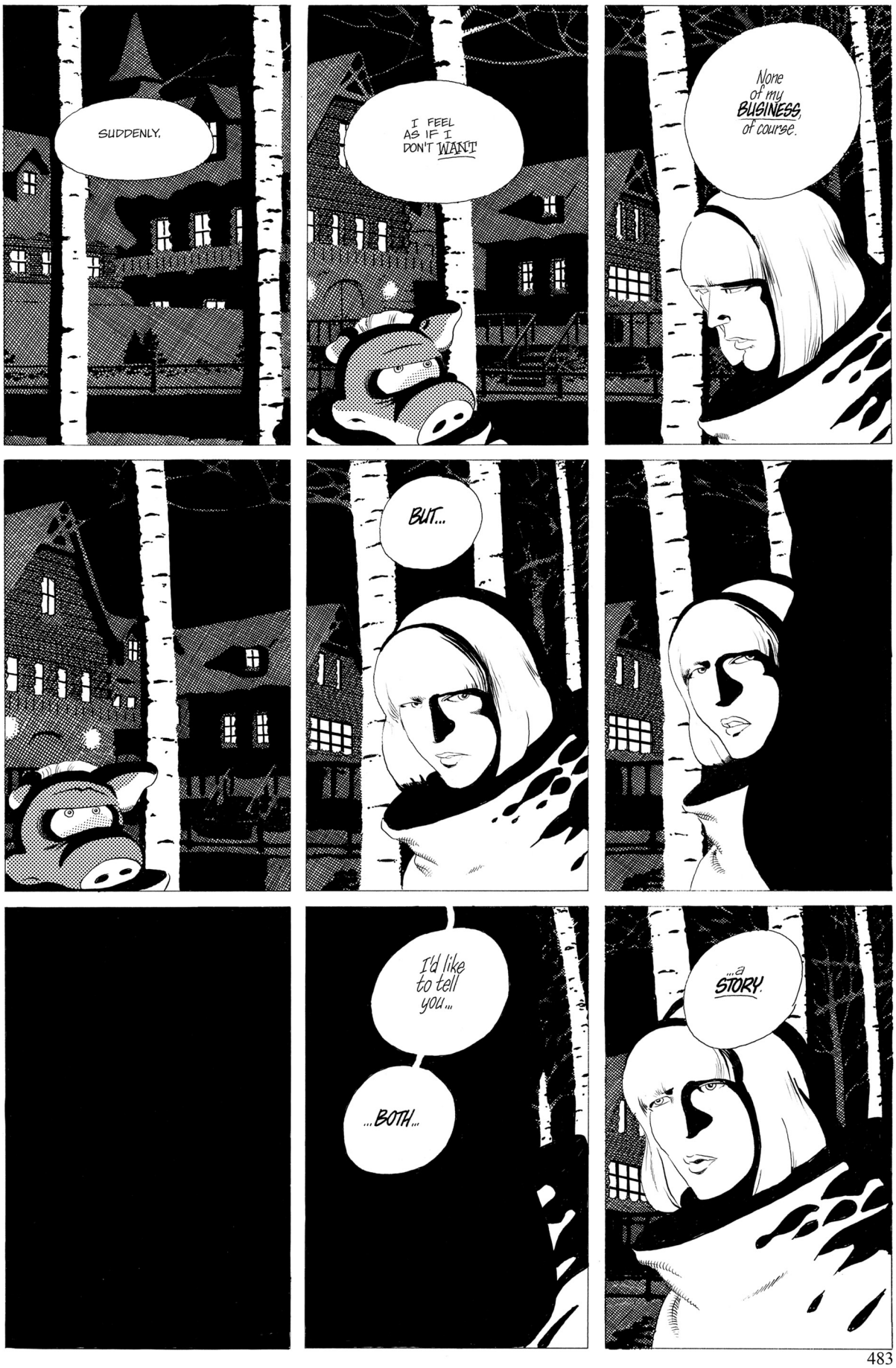

SHUT
UP.

SNF!
?
ASLEEP!
WHEW
WHAT LUCK! THAT MEANS HE DIDN'T
...HEAR...
STOMP
...JAKA...
STOMP
STOMP
FLIP
FLAK
WOW!
CEREBUS WOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS POSSIBLE TO SLAM A TENT FLAP!

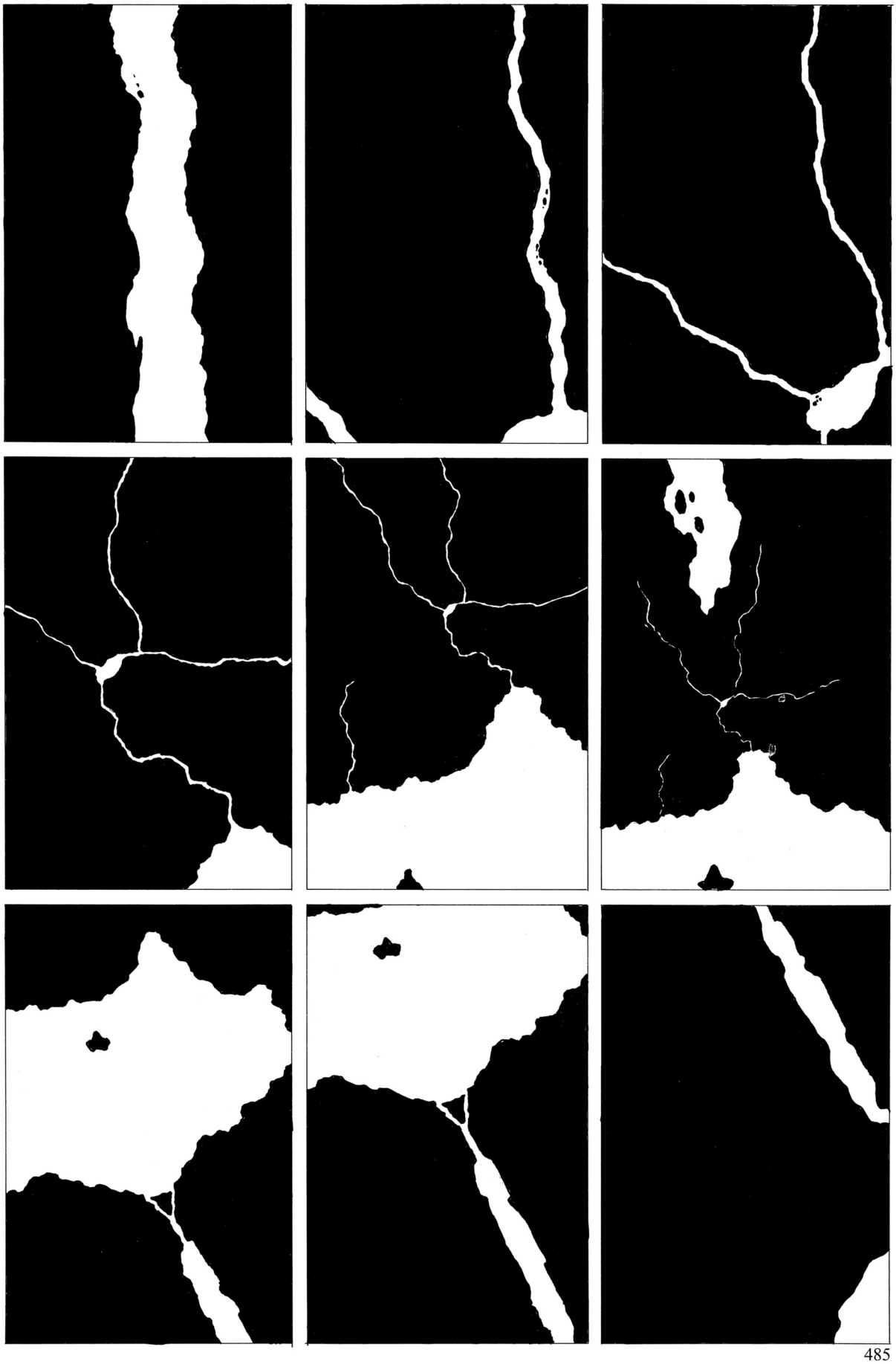

ALL CEREBUS IS SAYING IS:
IT ISN'T JUST CEREBUS.
YOU SAID YOU'RE UNCOMFORTABLE AROUND THESBIANS TOO.
LESBIANS... AND WHEN DID I EVER SAY ANYTHING REMOTELY LIKE THAT?
WAY BACK AT THE TAVERN.
WHEN CEREBUS
YOU'RE CONFUSING ME WITH JOANNE AGAIN...
...AREN'T YOU.
NAY! IT WAS* IT WAS* ON THE BARGE! SOMEONE*

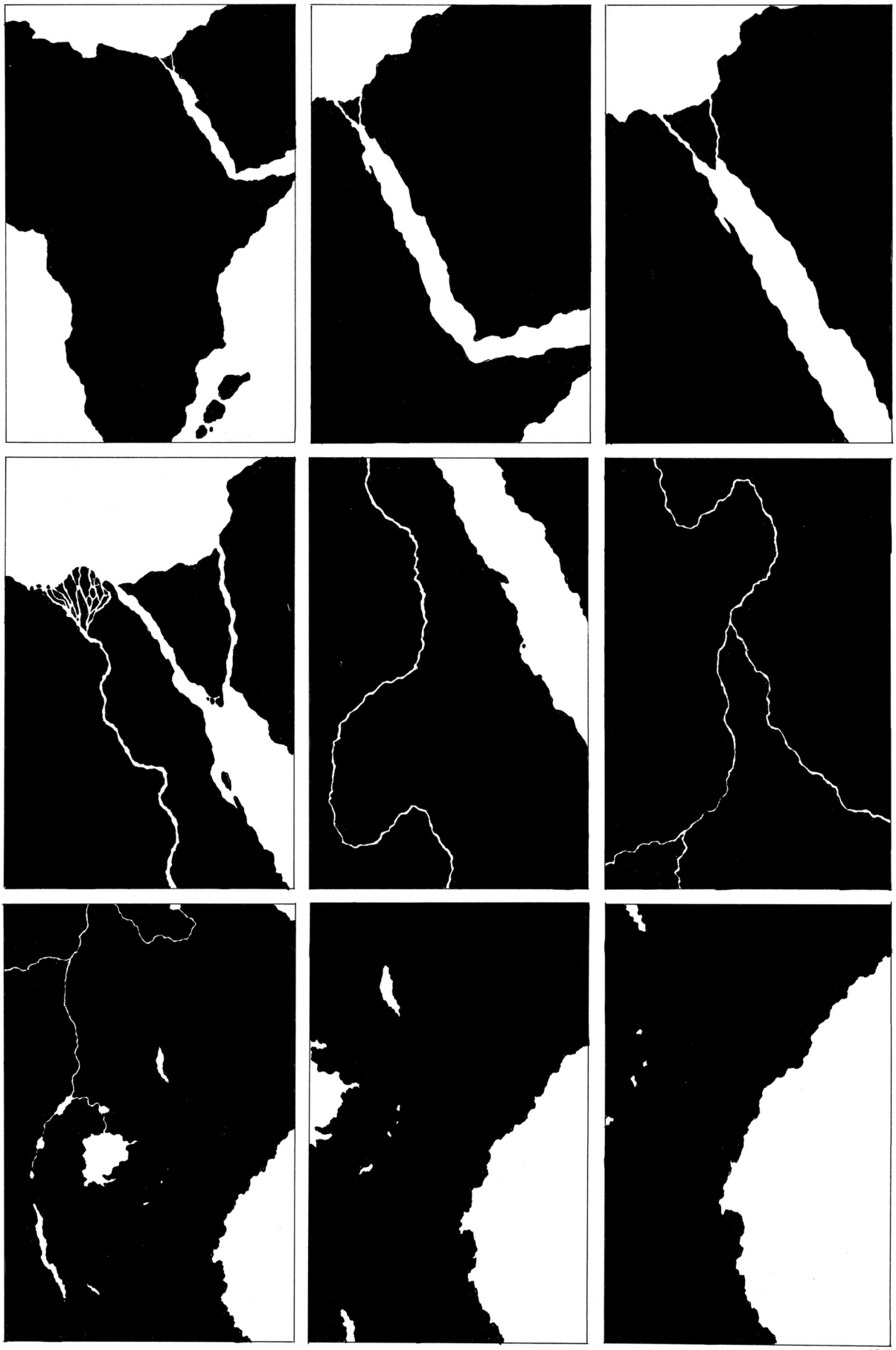
ON
THE
TWITCH

I DON'T SEE A VAGINA AS SOMETHING TO BE ASHAMED OF.
OR BEING A LESBIAN FOR THAT MATTER
I DON'T SEE BEING A LESBIAN AS SOMETHING TO BE ASHAMED OF.
I THOUGHT YOU'D LAUGH
I THOUGHT YOU'D TREAT IT AS A SILLY JOKE.
"CEREBUS AND JAKA, THE HUNTING LODGE LESBIANS!"
INSTEAD...
INSTEAD I FEEL AS IF I DON'T KNOW YOU
AND WHAT'S MORE

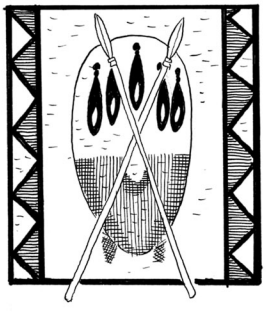

SUDDENLY,
I FEEL AS IF I DON'T WANT
None of my BUSINESS, of course.
BUT...
...I'd like to tell you...
...BOTH...
...a STORY.

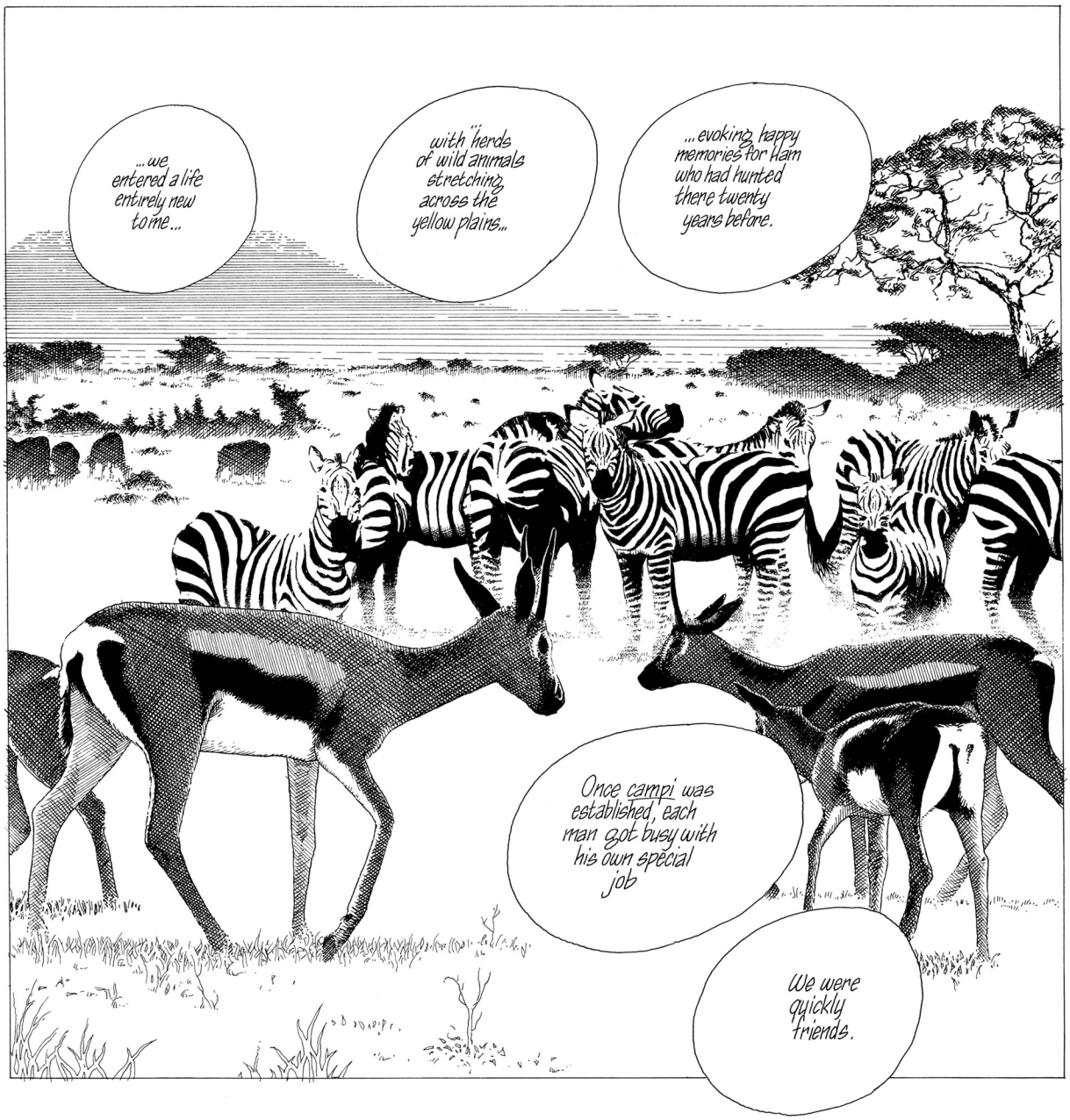
A TRUE story...
...that happened to me and HAM...
a long
LONG
way from here

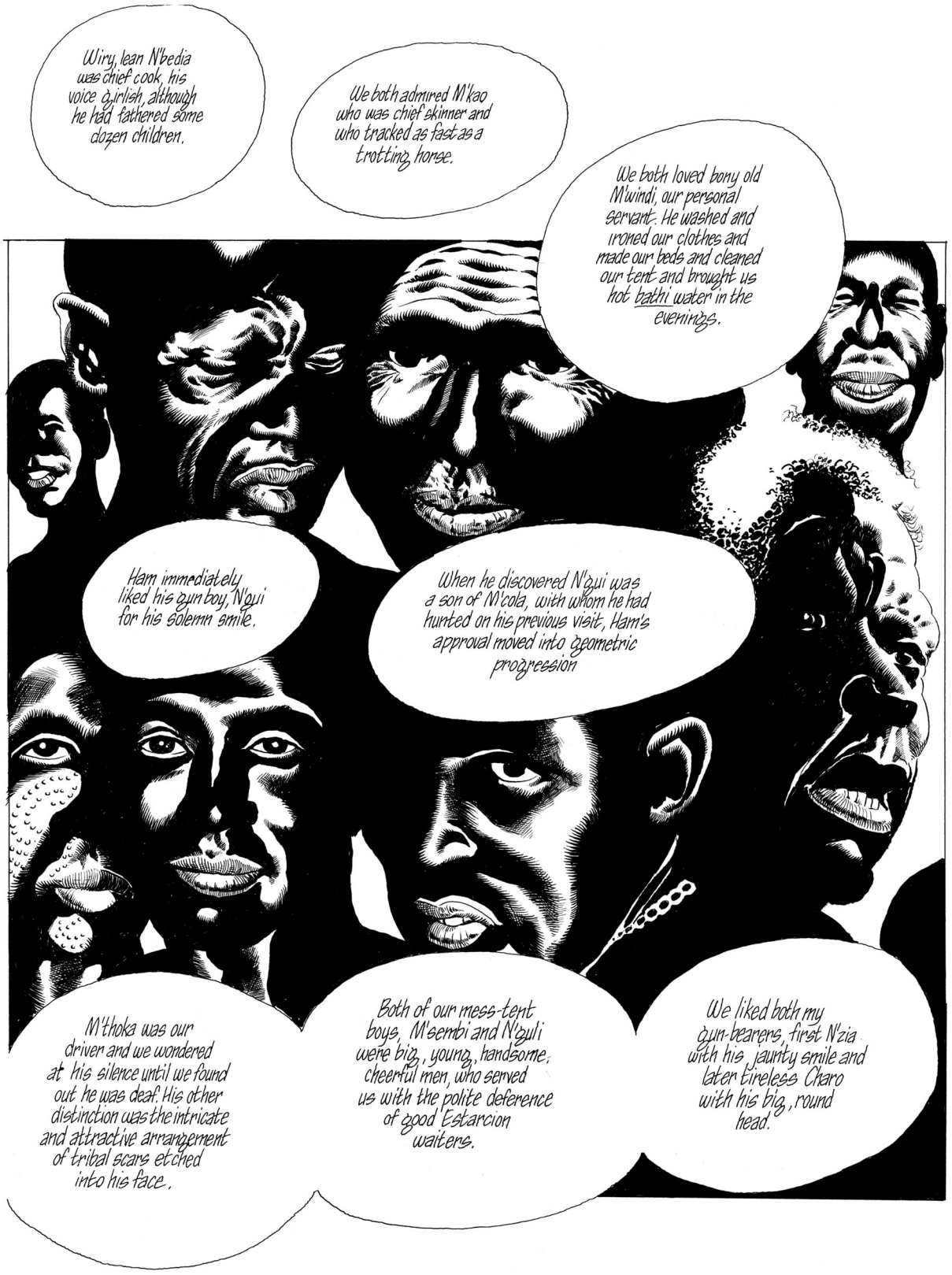




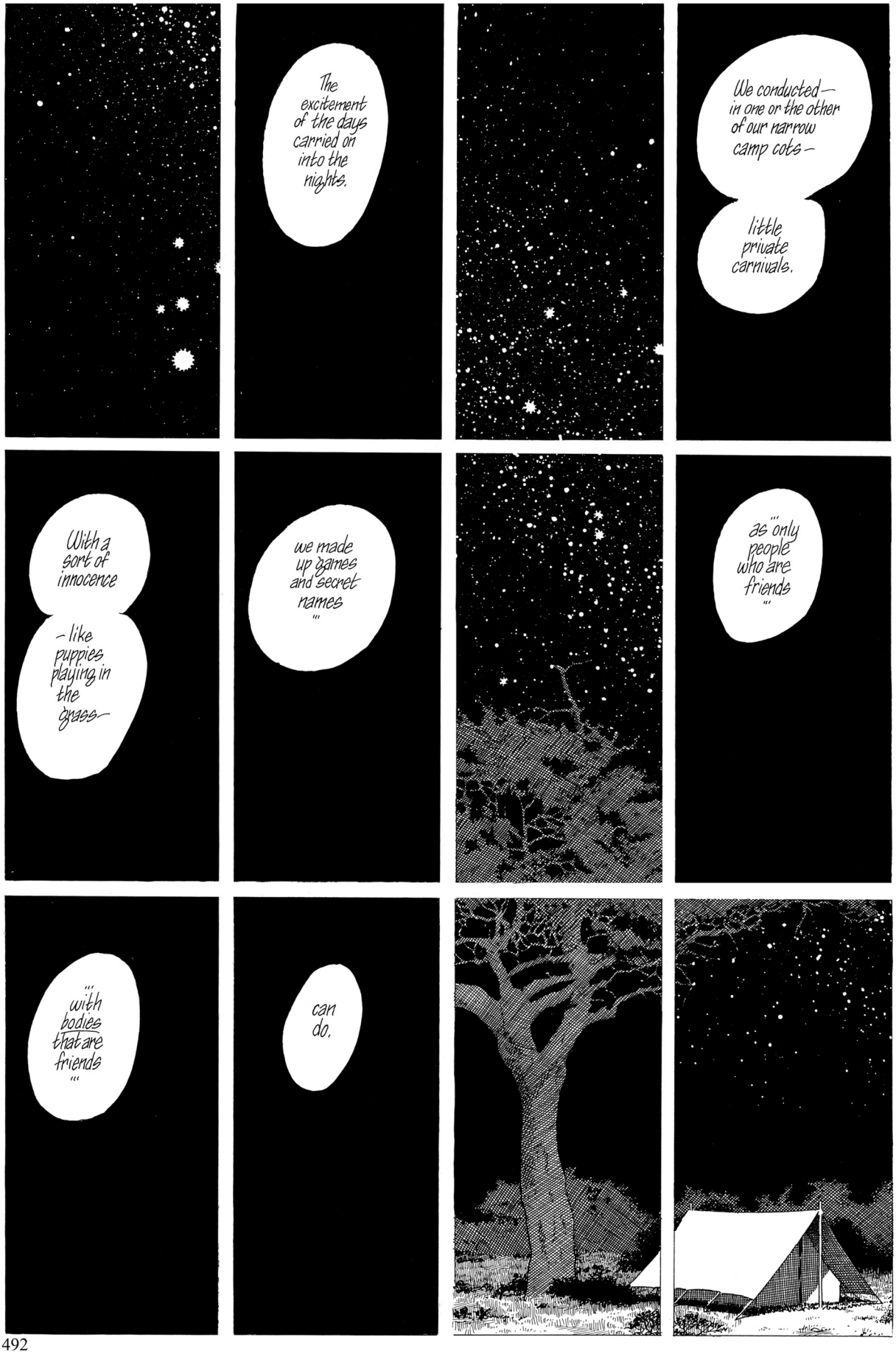
As we rattled inland and upward onto Kenja's six-thousand-foot-high central plateau...




...we entered a life entirely new to me...
with herds of wild animals stretching across the yellow plains...
...evoking happy memories for Harn who had hunted there twenty years before.
Once campi was established, each man got busy with his own special job
We were quickly friends.


Wiry, lean N'bedia was chief cook, his voice girlish, although he had fathered some dozen children.
We both admired M'kao who was chief skinner and who tracked as fast as a trotting horse.
We both loved bony old M'windi, our personal servant. He washed and ironed our clothes and made our beds and cleaned our tent and brought us hot bathi water in the evenings.
Ham immediately liked his gun boy, N'gui for his solemn smile.
When he discovered N'gui was a son of M'cola, with whom he had hunted on his previous visit, Ham's approval moved into geometric progression
M'thoka was our driver and we wondered at his silence until we found out he was deaf. His other distinction was the intricate and attractive arrangement of tribal scars etched into his face.
Both of our mess-tent boys, M'sembi and N'guli were big, young, handsome, cheerful men, who served us with the polite deference of good Estarcion waiters.
We liked both my gun-bearers, first N'zia with his jaunty smile and later tireless Charo with his big, round head.

How can I remember our driver's name?
Mm. "Mathematics and okra".
M'thoka?
These and a few more were our constant companions for nearly six months
We felt we had never encountered better ones
I am 'Mfupi', 'the short one'. Papa is 'Mrefu' -- 'Tall'.


The excitement of the days carried on into the nights.
We conducted— in one or the other of our narrow camp cots—
little private carnivals.
With a sort of innocence
—like puppies playing in the grass—
we made up games and secret names "
as only people who are friends "
" with bodies that are friends "
can do.

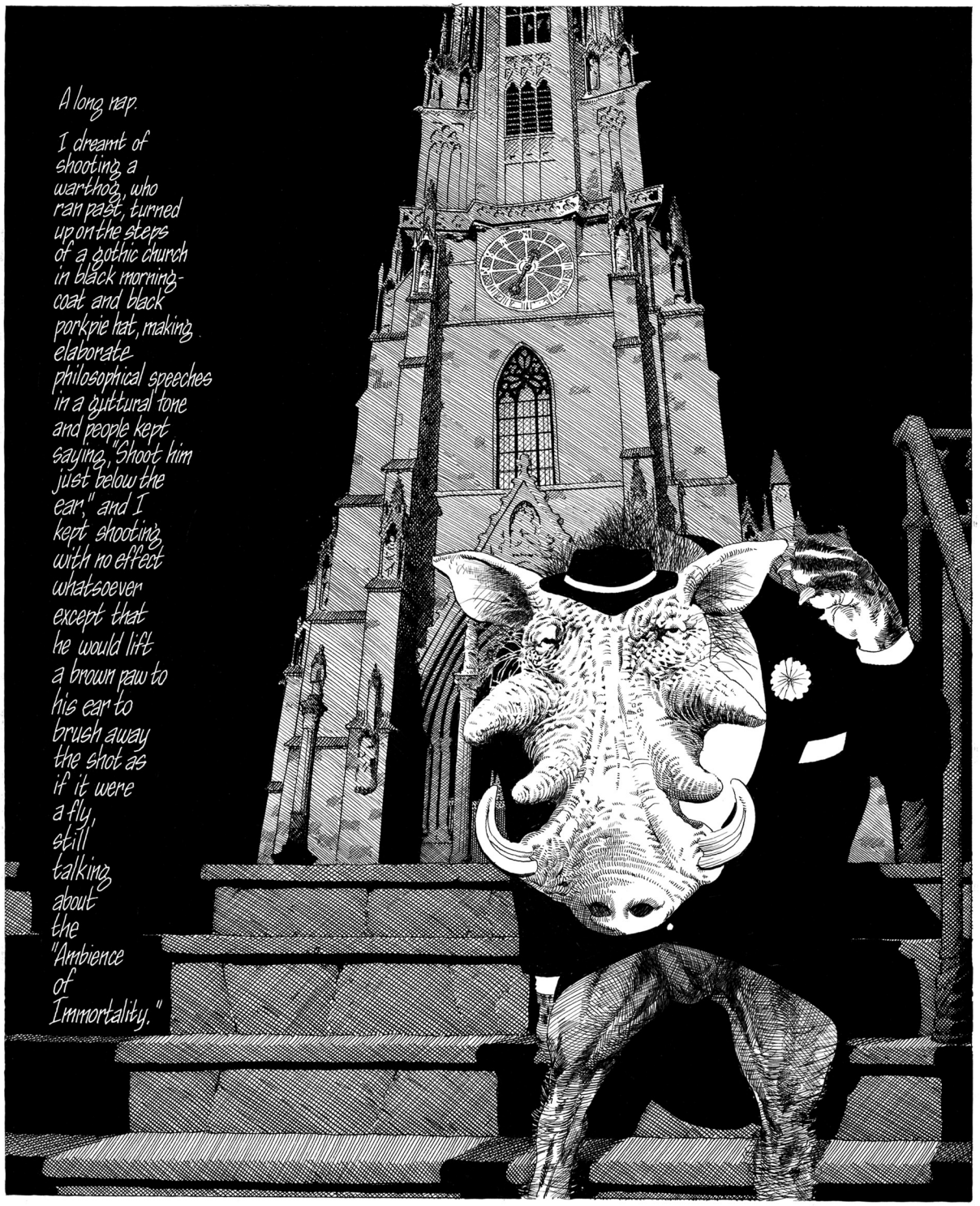
No lion roar.
No hyena last night.
But I woke up hearing the elephant coming...
"... steady and straight.
A soft sloughing noise, as though he were walking on canvas;
about a dozen steps coming closer...
"... but not louder.
Then there was the sharp snap of a branch.
And I heard one of the camp dogs chewing and chewing for...
I don't know how long
...for my sharp pang of apprehension...
...faded... into sleep.

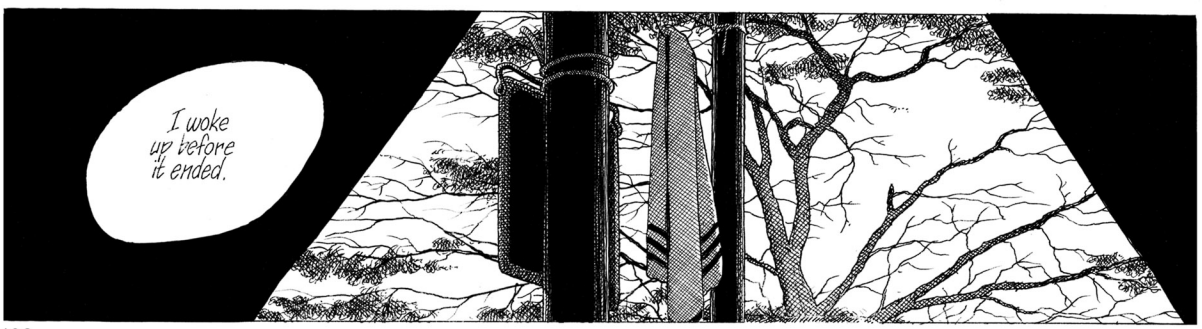
Our appointed rounds began with a tree where we had hung lion-bait...
...part of a zebra carcass.
From behind cover Percy spotted two lions feeding at the kill.
PERCY
Our white hunter
Ham stepped around a tree and shot.
ka
K
M
Then both lions were gone, the wounded one failing to roar as lions are supposed to do when they are hit.
In half an hour the men had found him, finished him and brought him back to camp where the skinning proceeded.
Watching the skinning, Ham bent down and cut out a bit of the tenderloin...
and then offered me a tidbit
...chewed some...

We both thought the clean, pink flesh **delicious; steak tartare** without the capers.
Percy politely declined a taste
In Kenja, neither the natives nor the whites ate lion...
...having against it some **taboo** which they would never define for me.
How wonderful to be on the old "skeleton wardrobe" again. Just like the army in its freedom from concern about "chic" and things matching, and such chores. Plain cotton knitted underwear, easily washable; plenty of socks in light, medium and heavy weights; a couple of pairs of warm pyjamas; bathrobe; coat; three pairs of pants; three shirts; bush jacket; couple of sweaters. For variation, some slaves' earrings. One wears one set until it's dirty, picks up the next set.
So simple, so smart.
(Of course I don't know what other women wear on safari).
DENIS
Our Game Warden

Hunting, Grant's gazelles, tommy, for meat (really, for me to practice).
Denis helping, wonderfully, pointing out which one to shoot.
No more than seventy yards.
KaK M
I missed him, perfectly (perhaps singeing the hair of his knees).
Hunted and hunted, walked and walked. Found a second herd.
KaK M
So it goes.
It is lonely being the only incompetent here.

Filet of lion marinated in sherry for dinner tonight — with excellent soup and the tough corn the Masai had given us. The lion perfectly delicious, like yearling beef.
Saw a class of tommy-bucks with their ever-wagging tails. Papa said, "Shoot him with this."
I got over in the sights in the nice, normal way. No shaking of the forearm
KaRUM
Whock.
dropped him. ... But a bad shot. Not in the shoulder.
It was one hundred and forty-two paces.
Heard him cry.
They told me to shoot him just below the ear.
So I did.
KaRUM
I felt ashamed and sorry.
... but pleased, too, that I had finally shot something, instead of missing all of the time...


A long nap.
I dreamt of shooting a warthog, who ran past, turned up on the steps of a gothic church in black morning-coat and black porkpie hat, making elaborate philosophical speeches in a guttural tone and people kept saying, "Shoot him just below the ear," and I kept shooting with no effect whatsoever except that he would lift a brown paw to his ear to brush away the shot as if it were a fly, still talking about the "Ambience of Immortality."


I woke up before it ended.

Saw a big group of zebra.
Six or seven. We got up close.
I shot...
...and missed, hugely.
We followed them over flat, pleasant country
got them well within range, again and again
Next went up to where this same herd could be hit with a well-aimed stone.
...wounding the zebra who was, then, three hundred yards away.
Thwok!
Papa took the gun away from me and he and Denis both shot...
Shot again...
Thwok!
...and we knew he was finished.

I have tried to think and assess and analyze...
...why I shoot so badly.
My eyes see. My hands do not shake. I see him clearly in my sights...
KaBOOM
...and I miss.
It is on the verge of being comic.
Papa's breakfast sandwiches grow more exotic, even surrealistic.
This morning it was fried white of egg (the yolk might drip), ham,
worcestershire sauce, sliced onion, tomato catsup...
...and mustard pickles
He seemed to feel fine afterwards

Two Wakamba boys said they had tracked a lion...
...and knew where it was.
The sun, like a hammer, beating on my hat...
...we travelled east and west, north-east, south-west...
circling around... circling back.
I was walking just behind Percy, when he touched me...
...and pointed to Papa, who was standing straight, looking serious.
I looked at him and comprehended — idiotically —
nothing
Then Percy said, "Look," and pointed.
In the roots and lower branches of a thorn ...
...a moon-round, yellow face.
shot as quickly as I could
KaBOOM

Percy said my shot was six-feet short
Crazy (anyway) for me ... (the "misser") ...
... to hunt lion.
We came home, my shame steadily mounting.
(but who likes hysterics?)
Had late lunch and I went to bed
slept heavily
Everyone has been so kind and chic.
Papa especially.
I keep feeling it in front of them ...
... Denis and Percy dismissing it.
Actually ...

I am afraid to go into a big emotional "to-do" about it
...which might make me shoot worse than ever.
flip. flip. flip..
Went earlier this morning to the lion bait.
Nothing there.
Found lion track.
Hunted from the water hole, in tall trees and thick brush.
Then through thick, nasty brush.
Then through sparse brush.
We heard a...

A huge lion poured out of a bush ...
...like nothing less than lightning.
Shot--
KaK
ten yards behind him
We thought they had gone into the thick brush...
...the great lion and his askari.
Threw stones in.
Thak
TAK
TAK
TAK
TAK

Nothing.
Picked up the track.
Tracked the great beautiful beast ...
... halfway up the west wall of the rift.
The boys said we must go soft and slowly ...
... but they went fast and noisily.
Up and up.
scrambling
lava rock
dried shrub and grass
noisily.
and up again

sometimes I had to
put my gun down
to climb a rock
hanging onto
a thorn tree
or a ledge.
Finally, I felt we'd never see him '''
''' we were making so much noise.
He would always just sneak quietly higher '''
''' he and his friend '''
''' a handsome young male
''' who'd jumped with him in the beginning.
Finally '''

...maybe stupidly...
(but I couldn't have shot anything well in that terrible hot climbing breathless country)
...I called it off.
The gun-boys most unhappy
I had a dream...
...about our beautiful lion.
I dreamt we met him somewhere
among the small kopjes with the green vine and the lava rock
Standing. Watching us.
Before we could shoot...
...he said...

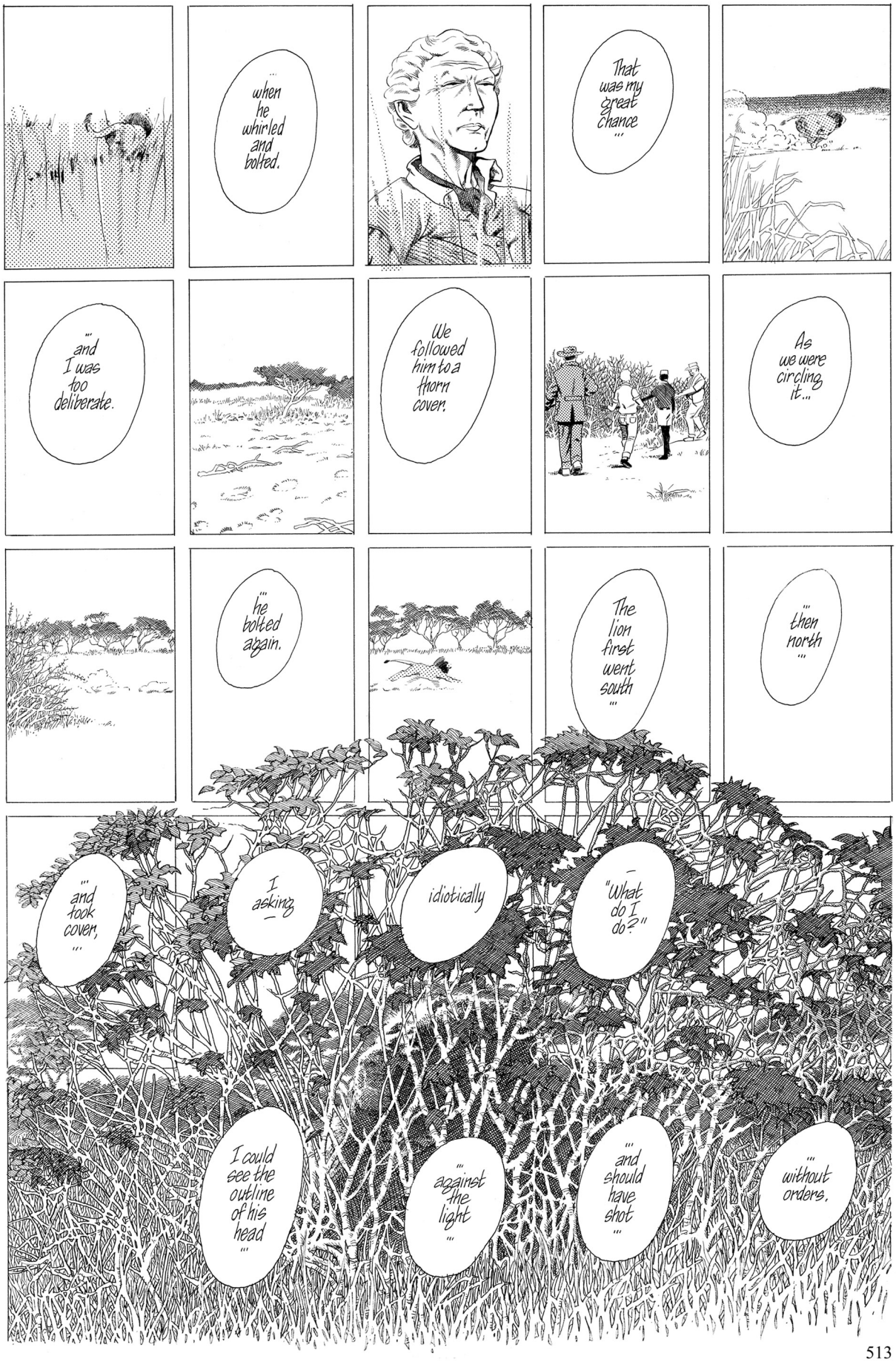
How do you Do?
...in the most cultivated Iestan accent and we...
...Papa...
...and somebody else...
...and I...
...were so charmed, we put our guns down to chat. The lion said how we'd made him nervous yesterday— how he'd watched us toiling up the mountain (very graceful about how noisily we walked).
It's your wearing Shoes, of course.
We went into his life here:
Most pleasant country.
he said.

But not the Abundance & Food of some Other places.
He had to work for it—but, of course, that kept him in excellent condition
I asked him how he had learned the Iestan language so beautifully.
Oh, I just picked it up.
He was delightful... and we had edged slowly closer...
He knocked us all down and/or out and I heard Papa protesting and the lion was eating me but I felt no pain. The last thing I heard was:
But, really, you ARE so salty

flip.
flip.
flip.
"Papa's definition of buggery:"
"'Sodomy when practiced by those who are not gentlemen.'"
"How did we get into that?"
flip.
flip.
"The gun-boys, despairing of my shooting, have made me a gun-rest stick."
flip.
"Yesterday"
...
"...late in the afternoon..."
"...we shot my lion."

Today is drizzly and overcast ...
...and I feel sad and let down and empty.
The camp seems unusually quiet.
We had first seen him ten days ago with two lionesses.
The men began planning and plotting ...
...CHAINING food to the bait-tree so the lionesses could not drag it into thick cover for him.
By keeping the lionesses fed and uninterested in hunting ...
... he either had to hunt for himself, or come ...
...eventually...
... to the bait.
a terrible treachery, really, on our part.

Yesterday morning Papa saw him ...
... beyond the lion grass at the edge of the thick yellow forest and said, wisely, ...
"Leave him alone."
We couldn't find his pug mark at the bait and came home ...
Papa to work ... I, to rest ...
... having the first day of curse.
I was just dozing off when I heard them come roaring back — yelling for me. "HE'S OUT THERE! -- HURRY!"
Sure enough ...
... the lion was still there.
We saw the lion break for better cover ...
... saw him circle and turn to face us.
I was just bringing the bead on his shoulder ...


...when he whirled and bolted.
That was my great chance...
...and I was too deliberate.
We followed him to a thorn cover.
As we were circling it...
...he bolted again.
The lion first went south...
...then north...
...and took cover,...
I asking—
idiotically
"What do I do?"
I could see the outline of his head...
...against the light...
...and should have shot...
...without orders.

Papa went out to the left ...
... Denis to the right.
Instead of coming out towards us ...
he broke away, running, south.
I ran to the right to get a view around the thorn
Heard Papa shoot.
KaK
Heard Denis shoot.
KaK
Got him in my sights ...
... his moving hips ...
(now)
KaK
Afterward ...
... everyone said I shot first ...
... but I feel certain I didn't ...
... particularly since Denis kept saying ...

"Wait, wait."
We found him about three hundred and fifty yards away.
Absolutely dead...
"...within forty yards of thick cover.
We went into a certain amount of clowning and hi-jinks"
"...Papa more jubilant than anybody.
We came home"
...with the boys singing a marvelous, triumphant-sounding song.
I couldn't believe I had even hit him.
But Charo and Ngui affirmed and reaffirmed
I do remember Charo saying, "Piga" at my side"
"...not in the imperative, but the declarative tone of voice

The boys started the ngoma, the whole camp singing the jubilant, strange, rhythmic song of victory.

Banging tins and kettles and water cans, they made me sit on a chair and danced me 'round and 'round over their heads

'Round and 'round between the fire and the mess tent, all swirling and singing and banging

When they put me down, they did a wonderful kamba dance in front of the mess tent, one voice chanting the newly-improvised songs about the lion and the memsahib.

No lion roar last night.
We missed it.
Beginning about noon today...
"...we've had another ngoma..."
"...a big one with three drums..."
Still feeling bad in my stomach I took a nap...
"...going to sleep with the drums..."
"...and waking up to them.
I threw up this morning in front of Denis and the boys.
They all concluded it was from the excitement of yesterday.
I was very ashamed.
But, it did not affect my enjoyment...
"...of the lion steak we had for dinner

Sufficient phrases for a safari:
"On your-his-my-our own two feet."
"When the chips are down."
"For keeps."
"See what the boys (baboons) in the back room will have."
Rain all night.
The hyenas in full concert.
Very close and giving the high arpeggio '''
''' the girlish laughter '''
''' the low cooing and the staccato chuckle '''
''' with the semi-hysterical "Don't-do-that."
One of them was having a change of voice '''
''' and sang in double tones.
They woke Papa. '''
''' and we both lay there, laughing with them '''
''' in the dark.

Patter of rain on the tent ...
... very soothing.
I dream of us being marooned ...
... in a shining gray sea
This afternoon, we saw the waterbuck with his lovely arched horns
We will never molest him. He is so nice and honorable.
The white wild flowers (still unidentifiable in any of my books) ...
... are fading in our big fields.
They still smell delicately of roses and jasmine.

I woke
weeping
in the night
"finally understanding that I could not – honestly – lay any claim to the lion."
"feeling cheated that Papa and Denis"
ka K
ka K M
M
"had shot him first"
"and then fooled me about it."
Feeling heartbroken and frustrated.
First, that I couldn't shoot well enough"
ka K
M
"then, that such a long, sincere, serious"
"and purposeful pursuit"
"should have finished"
"in such a farce."

I said so at lunch "
"and Denis said—correctly—that I had been handed a lion on a platter.
Papa has been quoting Tony:
"It is always very silent when a great beast dies."
An over-whelming invasion of green army worms are eating the last of the flowers
A delegation of birds is feasting on the worms.
The male birds are beautiful. "
"with rose-colored heads and breasts "
"and beige bodies.
The females are beige "
"with a streak of deep rose on their tails.

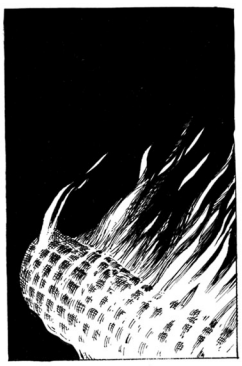
"Papa's interview with a reporter from Recondite magazine:"
"Reporter: Mr. E., is it true that your wife is a lesbian?"
"Papa: Of course not. Mrs. Ernestway is a boy."
"Reporter: What are your favorite sports, sir?"
"Papa: Shooting, fishing, reading, and Sodomy."
TWITCH
"Reporter: Does Mrs. Ernestway participate in these sports?"
"Papa: She participates in all of them."
"Reporter: Sir, can you compare fishing, shooting, and cricket, perhaps, with the other sports that you practice?"
"Papa: Young man, you must distinguish between the diurnal and the nocturnal sports. In this latter category, Sodomy is definitely superior to fishing."
"Reporter: Sir, I have heard much of this sport."
"Papa: Let us speak no further of it."

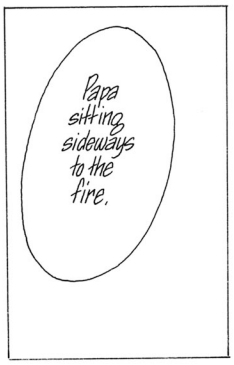
flip flip
"Mary is a sort of prince of devils."
"She always wanted to be a boy and thinks as a boy without ever losing any femininity."
"If you should become confused on this you should retire."
TIC
TWITCH
FLINCH
CLENCH
SPASM
JERK
SWAM
"She loves me to be her girl, which I love to be—not being absolutely stupid, and also loving to be her girl since I have other jobs in the daytime."
TWITCH
TWITCH

Mwindi came and showed me a huge pig, strolling comfortably across the park in front of us
I got my shoes and my gun and we hunted him, but couldn't find him.
But what a pig.
Now, at the fire, we're happy, thinking what a marvelous year it has been...
...how much we've learned ...
"We were smart kittens to come to Africa."
Fisi is going WHUUUU
UUUUU
UUUUU
...in the middle distance
Papa has been saying too many nice things
"My kitten-brother is the bravest, loveliest, most understanding and best kitten in and out of bed..."

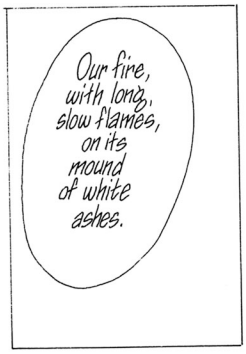
"...more fun to talk with on any subject and with sounder opinions and the best and finest ideals of anyone that I have ever known ever in all my life."
"A slow shooter, apt to be impatient, intolerant of fools and drunks ..."
"...but the best companion in the field when things are difficult that I have ever known, bar none."
A modester woman wouldn't write this down.
I do it to look at ...
... if I feel low sometimes.

Found and (sadly) identified the head of the gallant and beautiful old waterbuck
He had been paterfamilias to ten cows.
Every time we saw them, he stood guard '''
''' to protect their retreat into the woods.
Nothing left of him now but the head bones and the horns '''
''' the kill two or three days old.
The lioness surely took advantage of his bravery '''
''' and murdered him
Sad to know our safari life is ending.

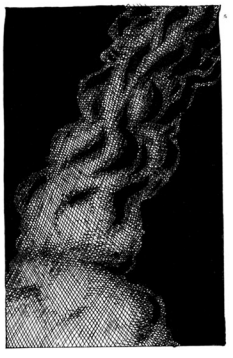



Papa sitting sideways to the fire.

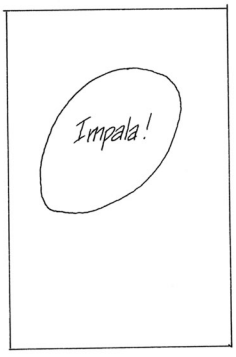
Bottles set out on the drink table nearby.


Our fire, with long, slow flames, on its mound of white ashes.

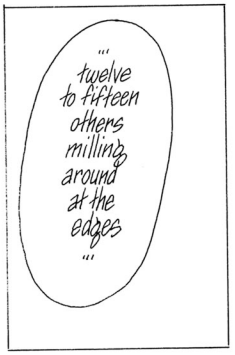
Its smoke flowing westward, away from us.



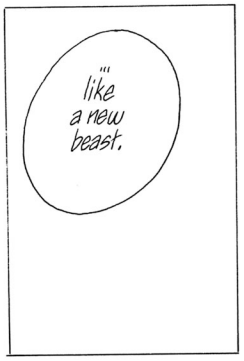
There erupts in the forest a great snorting and grunting.

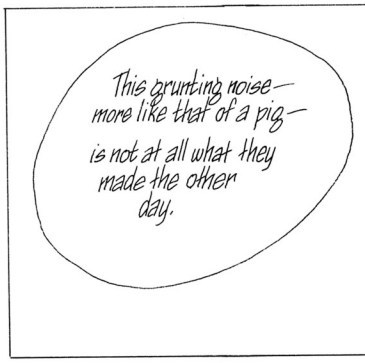

Impala!

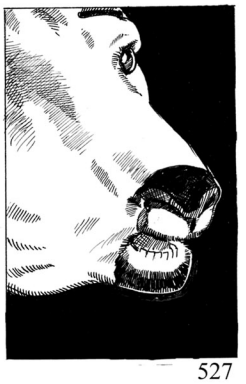
Two bucks are fighting frantically with their horns "


" twelve to fifteen others milling around at the edges "

" their tails straight up as I've never seen them before "

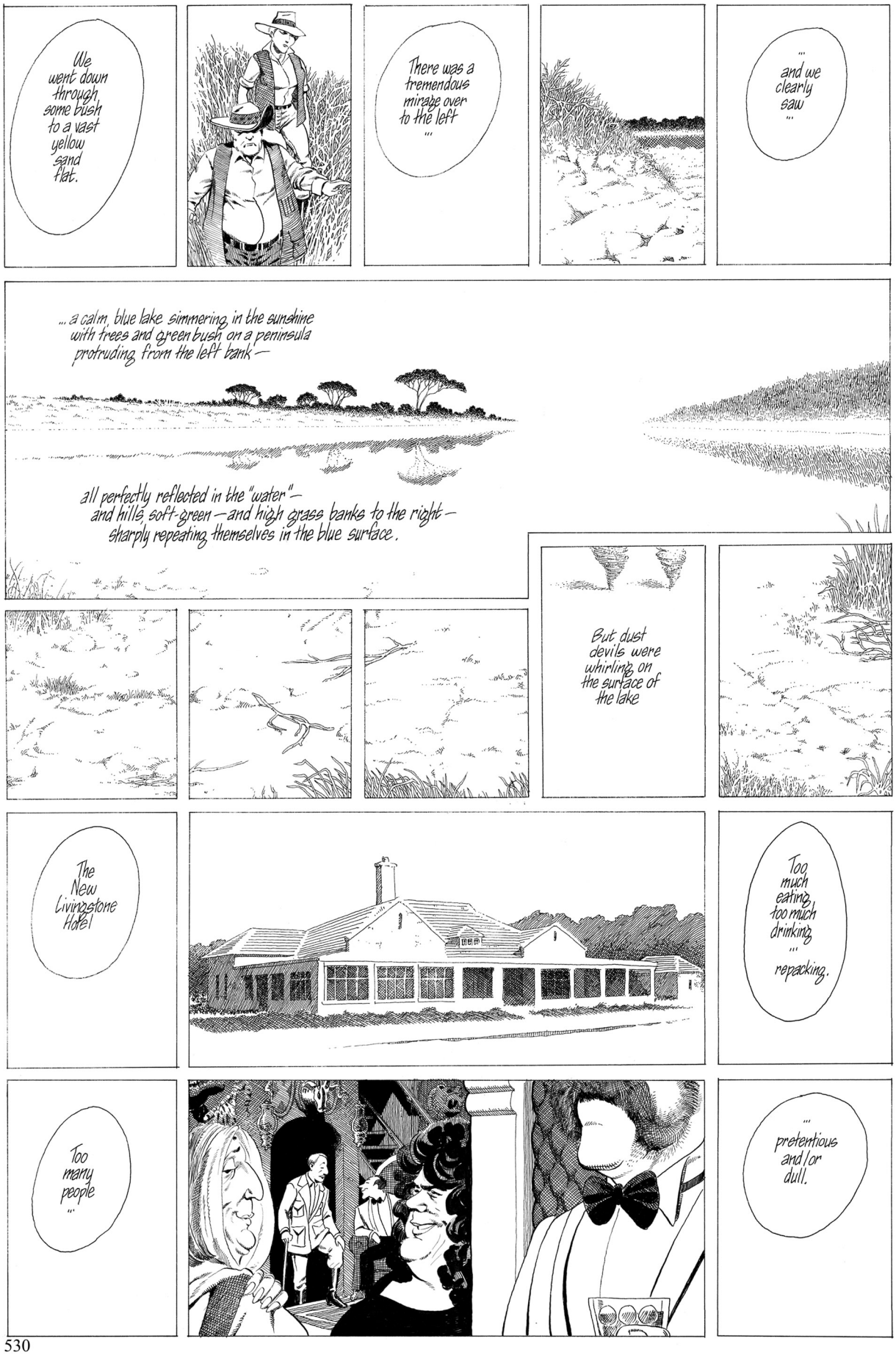

" like a new beast.

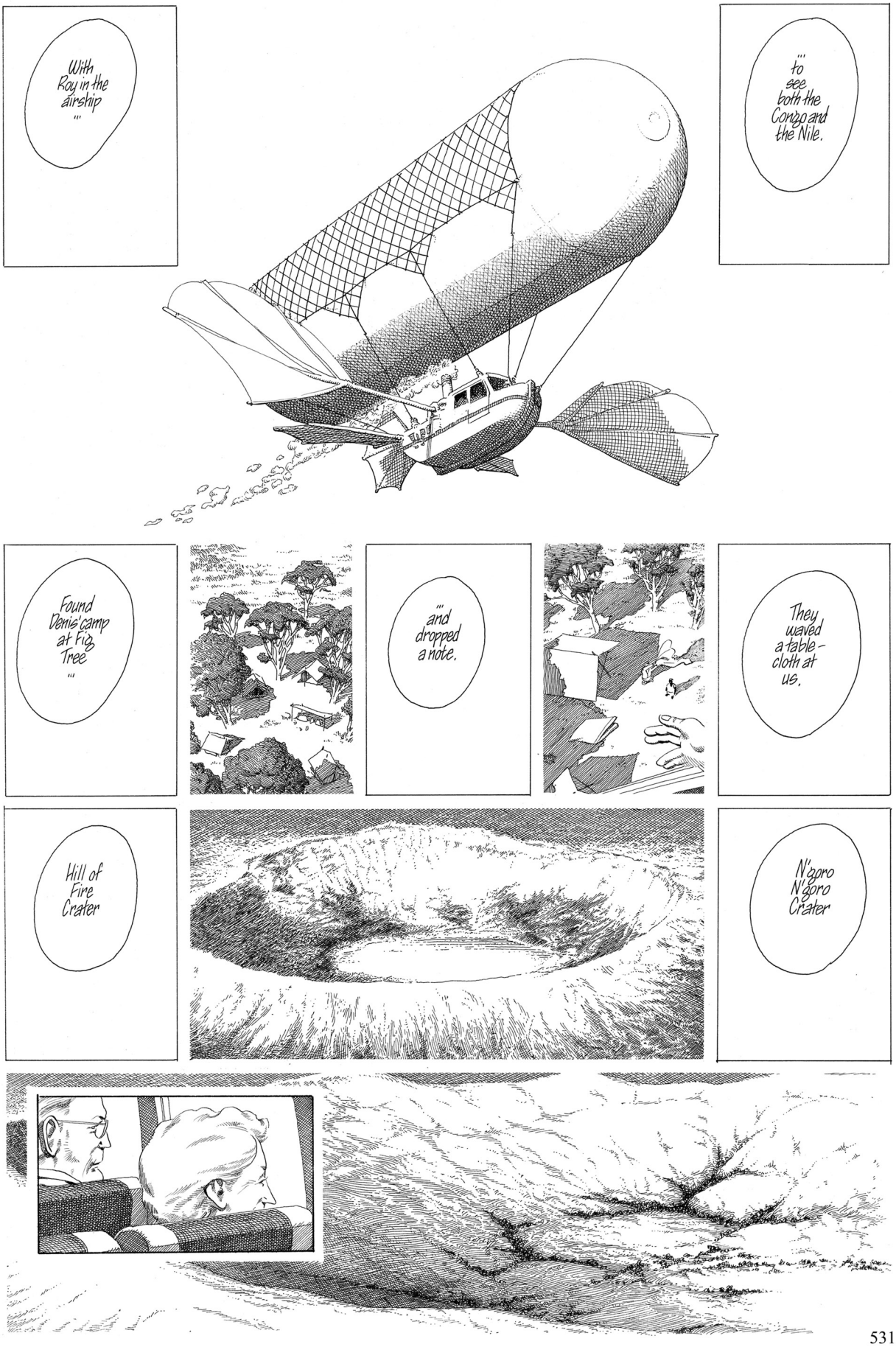

This grunting noise— more like that of a pig— is not at all what they made the other day.



Then, they hissed at me.
A dozen times ...
... and a definite hiss
In the early morning, we saw the rhino
We thought – from a distance – it was a female nursing a toto
Then he went down on his back legs.
... being eaten alive by the fisi
Two of them ... nipping, nipping, gouging ...
... at the big hole in his buttock.
They'd gone after his genitals first.

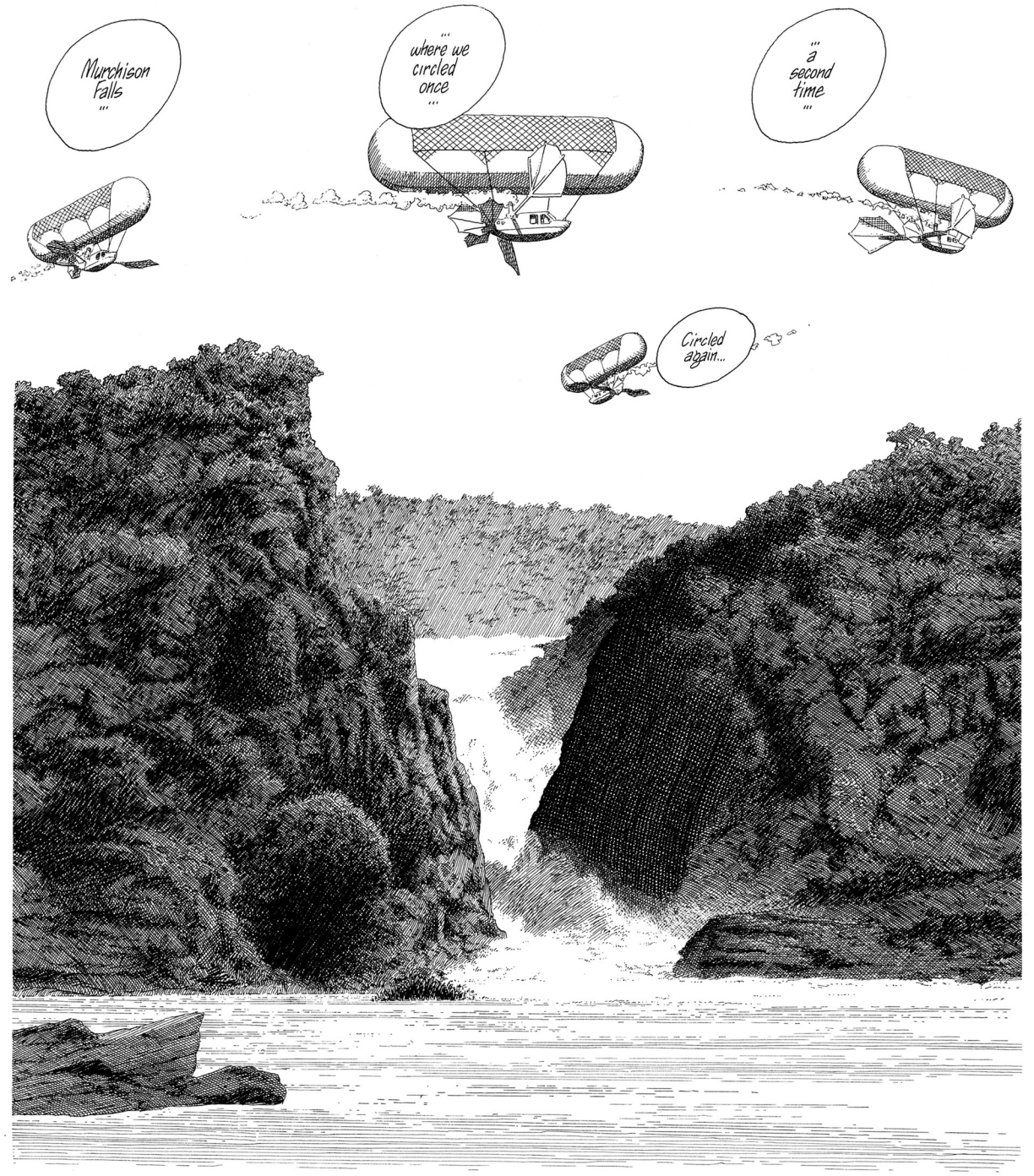
They turned toward us ...
... their muzzles dripping blood.
The rhino moaned a bit. ...
... like a domesticated cow ...
... and once made his huffing sound ...
... but mostly endured ...
... in silence.
Papa —rigid and pale —that he couldn't do anything about it.
We went back and got the warden of Ambeosi to kill the rhino, but by the time we all returned...
... the rhino was dead.

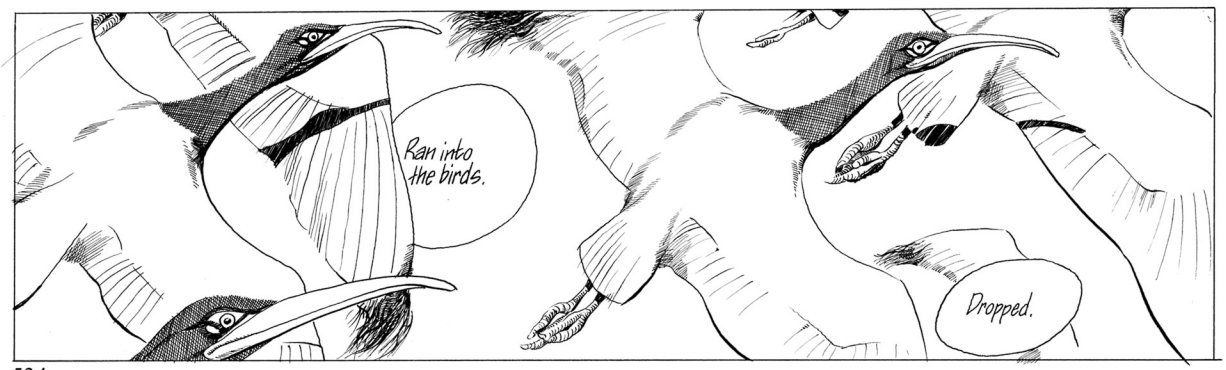

We went down through some bush to a vast yellow sand flat.
There was a tremendous mirage over to the left ...
... and we clearly saw ...
... a calm, blue lake simmering in the sunshine with trees and green bush on a peninsula protruding from the left bank—
all perfectly reflected in the "water"— and hills, soft-green—and high grass banks to the right— sharply repeating themselves in the blue surface.
But dust devils were whirling on the surface of the lake
The New Livingstone Hotel
Too much eating, too much drinking, ... repacking.
Too many people ...
... pretentious and/or dull.

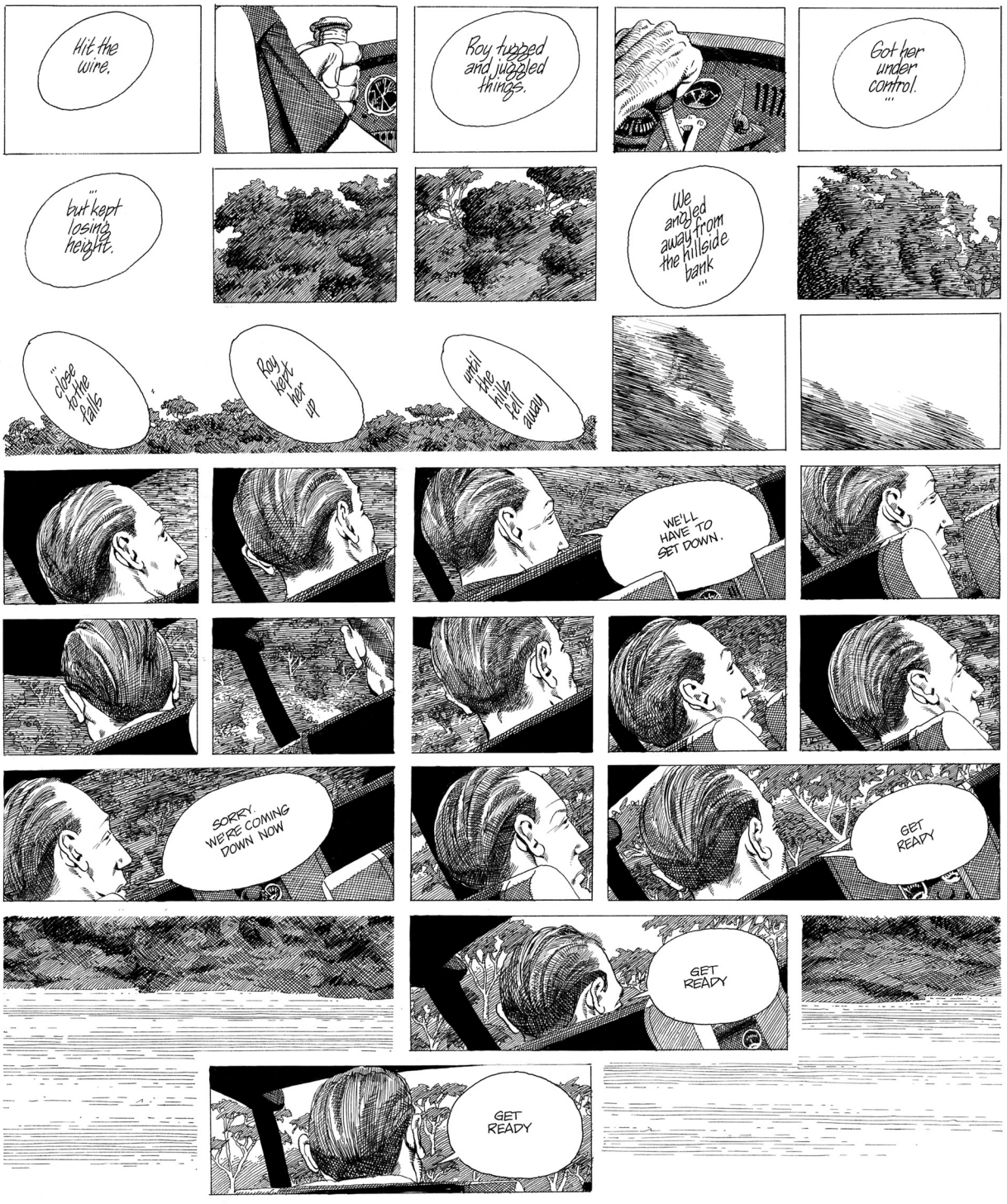

With Roy in the airship "
" to see both the Congo and the Nile.
Found Denis' camp at Fig Tree "
" and dropped a note.
They waved a table-cloth at us.
Hill of Fire Crater
N'goro N'goro Crater

Saw the place where Ham's wife #2 killed her lion.
Crossed the bottom of Lake Elizabeth
...
...with scores of islands
...
...and a couple of dreamy beaches.
So nice to see water again.
Climbing higher and higher over mountains
...
...the clouds rolling off the two volcanoes
...
...and Ruwenzori a bank of dark cloud to our left.
Slid off a high ridge bordering the lowlands at the south end of Lake Philip.

me, shaky with the sensation '''
'''of the slopes falling '''
'''sharply away '''
'''below us.
Started up the west shore of the lake '''
'''the mountains gradually crowding out the foreshore until they were dropping, — sheer — into the lake.
The mountains retreated and at the north end of the lake
'''we had marshes below us again.
Ray pointed out the beginning of the White Nile meandering slowly northwards.
We left the marsh behind for low, bushy country '''
which rose, little by little
into hills with moderate timber.
'''
And so, we reached '''


Murchison Falls
...
...where we circled once...
...a second time...
Circled again...


Ran into the birds.
Dropped.

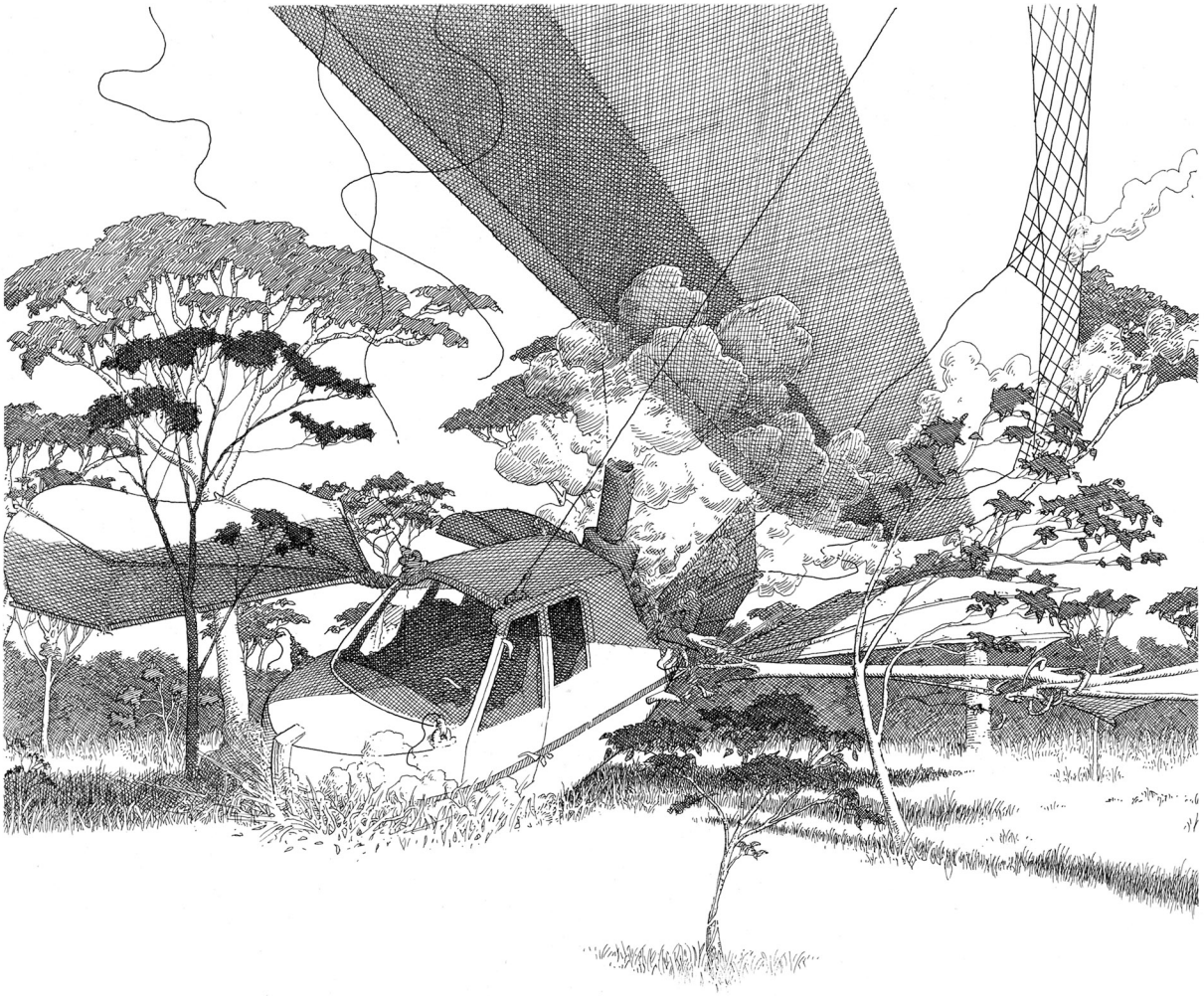


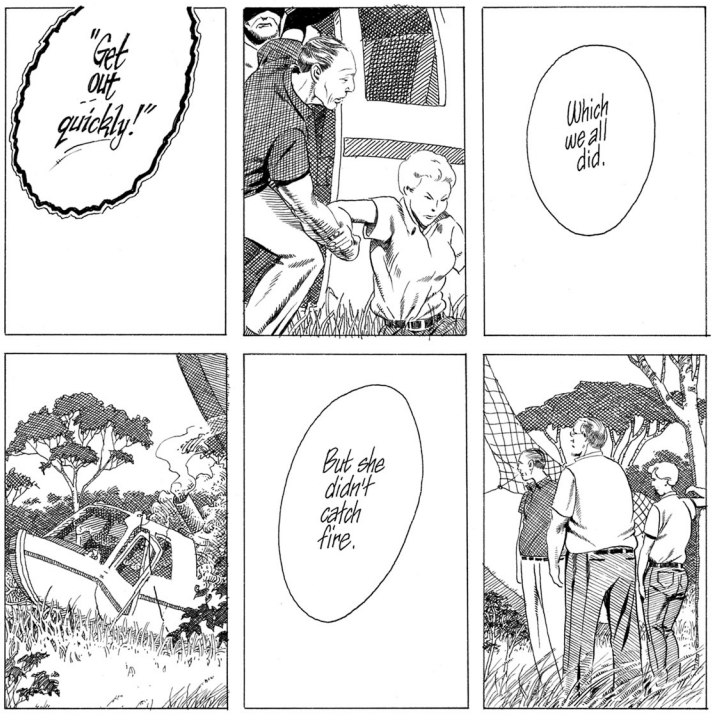
My only feeling that last minute was disappointment ...

... "Shit!" ...

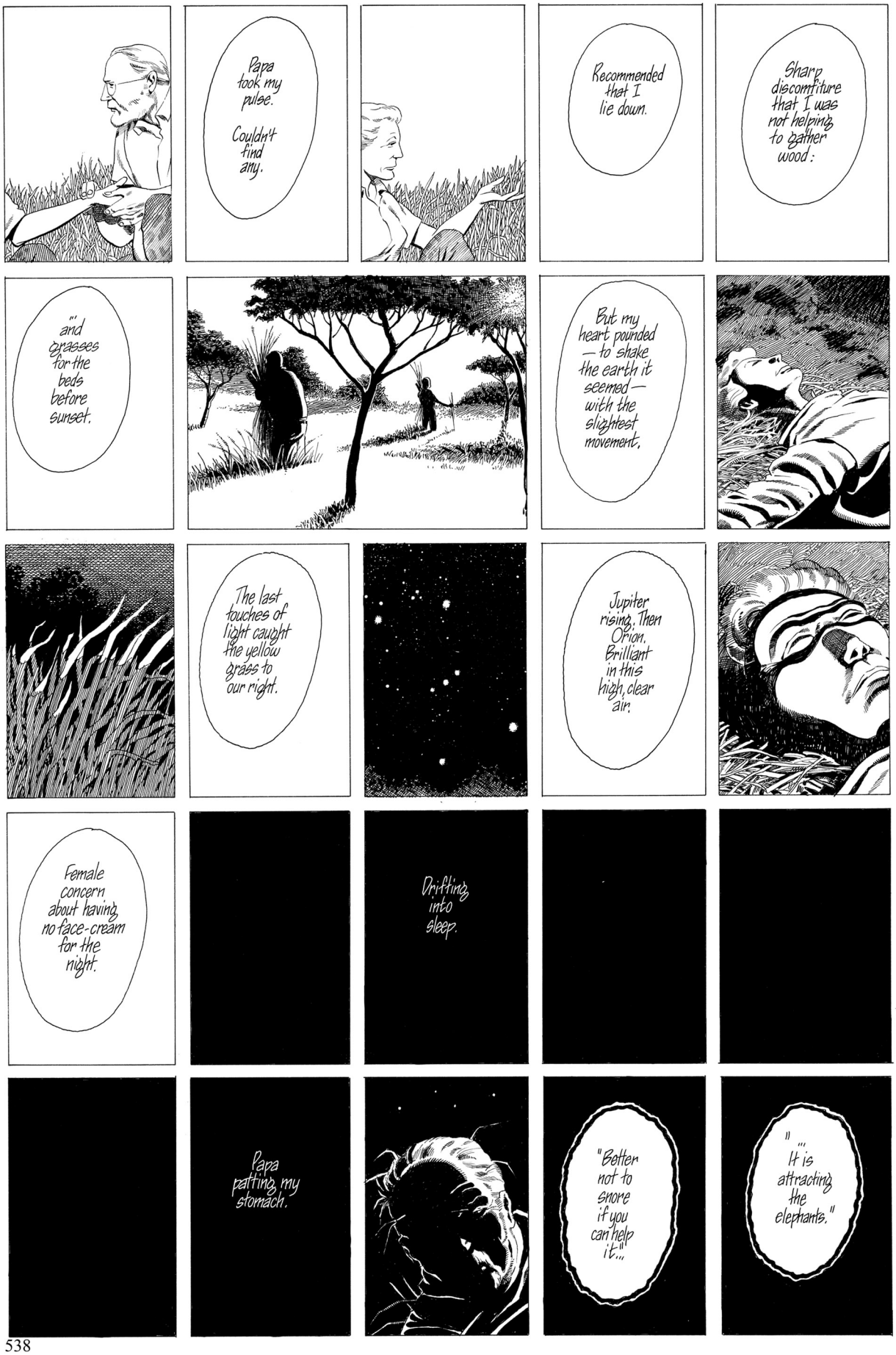
... at being so soon dead ...

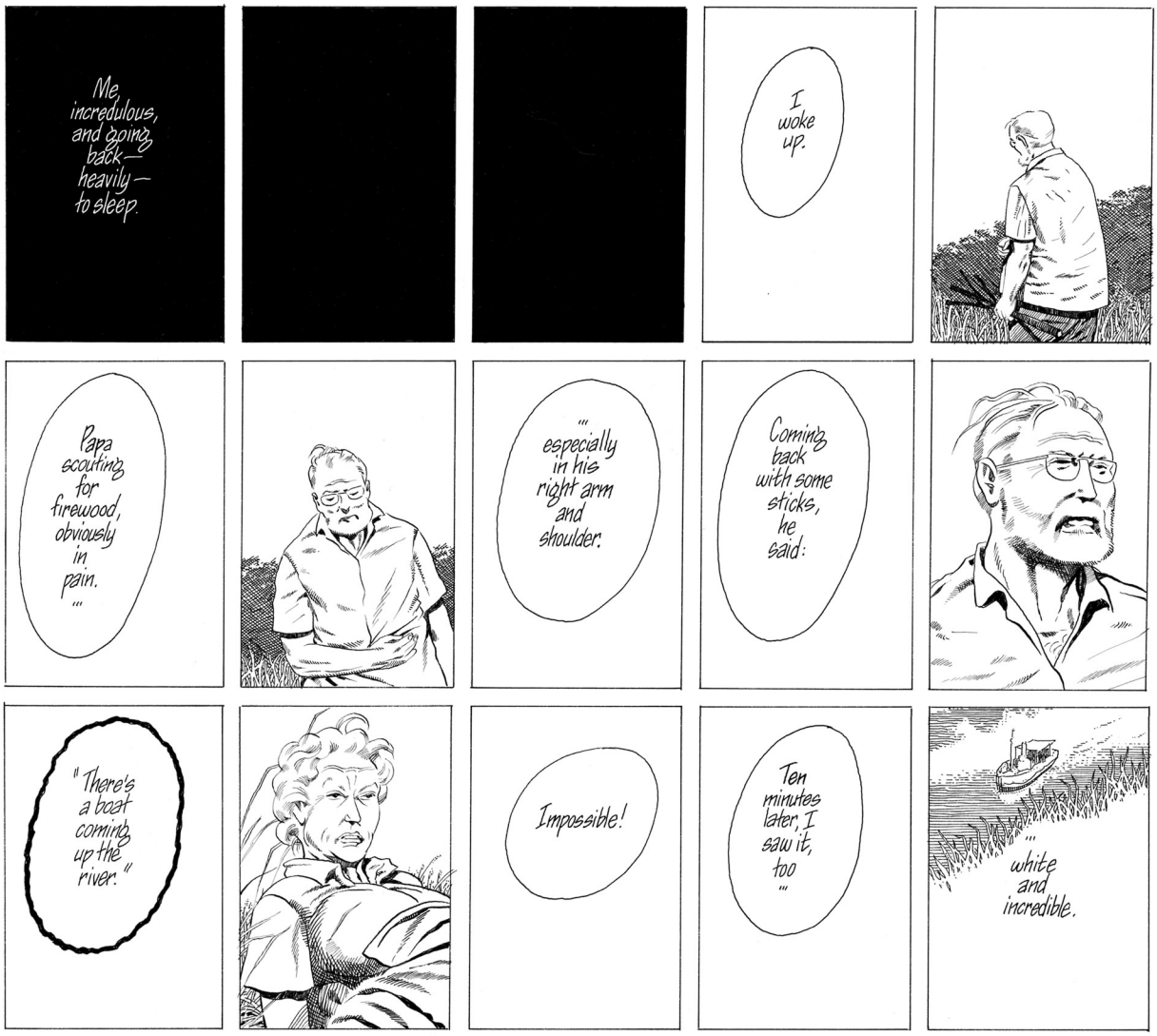
... or broken




"Get out quickly!"
Which we all did.
But she didn't catch fire.

Papa and Roy studied the map.
It was about forty miles to the nearest village
Elizabeth Mile
Phillip
My heart was pounding unusually fast ...
... and I had a sharp pain in my left chest.
Roy suggested that I lie down.
Papa not looking very well.
We heard movements and animal noises in the bushes.
Papa decided we should move up the hill away from the river.
Papa carrying a box of bottles and tinned food.
We found a spot of hardened sand scooped from the lower side of a small knoll — topped by one small tree, a thorn.

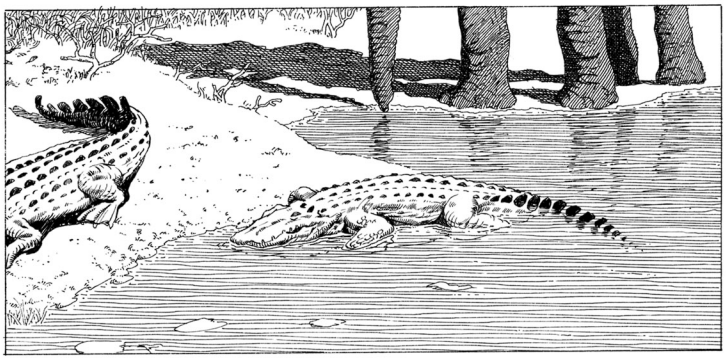

Sharp discomfiture that I was not helping to gather wood:
Recommended that I lie down.
Papa took my pulse.
Couldn't find any.
But my heart pounded — to shake the earth it seemed — with the slightest movement.
"...and grasses for the beds before sunset.
Jupiter rising. Then Orion. Brilliant in this high, clear air.
The last touches of light caught the yellow grass to our right.
Female concern about having no face-cream for the night.
Drifting into sleep.
Papa patting my stomach.
"Better not to snore if you can help it..."
"... It is attracting the elephants."



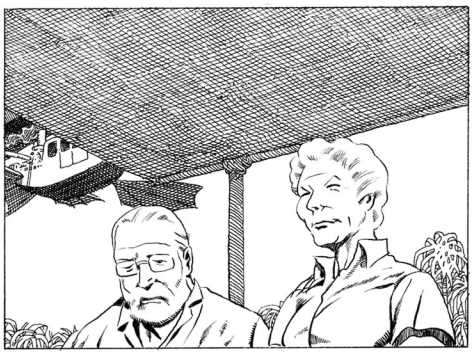
I'd had the dream during the night that a big, elegant yacht was anchored in the river in front of us.

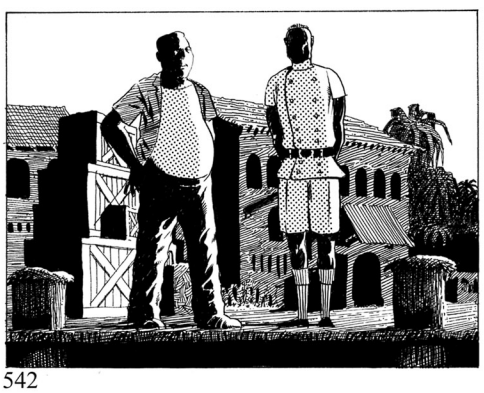
No sign of recognition.
Papa started down.
Then came back.
"... pointing out that we would be to windward of the elephants between us and the river.
In near desperation I watched people — small blots — move away from the boat. Wondered...
... if we could get there before the people returned to it and the boat steamed away.
We saw some Africans moving slowly up towards us.
They were doubtful about our story of the fallen ndege "
"... but cheerfully offered to escort me to the boat.

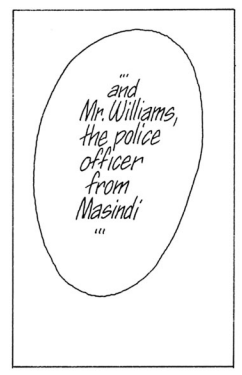
Papa had told Roy that we would wait at the fire for him, so he stayed behind
...
...and watched the elephants
We went down slowly
...
...seeing no elephants.
The boat was privately chartered by Mr. Ian McAdam.
Roy came back with McAdam
...
...and we sent the boys up the hill to get Papa.
My trip down with the boys had moved the elephants back up
...
...and they were disputing his knoll with him

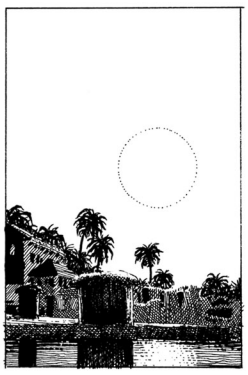


Going downriver was fascinating, since we were on a level with families and communities and colonies of elephants, rhinos and crocks — with some or all three kinds of beasts constantly in view.

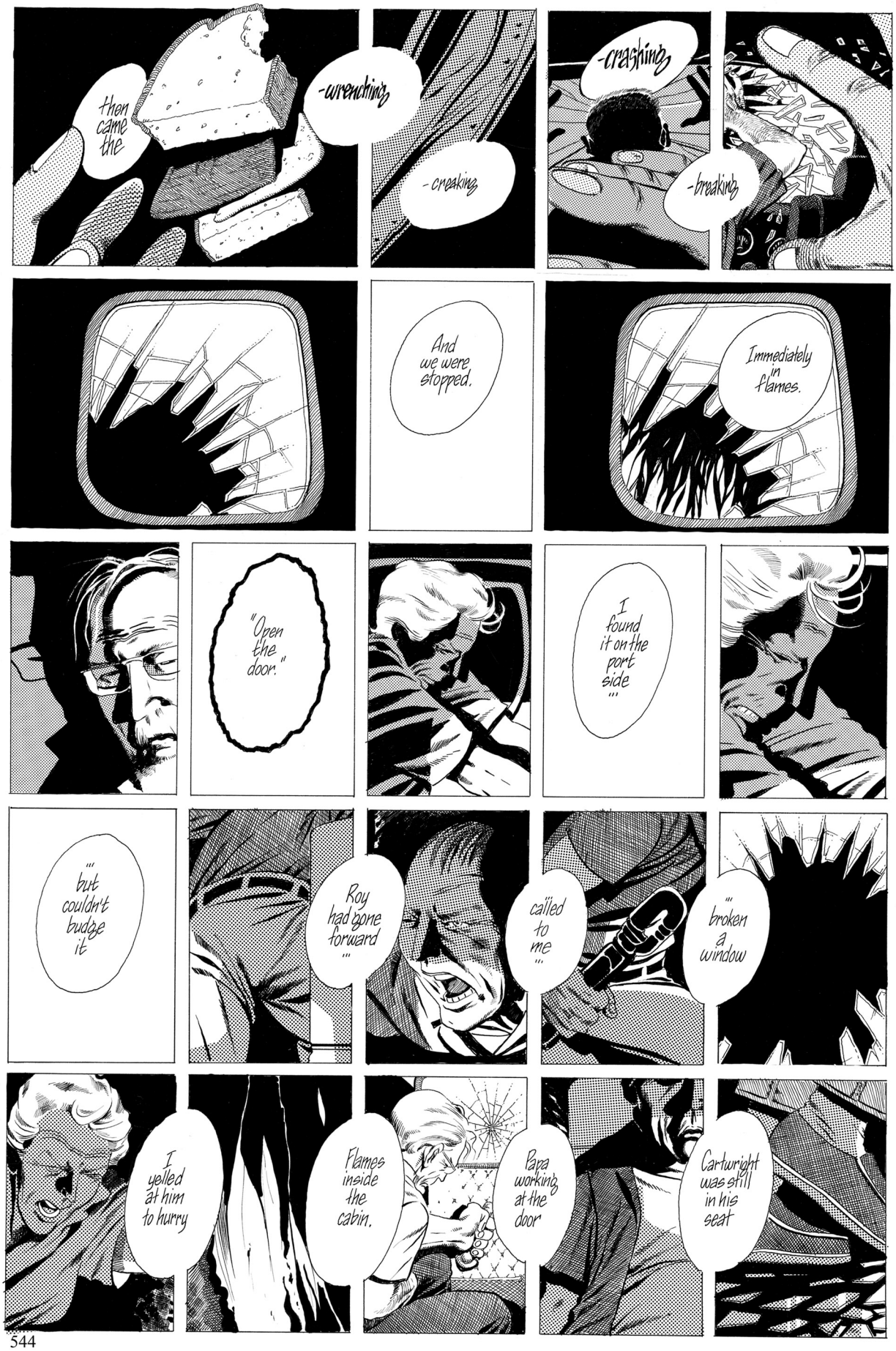






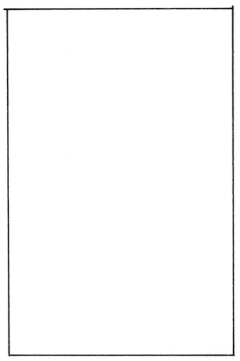


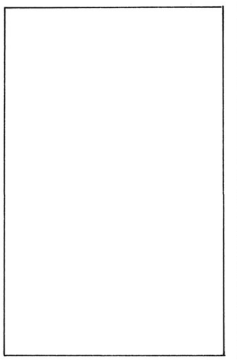
We went to a field which had been used as an airfield ...
... later plowed ...
... then abandoned.
Cartwright asserting that we could get off ...
... although it was getting dark.
I was too tired to persuade them we could wait ...
... and also didn't want to appear a coward.
We started off the tail bumping over the old furrows
Lifted slightly.
Set down.
Lifted slightly.
went on
the hopping
tail always
bumping
I was chewing a sandwich ...
unhopefully


Then came the
-wrenching
-creaking
-crashing
-breaking
And we were stopped.
Immediately in flames.
"Open the door."
I found it on the port side
"
but couldn't budge it
Roy had gone forward
called to me
broken a window
I yelled at him to hurry
Flames inside the cabin.
Papa working at the door
Cartwright was still in his seat

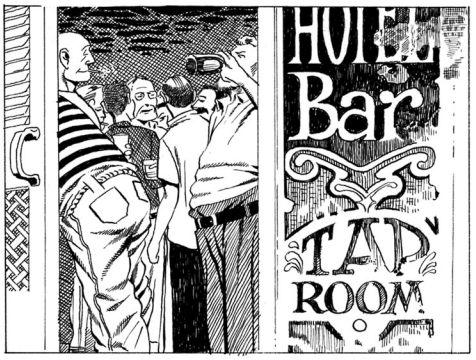
I heaved myself up and through a window.
Roy helped me down to the ground ‴
‴ walked me rapidly to windward.
I, thinking, "Explosions."
Cartwright was out.
Papa, a safe distance away on our right.
By now, the whole airship was burning — inside and out.
Papa came up ‴
‴ and solemnly kissed me on the forehead.
Natives came running up.

Yelling,
...
...and shouting.
Hedging us in. Shouting:
"MUNGU!"
"MUNGU MKONO!"
"God."
"In the hand of God."
It was completely dark now.
Except for the light of the flames.





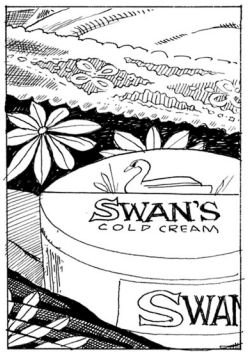
Big welcome at the hotel bar at Masindi.



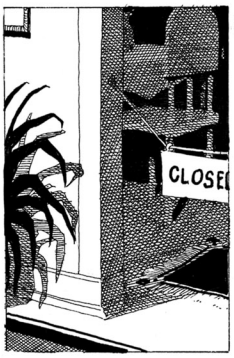
Lots of drinks.

Mrs. Williams kindly brought a bag for me with night things '''

'''too nice for dirty, bloody me to wear.



'''and cold cream.



We went without dinner (since the dining room closed early) '''

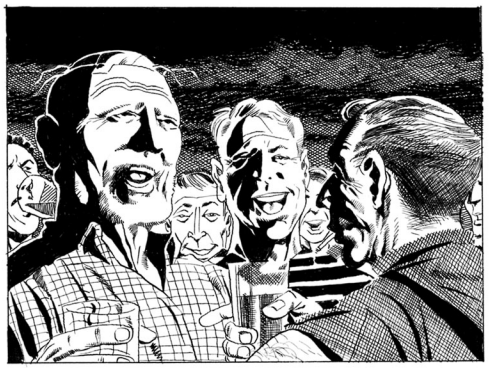
'''and ate sandwiches in our room.

McAdam looked at Papa's head.

"Nothing to it, old boy."

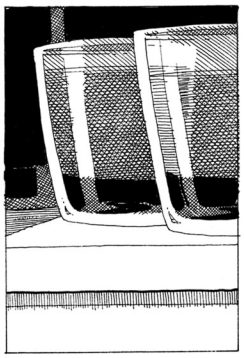
"Let's pour some gin on it."

I slept painfully.
Papa coughed a lot.
In the morning, his pillow was soaked with cerebral fluid.
The African doctor came and cleaned us up a bit.
Put bandages on Papa's left ear "
" above which the scalp was suppurating. "
" bandaged my knee
I stayed in bed all the next morning "
" in the new corner room they'd given us.
Papa was up and about with the characters.
Obviously not in good shape
He stayed awake half the night.
A doctor had come to examine Harm.
Ordered a drastic reduction of his alcoholic intake, total rest and no visitors.

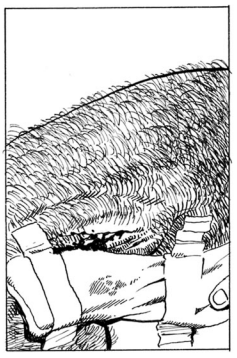


Ham continued his drinking and entertaining.

His kidneys were seriously damaged.



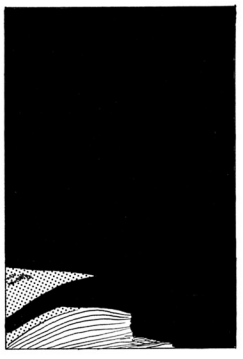
The urine samples he keeps in glasses in the bathroom are bright, dark red with an inch of sediment.



The wound on the leg not good.

Hearing bad in the burned ear.

Eyes bad.



We bid a sad farewell, homeward bound.

Thereupon ...

... a plague began to descend upon us.

An evil miasma

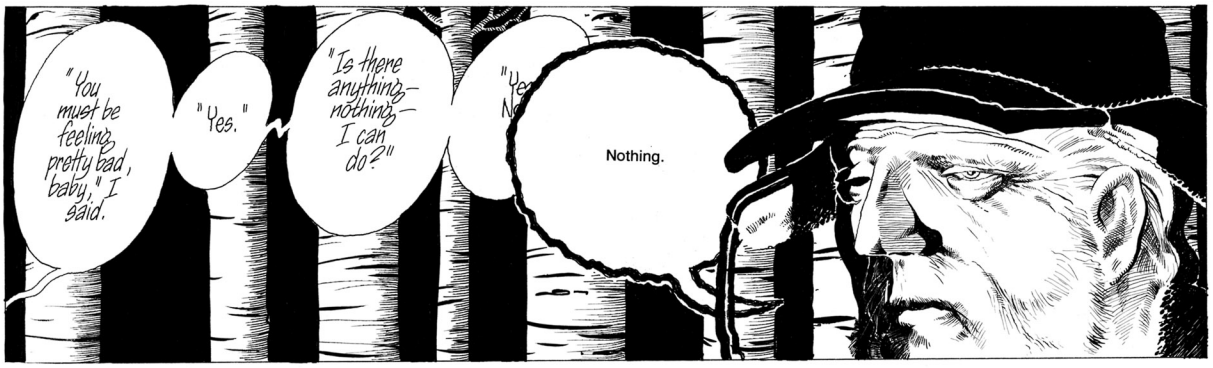
Denis began to feel bad. Feared his old enemy malaria was arriving for yet another visit

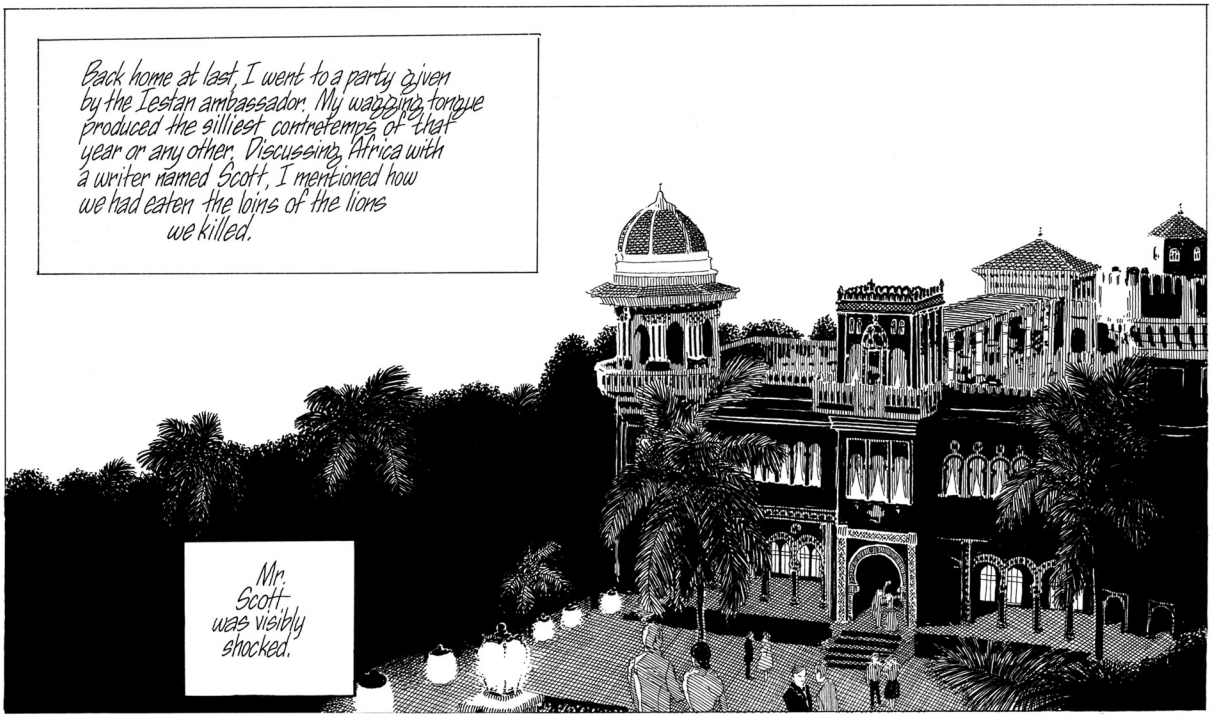
The hot wind became a torment.

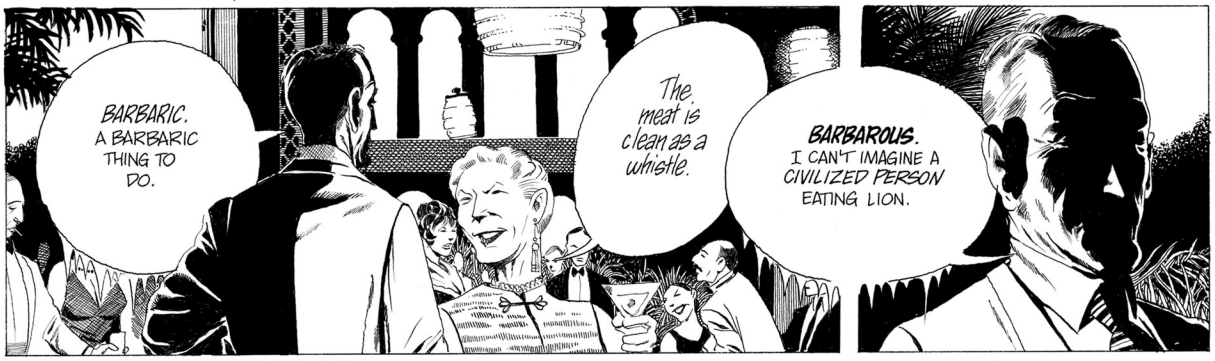
Ham took an unreasonable dislike to the dugout canoe
...
...of a neighboring native
...and banged away at it
...with a piece of driftwood
...breaking a seat and a paddle.
For days, he had been talking about
...becoming "blood brothers" with his Wakamba friends
...among our safari servants.
Got home before sunset.
Papa had started ceremonies
...for face-cutting,
...and ear-piercing

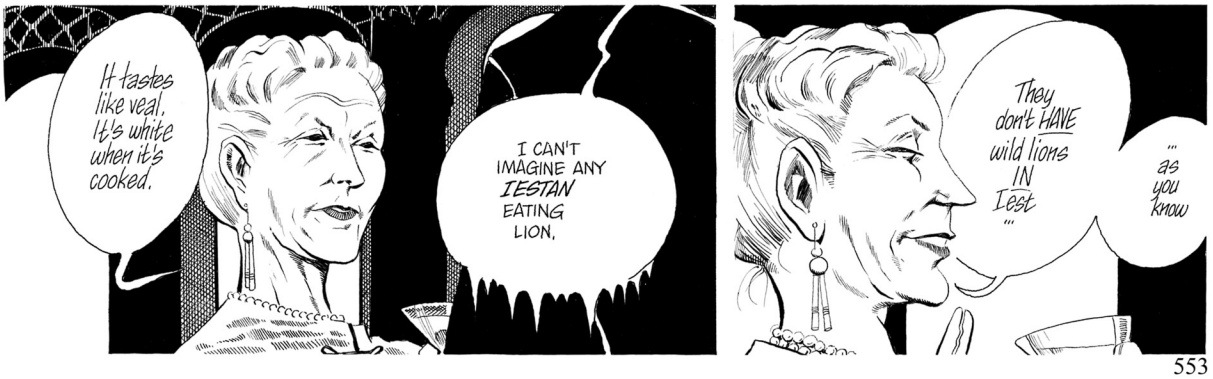
A day or two later
"Denis and I came in from fishing
"to find Ham
"sitting in his favorite chair
"on the veranda
"a mass of raw, burnt, burnt-smelling flesh.
A bushfire had started
"and – in the wild wind – had rushed toward us
All our boys had gone out to beat it down.
In spite of admonitions Ham insisted on joining the fire-fighting
"fell down
"and was aflame before the boys could rescue him

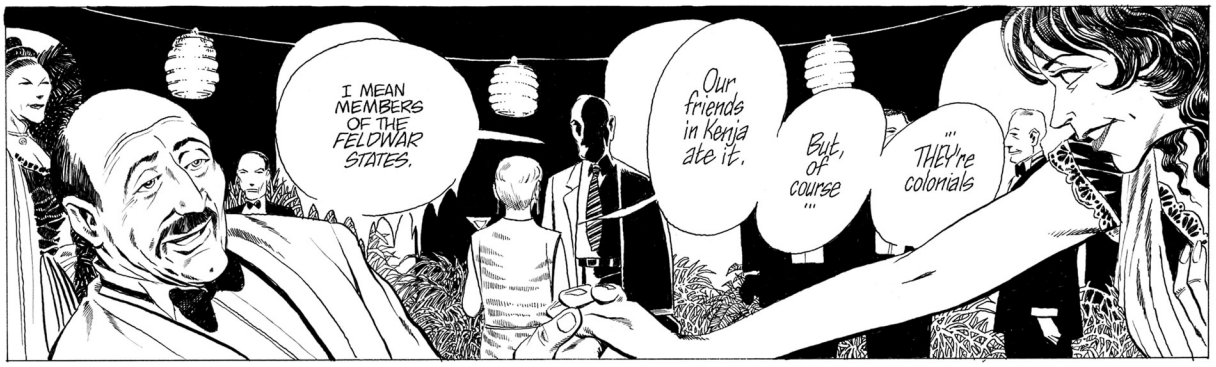
Both his legs, his stomach, chest and chin '''
'''looked like raw steak.
His hands and arms like hamburger.
Whatever painkillers Ham took could not long disperse the nightmare of his discomfort or the accompanying ravelling of his nerves.
He tried to ease the situation by being abusive to me.
I ached with sympathy '''
'''but promptly arranged a schedule of escaping soon after breakfast
I refreshed myself by remembering the loving, friendly phrases Ham had been making '''
'''throughout Africa '''
'''before the crashes '''
'''and the fire.

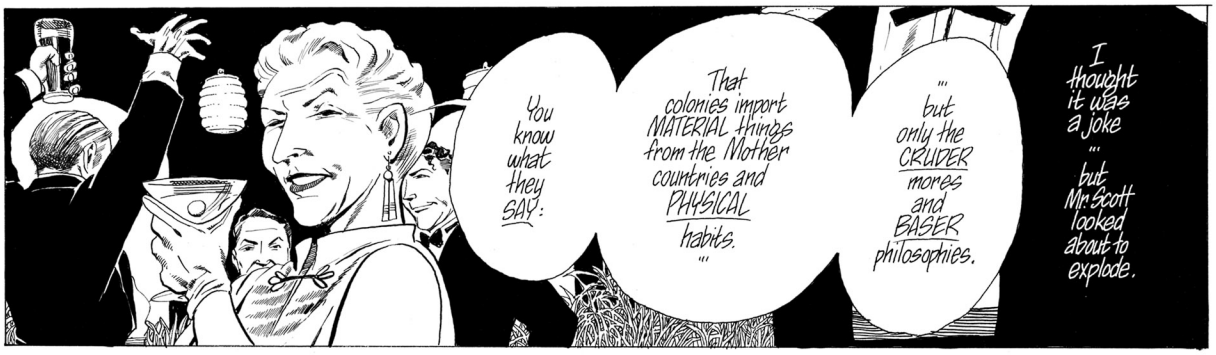

"You must be feeling pretty bad, baby," I said.
"Yes."
"Is there anything— nothing— I can do?"
Nothing.


Back home at last, I went to a party given by the Iestan ambassador. My wagging tongue produced the silliest contretemps of that year or any other. Discussing Africa with a writer named Scott, I mentioned how we had eaten the loins of the lions we killed.
Mr. Scott was visibly shocked.


BARBARIC. A BARBARIC THING TO DO.
The meat is clean as a whistle.
BARBAROUS. I CAN'T IMAGINE A CIVILIZED PERSON EATING LION.


It tastes like veal. It's white when it's cooked.
I CAN'T IMAGINE ANY IESTAN EATING LION.
They don't HAVE wild lions IN Iest ...
... as you know





I moved away

A few days later, in print, Mr. Scott expressed dismay, disillusion, disapproval and disappointment '''

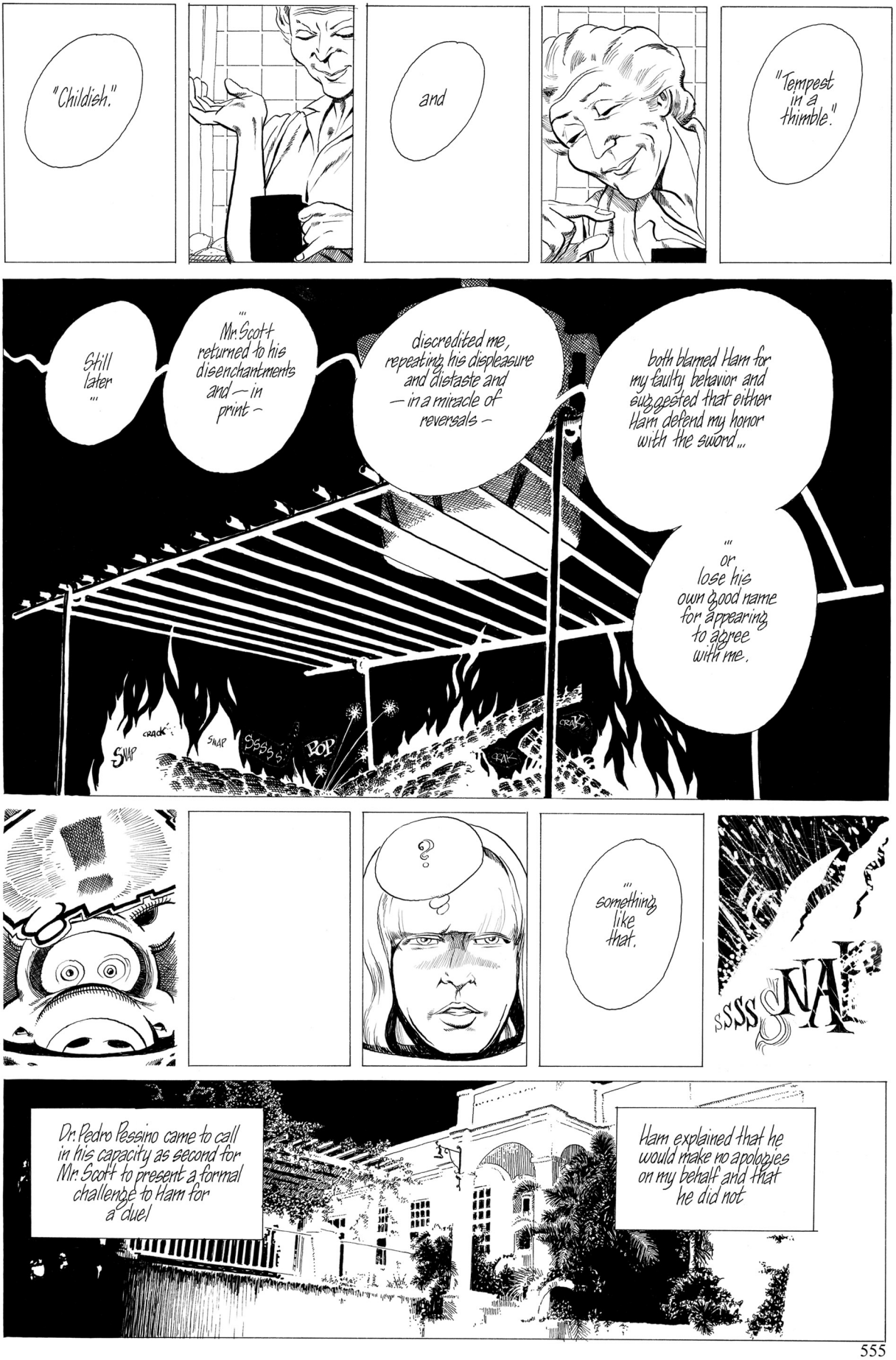
'''either about my eating lion '''

'''or my cavalier attitude toward colonials '''

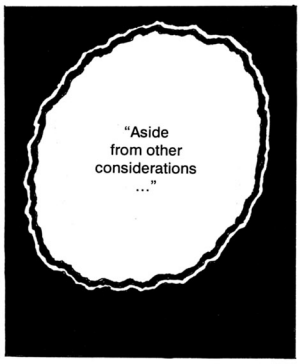
'''or perhaps it was both.

Ham was irritated.

Until I murmured such words as


"Childish."
and
"Tempest in a thimble."
Still later ...
... Mr. Scott returned to his disenchantments and — in print —
discredited me, repeating his displeasure and distaste and — in a miracle of reversals —
both blamed Ham for my faulty behavior and suggested that either Ham defend my honor with the sword ...
... or lose his own good name for appearing to agree with me.
SNAP
CRACK
SNAP
SSSSS
POP
CRAK
?
... something like that.
SSSS SNAP
Dr. Pedro Pessino came to call in his capacity as second for Mr. Scott to present a formal challenge to Ham for a duel
Ham explained that he would make no apologies on my behalf and that he did not

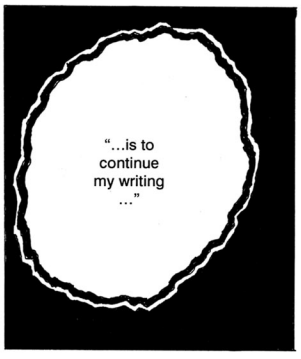
"...consider Mr. Scott a suitable opponent for a duel."
CRAK
CRAK

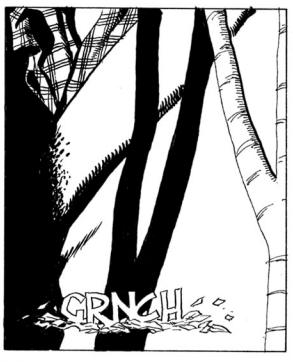

"Aside from other considerations ..."

CRNCH

"...my obligation at this time..."

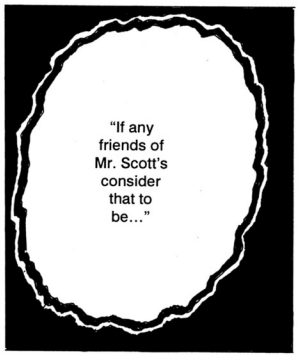
CRNCH


"...is to continue my writing ..."

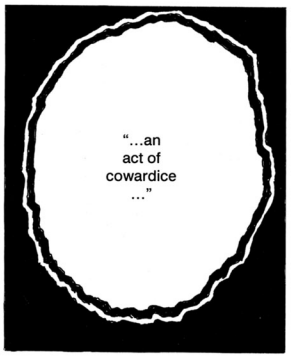

CRNCH

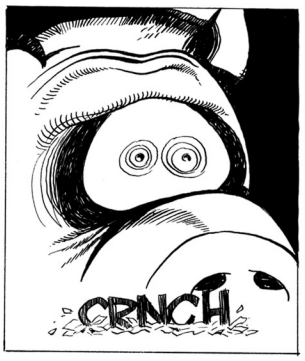
"...and regain my health."

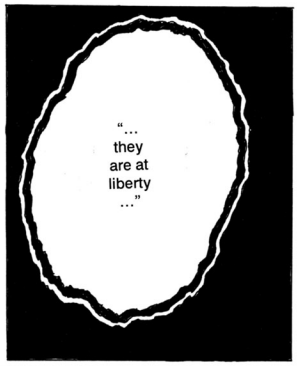
CRNCH

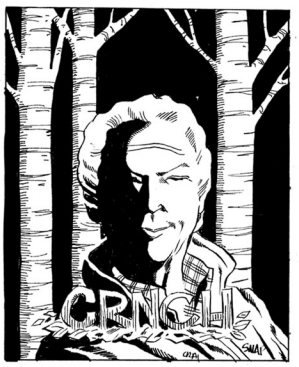

"If any friends of Mr. Scott's consider that to be..."

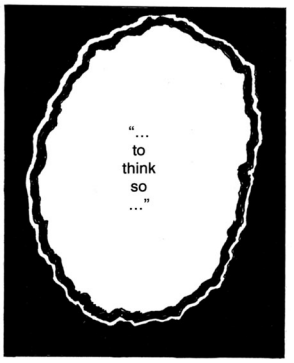
CRNCH
SNAP
CRAK

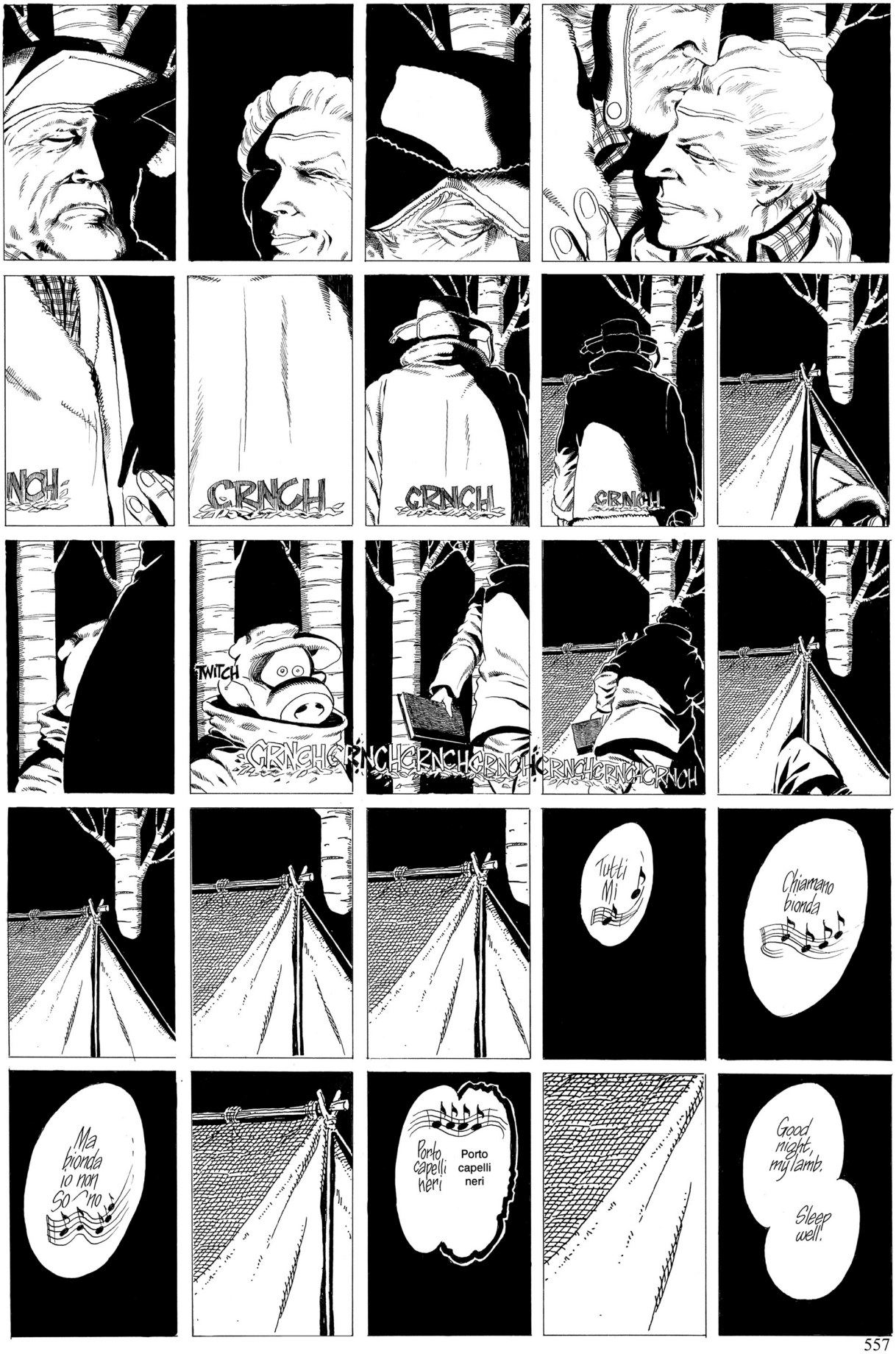

"...an act of cowardice ..."


CRNCH

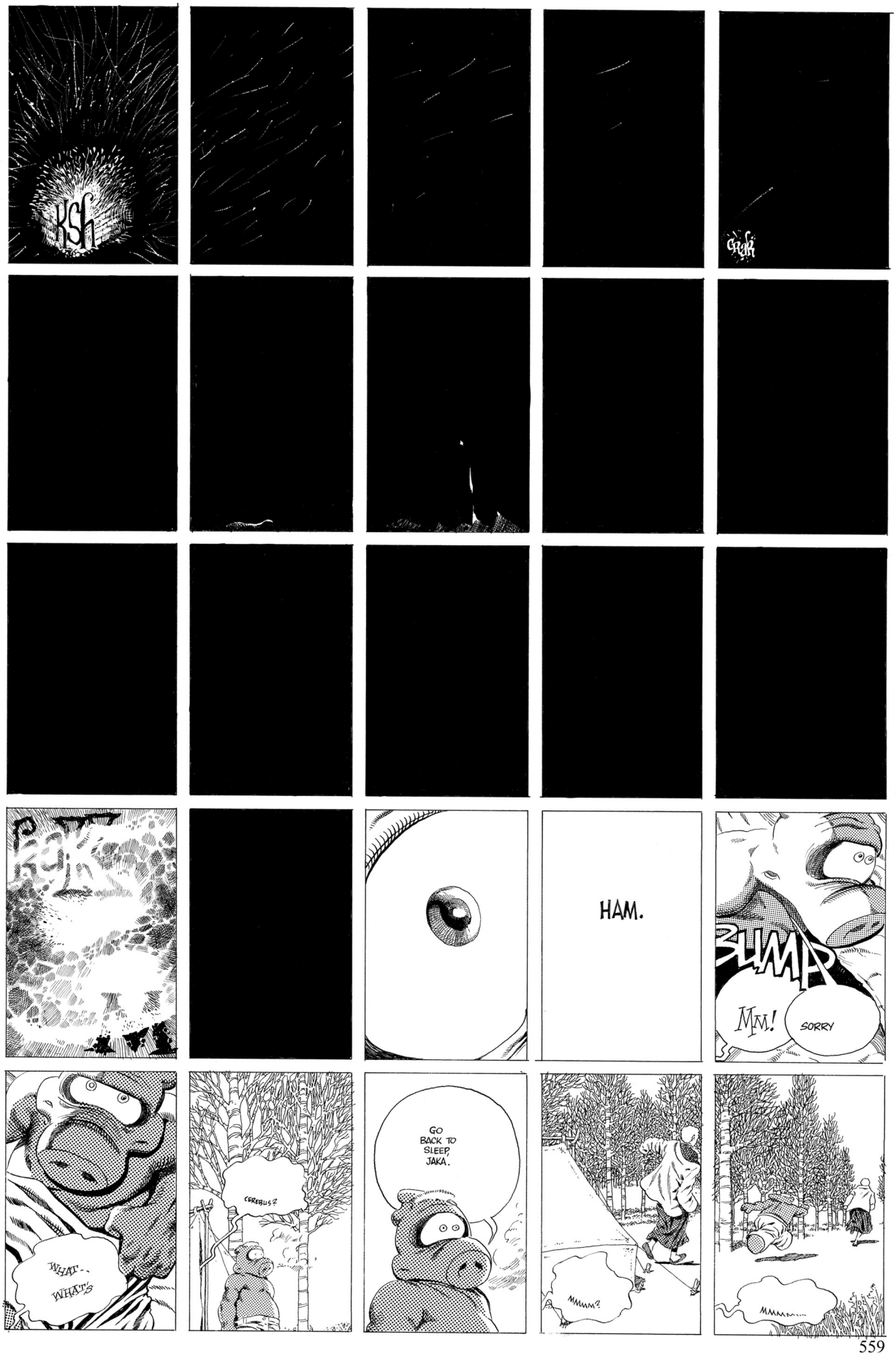

"... they are at liberty ..."

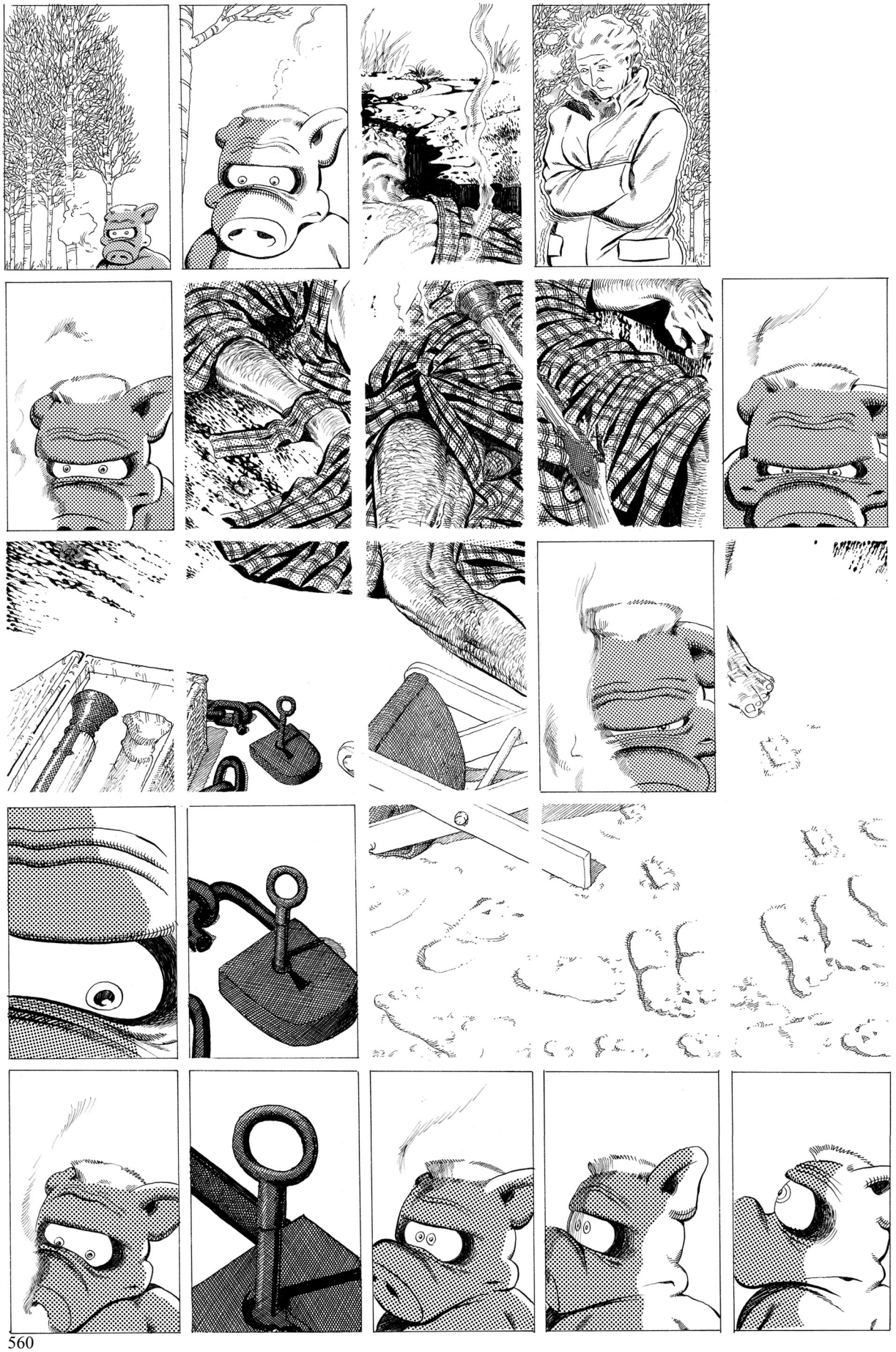

CRNCH
SNAP


"... to think so ..."


NCH
CRNCH
CRNCH
CRNCH
TWITCH
CRNCHCRNCHCRNCHCRNCHCRNCHCRNCHCRNCH
Tutti Mi
Chiamano bionda
Ma bionda io non so no
Porto capelli neri
Porto capelli neri
Good night, my lamb.
Sleep well.

Good night, my kitten.
CRNSH
CRNSH CRNSH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRAK
SNAP
SNAP
POP CRAK
SNAP
CRAK
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
CRAK
SNAP
SNAP

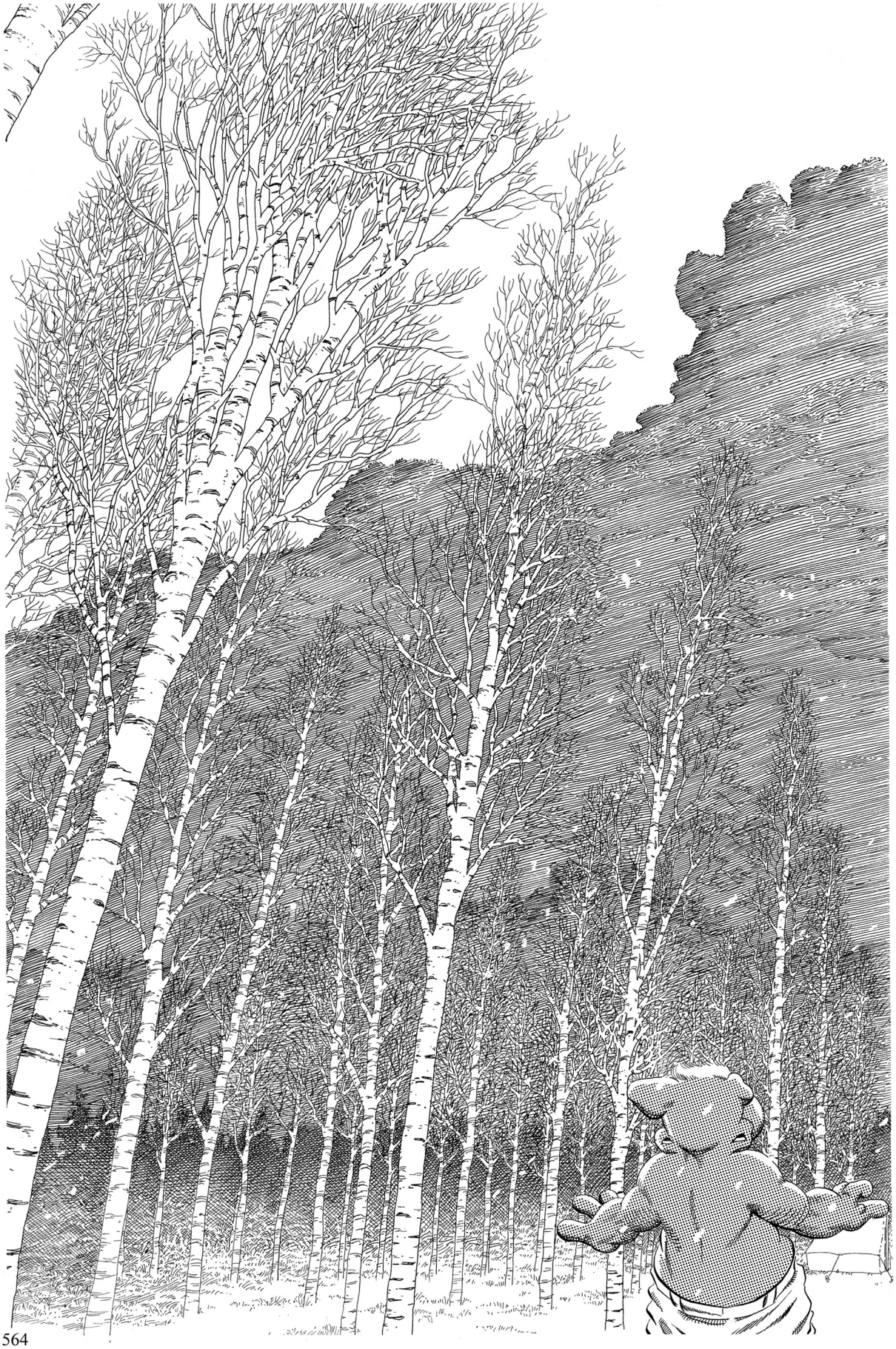

KSH
CRAK
HAM.
BUMP
MM!
SORRY
WHAT-- WHAT'S
CEREBUS?
GO BACK TO SLEEP, JAKA.
MMMM?
MMMM...

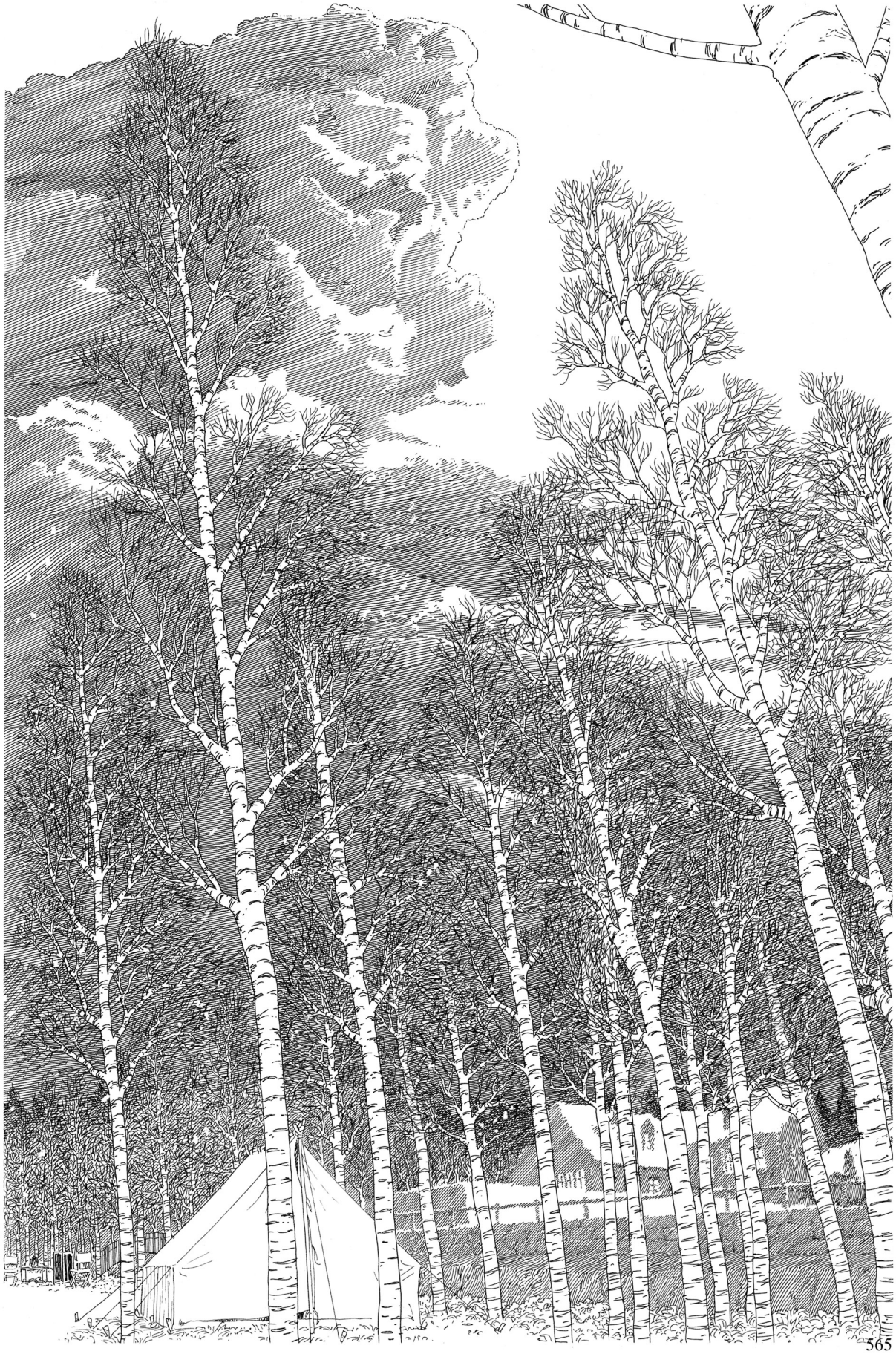


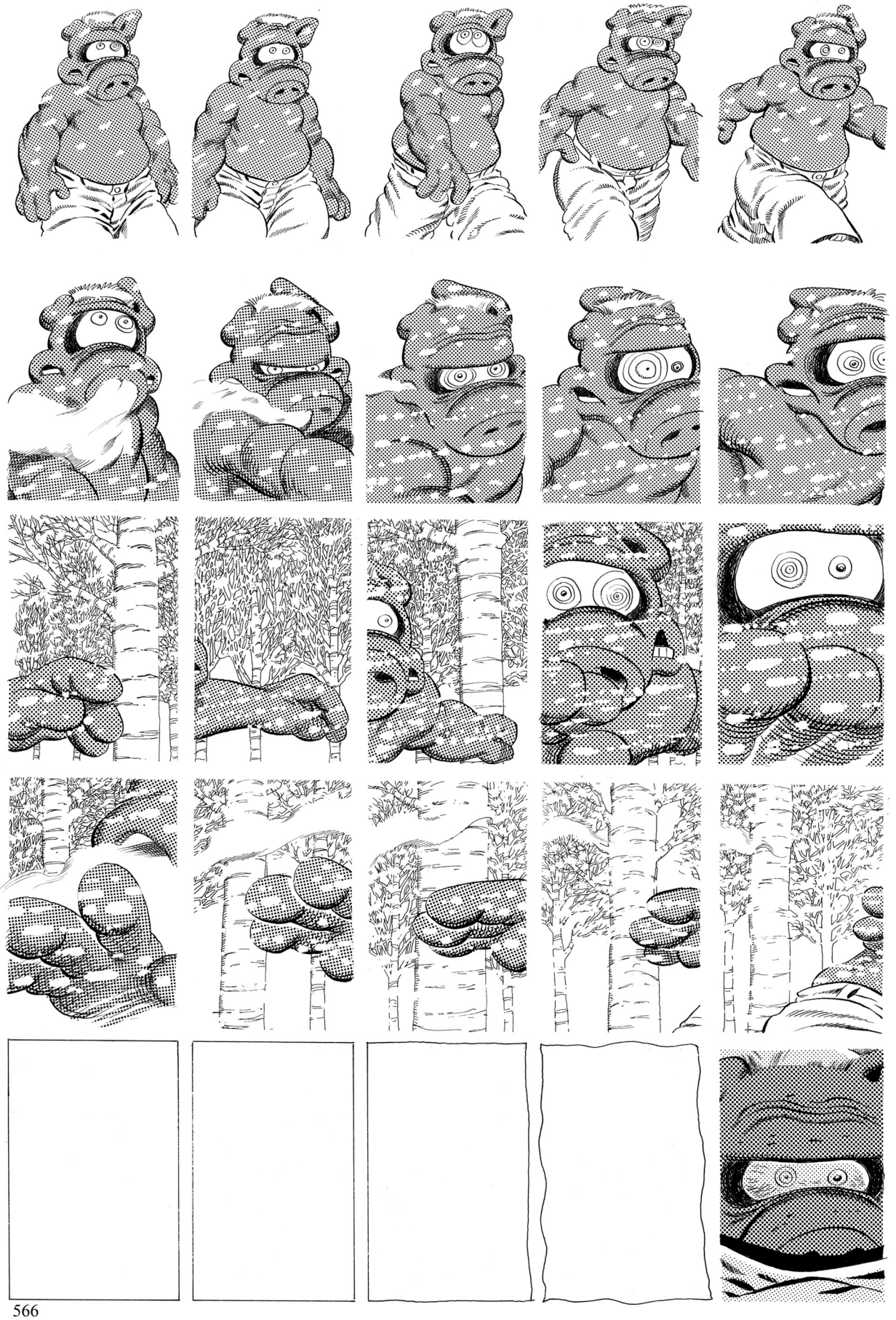
I think no wife has
the RIGHT
to deprive her husband
of his
possessions

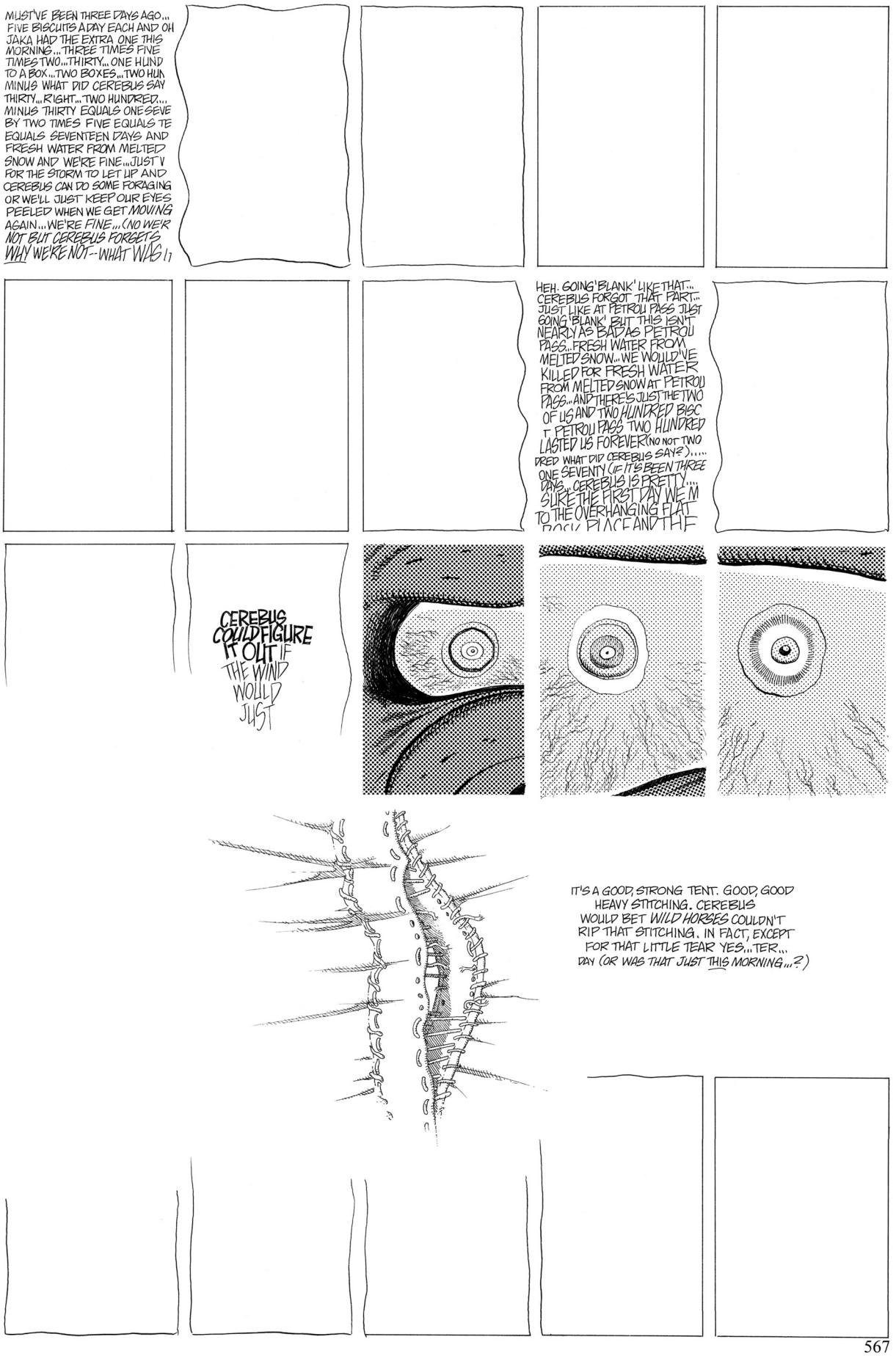
AMEKUFA.

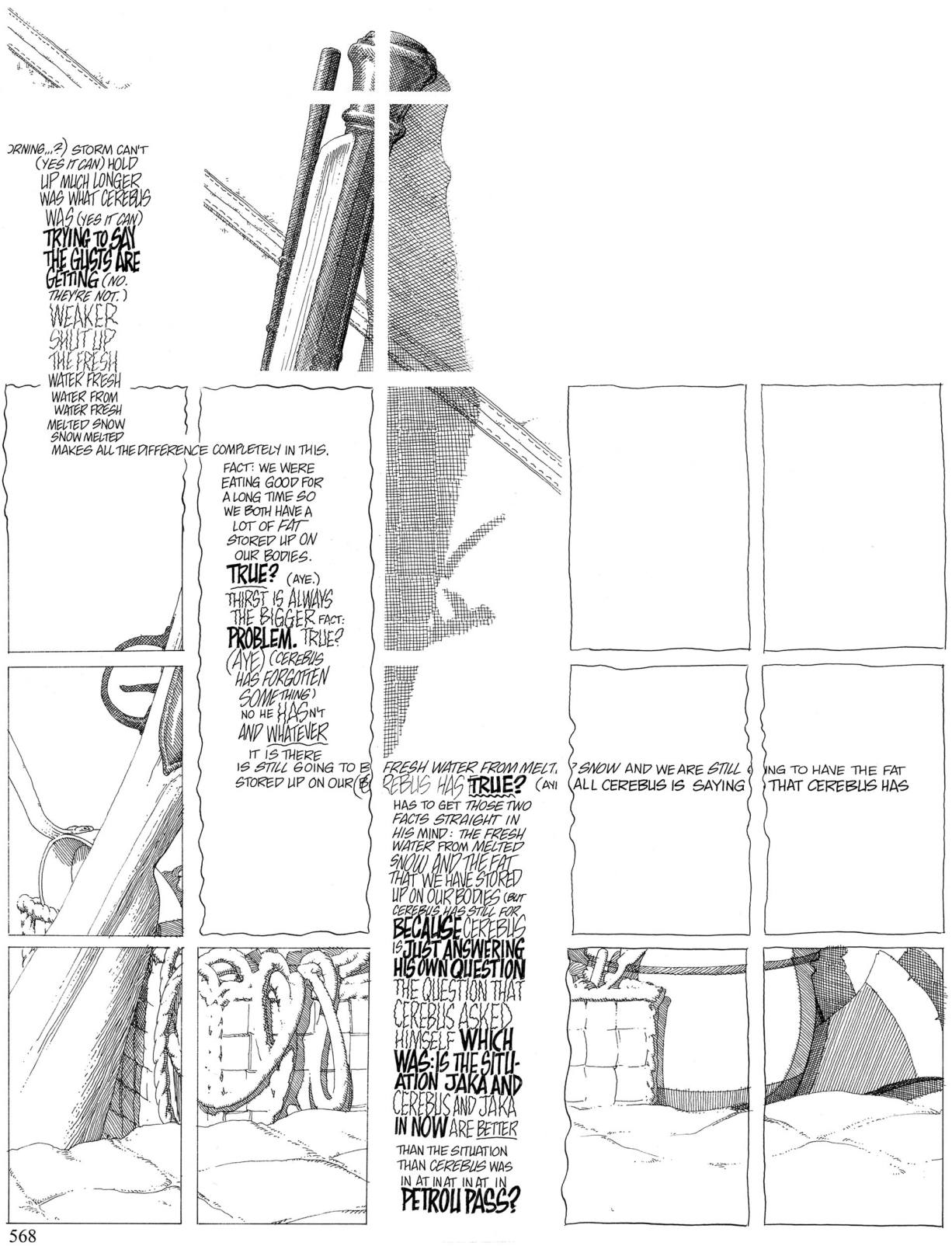
AMEFARIKI
DUNIA





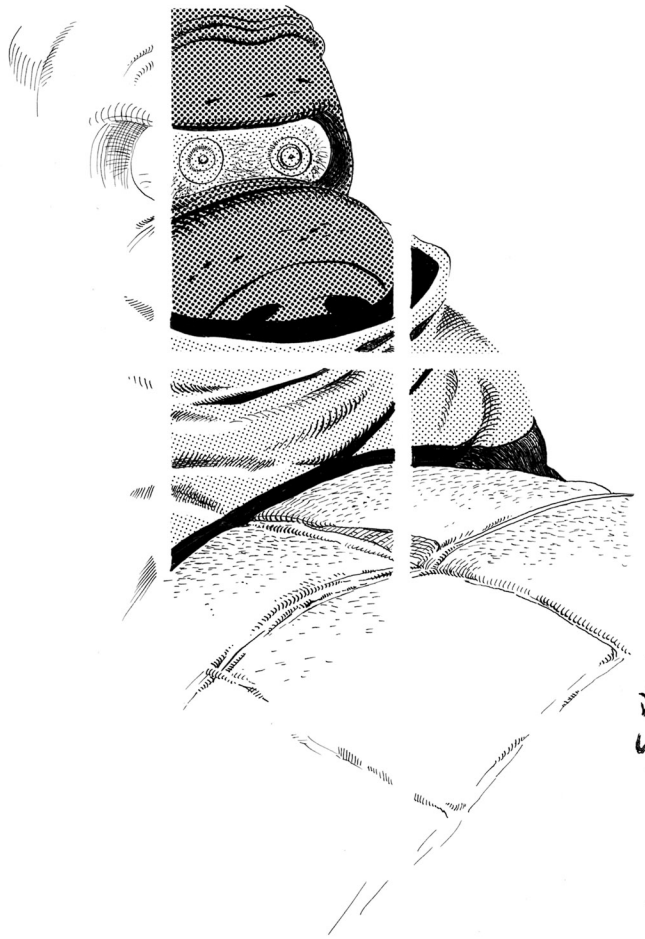



MUST'VE BEEN THREE DAYS AGO... FIVE BISCUITS A DAY EACH AND OH JAKA HAD THE EXTRA ONE THIS MORNING... THREE TIMES FIVE TIMES TWO... THIRTY... ONE HUND TO A BOX... TWO BOXES... TWO HUN MINUS WHAT DID CEREBUS SAY THIRTY... R'IGHT... TWO HUNDRED... MINUS THIRTY EQUALS ONE SEVE BY TWO TIMES FIVE EQUALS TE EQUALS SEVENTEEN DAYS AND FRESH WATER FROM MELTED SNOW AND WE'RE FINE... JUST V FOR THE STORM TO LET UP AND CEREBUS CAN DO SOME FORAGING OR WE'LL JUST KEEP OUR EYES PEELED WHEN WE GET MOVING AGAIN... WE'RE FINE... (NO WE'R NOT BUT CEREBUS FORGETS WHY WE'RE NOT--WHAT WAS I)
HEH. GOING 'BLANK' LIKE THAT... CEREBUS FORGOT THAT PART... JUST LIKE AT PETROU PASS JUST GOING 'BLANK' BUT THIS ISN'T NEARLY AS BAD AS PETROU PASS... FRESH WATER FROM MELTED SNOW... WE WOULD'VE KILLED FOR FRESH WATER FROM MELTED SNOW AT PETROU PASS... AND THERE'S JUST THE TWO OF US AND TWO HUNDRED BISC T PETROU PASS TWO HUNDRED LASTED US FOREVER (NO NOT TWO DRED WHAT DID CEREBUS SAY?)..... ONE SEVENTY (IF IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS... CEREBUS IS PRETTY... SURE THE FIRST DAY WE M TO THE OVERHANGING FLAT
CEREBUS COULD FIGURE IT OUT IF THE WIND WOULD JUST
IT'S A GOOD, STRONG TENT. GOOD, GOOD HEAVY STITCHING. CEREBUS WOULD BET WILD HORSES COULDN'T RIP THAT STITCHING. IN FACT, EXCEPT FOR THAT LITTLE TEAR YES... TER... DAY (OR WAS THAT JUST THIS MORNING...?)


ORNING...?) STORM CAN'T (YES IT CAN) HOLD UP MUCH LONGER WAS WHAT CEREBUS WAS (YES IT CAN) TRYING TO SAY THE GHOSTS ARE GETTING (NO. THEY'RE NOT.) WEAKER SHUT UP THE FRESH WATER FRESH WATER FROM WATER FRESH MELTED SNOW SNOW MELTED MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE COMPLETELY IN THIS.
FACT: WE WERE EATING GOOD FOR A LONG TIME SO WE BOTH HAVE A LOT OF FAT STORED UP ON OUR BODIES. TRUE? (AYE.) THIRST IS ALWAYS THE BIGGER FACT: PROBLEM. TRUE? (AYE) (CEREBUS HAS FORGOTTEN SOMETHING) NO HE HASN'T AND WHATEVER IT IS THERE IS STILL GOING TO B STORED UP ON OUR (B
FRESH WATER FROM MELT. SNOW AND WE ARE STILL REBUS HAS TRUE? (AYE
HAS TO GET THOSE TWO FACTS STRAIGHT IN HIS MIND: THE FRESH WATER FROM MELTED SNOW AND THE FAT THAT WE HAVE STORED UP ON OUR BODIES (BUT CEREBUS HAS STILL FOR BECAUSE CEREBUS IS JUST ANSWERING HIS OWN QUESTION THE QUESTION THAT CEREBUS ASKED HIMSELF WHICH WAS: IS THE SITUATION JAKA AND CEREBUS AND JAKA IN NOW ARE BETTER THAN THE SITUATION THAN CEREBUS WAS IN AT IN AT IN AT IN PETROLI PASS?
NG TO HAVE THE FAT ALL CEREBUS IS SAYING THAT CEREBUS HAS

(AYE) WELL THAT'S ALL CEREBUS WAS DOING WAS TRYING TRYING TRYING AT LEAST WHEN **CEREBUS WASN'T INTERRUPTING HIMSELF TO** ANSWER THAT QUESTION AND THE ANSWER AS CEREBUS HAS ALREADY ADMITTED IS "YES. CEREBUS AND JAKA **ARE** BETTER OFF

BECAUSE(A) WE HAVE FRESH WATER FROM MELTED SNOW IN AN UNLIMITED SUPPLY AND (B)



SPOT BLANK SPOT BLANK SPOT (B) WE HAVE A LOT OF BODY FAT STORED UP. IT'S LIKE CROTCH-FACE USED TO SAY "**THINKING** IS **FINE. FRETTING** IS THE BITCH." SO THAT'S REALLY ALL THAT CER CEREBUS IS TRYING TO DO HER HERE IS TO STICK TO TO TO T THINKING THINKING THINKING TH LY ABOUT THOSE THINGS THAT REALLY, REALLY, REALLY APPLY TO THIS SITUATION (CEREBUS HAS A QUESTION) SURE -- NO PROBLEM ALL PART OF THE THINKING THINKING THINKING WHAT'S THE QUESTION? (W

THE QUESTION? (WHAT IF WHAT BUS HAS FORGOTTEN IS SOMET THAT REALLY, REALLY, REALLY DO PPLY TO OUR SITUATION) OH. WEL THAT'S WHY CEREBUS WAS POINTING OUT THAT (A PART FROM THE FRESH WATER FRO TED SNOW AND BODY FAT THA, E HAVE STORED UP) AH. SOMETH ELSE (AYE.) WELL. THAT'S CERTAINL SOMETHING WORTH THINKING ABOUT (OR REMEMBERING) OR THINKIN BOUT (OR REMEMBERING) OR THINKING ABOUT UNLIKE THINKING ABOUT **HAM-BLOWING HIS OWN HEAD OFF DYING AS A COWARI**

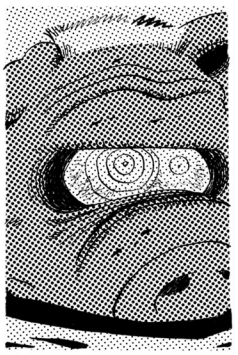
UWAKU WELL, YES -- BECA HAT IS JUST **FRETTING** AND THERE IS NOTHING **EREBUS** CAN DO TO CHANG IT) AFTER THAT (AFTER THAT?) AFTER THAT, WELL CEREBUS RAN BACK TO THE **TENT** BECAUSE WE HAD TO GET **OUT** OF THERE. WE HAD TO GET **RIGHT OUT**...

...OF...

SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT. (YES.) WHAT DID CEREBUS JUST...?

"I RAN BACK TO THE **TENT** BECAUSE WE HAD TO GET ***OUT***"

"WHY?"



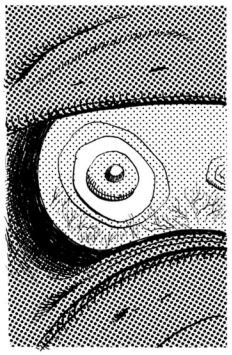
"YOU'RE VERY CALM."

"I'M VERY *CALM* BECAUSE *YOU* SAID IF I GOT *HYSTERICAL* AGAIN YOU WOULD *HIT* ME.

I DON'T *WANT* YOU TO HIT ME.

SO I AM VERY *CALM*."

"MARY KILLED HAM."



"I UNDER*STAND* THAT. I *TOLD* YOU THAT I *BELIEVE* YOU. MARY. KILLED. HAM. THE PART THAT I DON'T UNDE ND...THE PART AT I AM ASK BOUT IS WHY

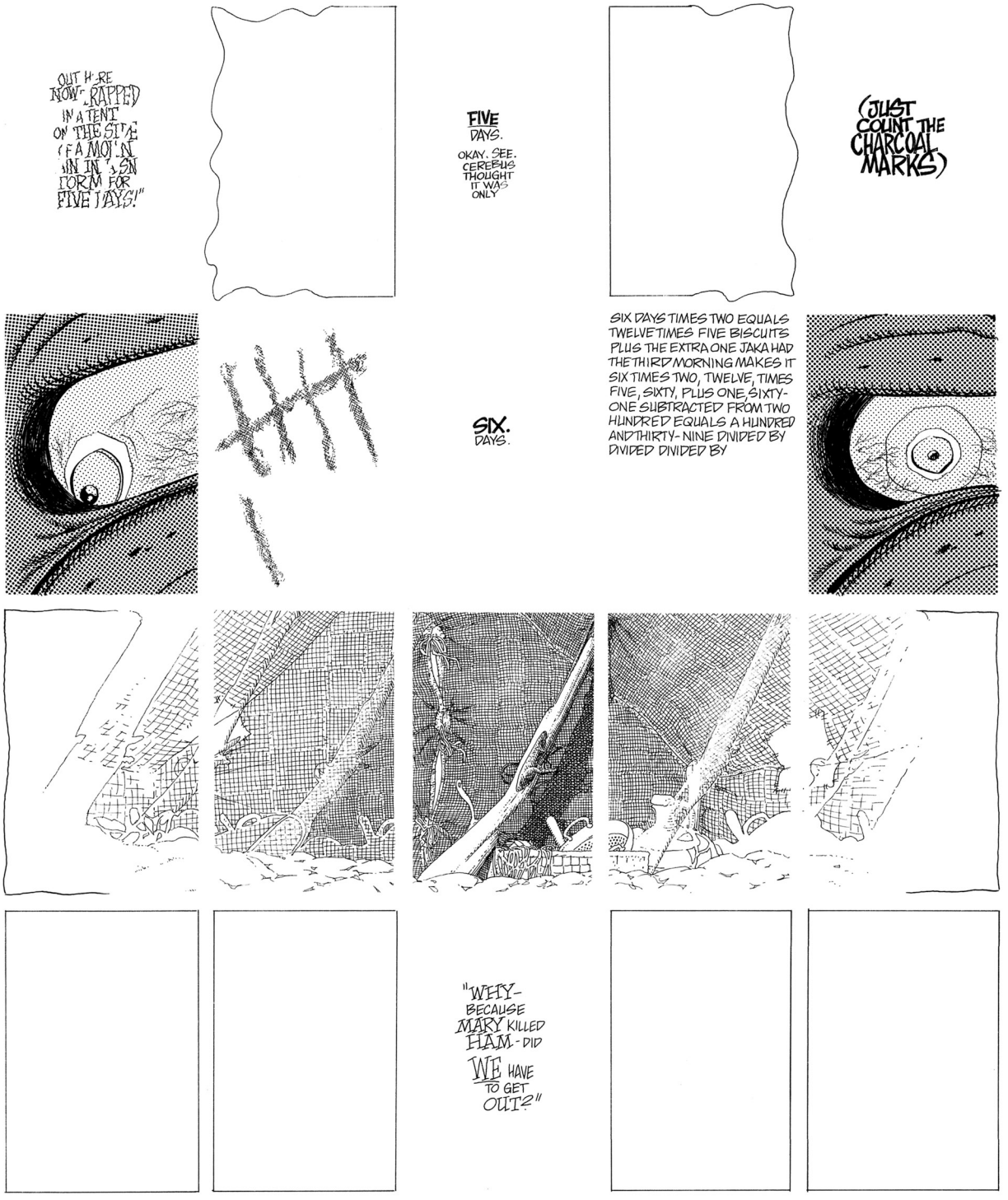
"CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW WHY MARY KILLED HAM."

"PLEASE. LISTEN. OU ALWAYS INT RRUPT AT THE SAME. POINT. WHY WE HAD TO GET OUT.

OU UNDERSTA E QUESTION? /HY WE HAD TO GET OUT?"

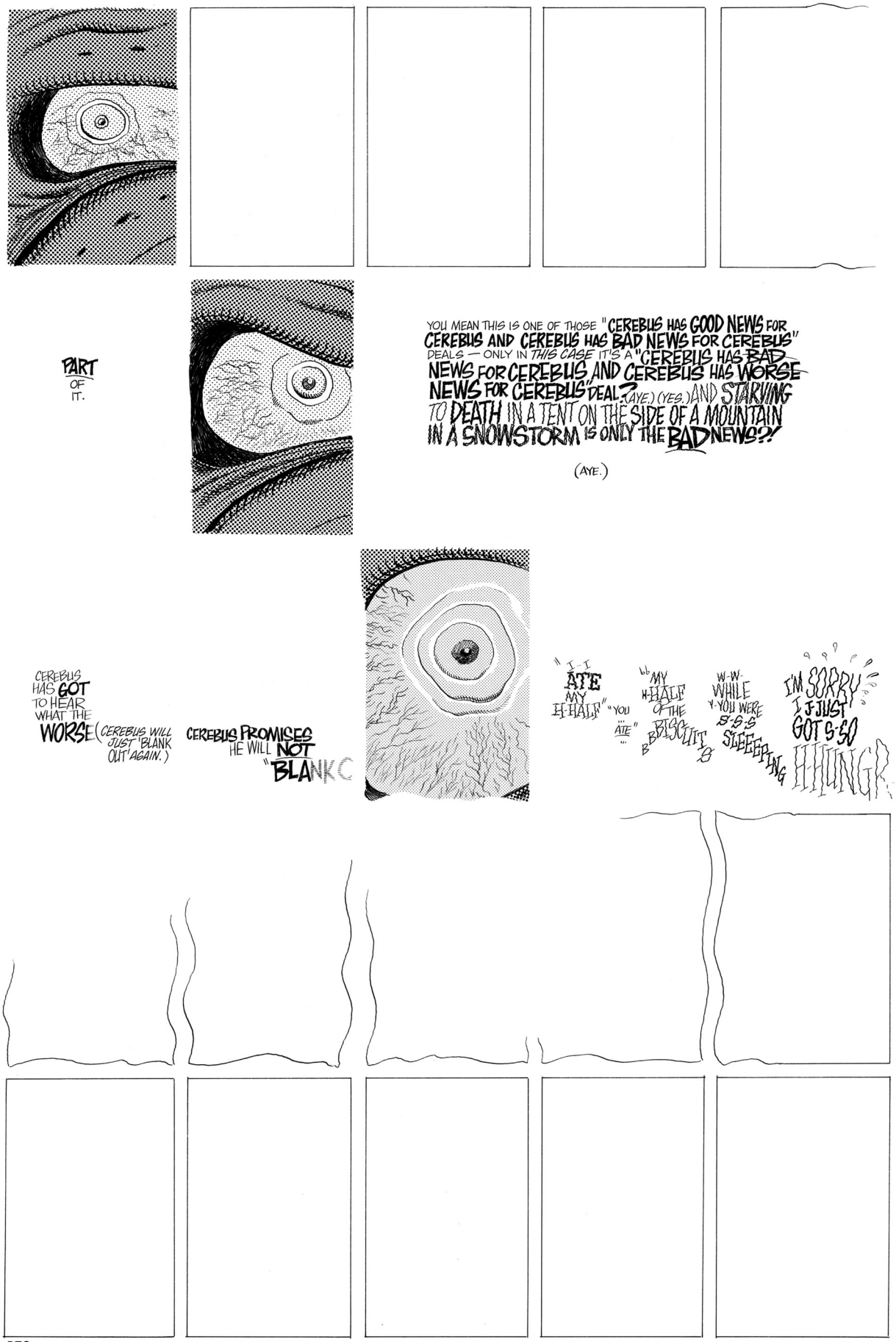
"WHY...?"

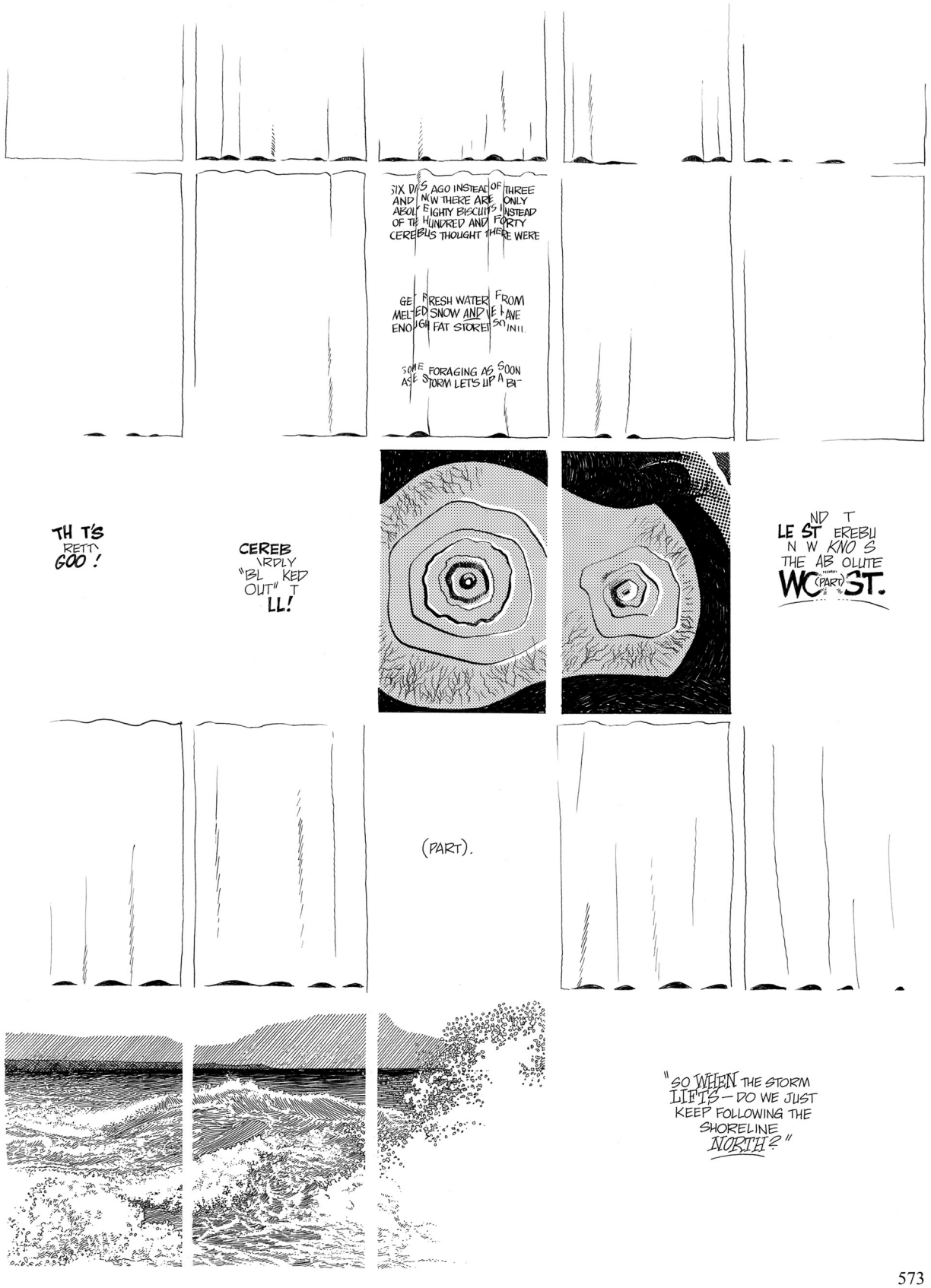
"WHY-BECAUSE MARY KILLED HAM - DID WE HAVE TO GET OUT?"

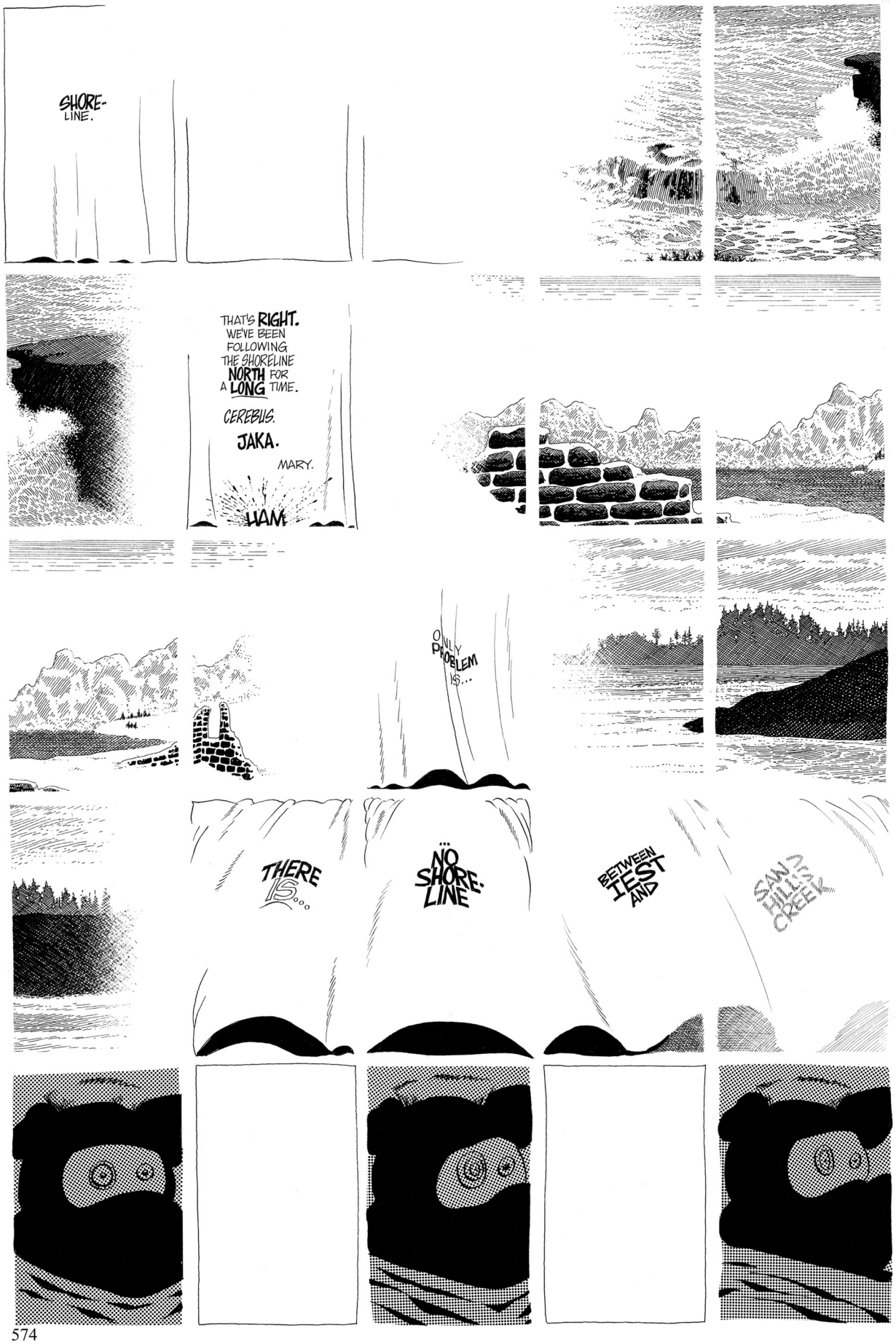


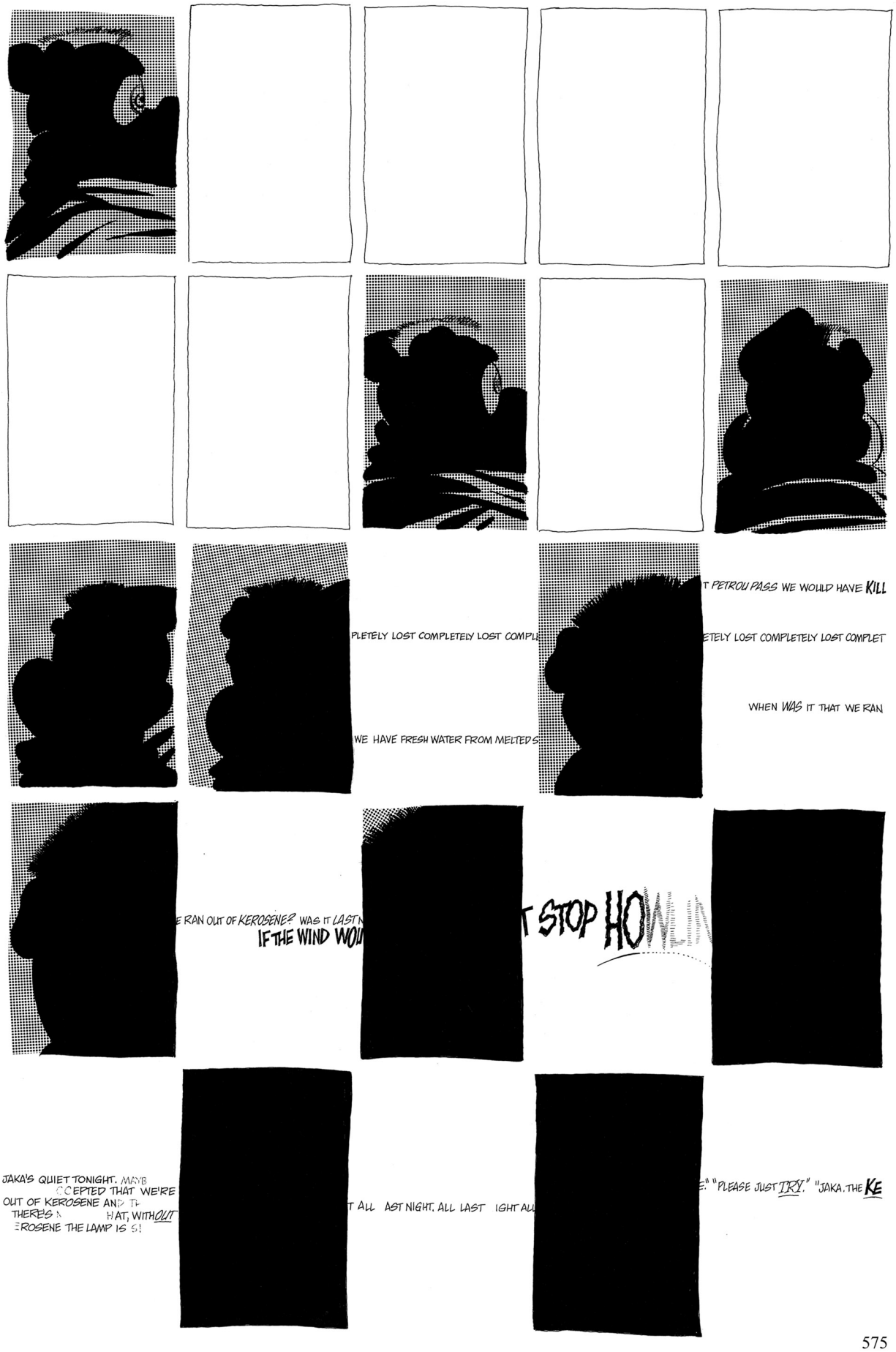
CEREBUS REMEMBERS NOW (*PART OF IT*) ALL (*PART*) OF IT. WE COULD BE HOLED UP IN THAT HUNTING LODGE FOR THE WINTER RIGHT NOW IF CEREBUS HAD JUST SIGNED THE PIECE OF PAPER SAYING WE'RE (*JAKA DIDN'T- HASN'T- SAID A WORD ABOUT THAT*) NAY. SHE JUST ASKED "*WHY DID WE HAVE TO GET OUT?*" AND LET CEREBUS FIGURE IT OUT ON HIS OWN (*AND CEREBUS HAS*) FIGURED IT (*PART OF IT*) OUT. (*THAT*) THIS IS ALL CEREBUS' FAULT, THAT WE ARE TRAPPED IN A TENT ON THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN IN A (*THAT WE ARE BOTH GOING TO STARVE TO DEATH*) THAT WE ARE BOTH GOING TO STARVE TO DEATH.

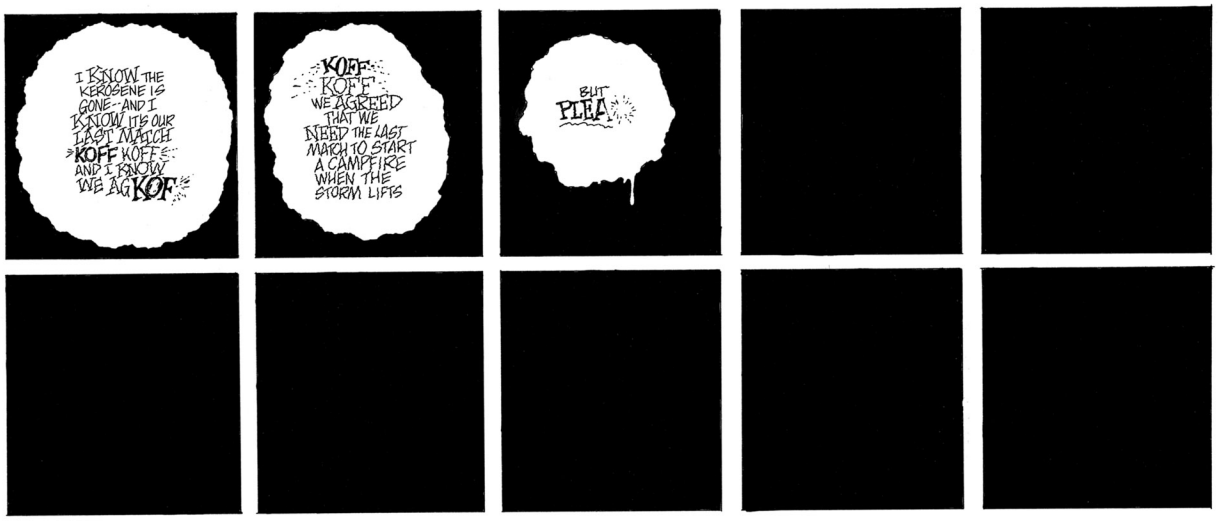
YES.


PART OF IT.
YOU MEAN THIS IS ONE OF THOSE "CEREBUS HAS GOOD NEWS FOR CEREBUS AND CEREBUS HAS BAD NEWS FOR CEREBUS" DEALS — ONLY IN THIS CASE IT'S A "CEREBUS HAS BAD NEWS FOR CEREBUS AND CEREBUS HAS WORSE NEWS FOR CEREBUS" DEAL? (AYE.) (YES.) AND STARVING TO DEATH IN A TENT ON THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN IN A SNOWSTORM IS ONLY THE BAD NEWS?!
(AYE.)
CEREBUS HAS GOT TO HEAR WHAT THE WORSE (CEREBUS WILL JUST 'BLANK OUT' AGAIN.)
CEREBUS PROMISES HE WILL NOT "BLANK
"I-I ATE MY H-HALF" "YOU ... ATE" ...
"MY H-HALF OF THE BISCUIT B-B-B
W-W-WHILE Y-YOU WERE S-S-S SLEEEPING
I'M SORRY I J-JUST GOT S-SO H-HUNGR

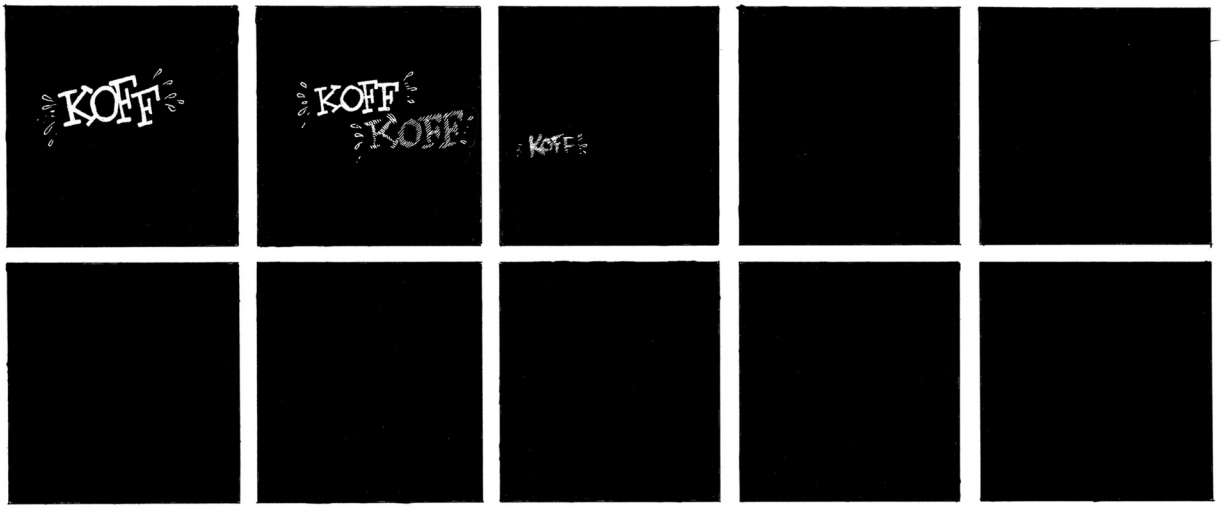

SIX DAYS AGO INSTEAD OF THREE
AND NOW THERE ARE ONLY
ABOUT EIGHTY BISCUITS INSTEAD
OF THE HUNDRED AND FORTY
CEREBUS THOUGHT THERE WERE
GET FRESH WATER FROM
MELTED SNOW AND WE HAVE
ENOUGH FAT STORED SO IN ALL.
SOME FORAGING AS SOON
AS STORM LETS UP A BIT
TH T'S
RETTY
GOO!
CEREB
RDLY
"BL KED
OUT" T
LL!
ND T
LE ST EREBU
N W KNO S
THE AB OLUTE
WO (PART) ST.
(PART).
"SO WHEN THE STORM
LIFTS — DO WE JUST
KEEP FOLLOWING THE
SHORELINE
NORTH?"


SHORE-
LINE.
THAT'S RIGHT.
WE'VE BEEN
FOLLOWING
THE SHORELINE
NORTH FOR
A LONG TIME.
CEREBUS.
JAKA.
MARY.
HAM
ONLY
PROBLEM
IS...
THERE
IS...
NO
SHORE-
LINE
BETWEEN
TEST
AND
SAND
HILLS
CREEK

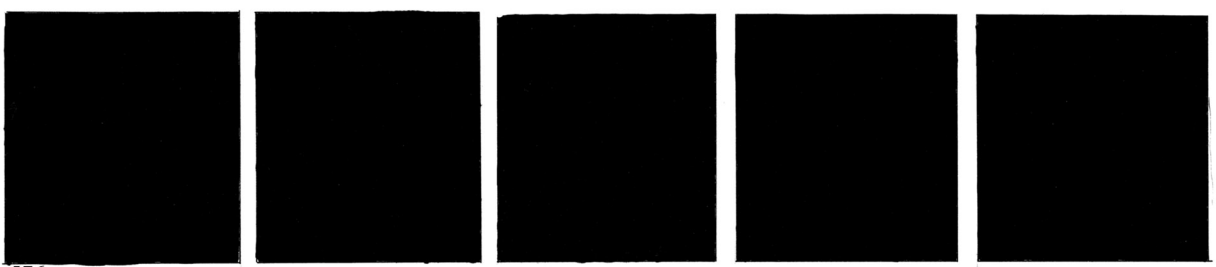

T PETROU PASS WE WOULD HAVE KILL
PLETELY LOST COMPLETELY LOST COMPL
ETELY LOST COMPLETELY LOST COMPLET
WHEN WAS IT THAT WE RAN
WE HAVE FRESH WATER FROM MELTED S
E RAN OUT OF KEROSENE? WAS IT LAST N
IF THE WIND WOU
T STOP HOWLIN
JAKA'S QUIET TONIGHT. MAYB
CCEPTED THAT WE'RE
OUT OF KEROSENE AND TH
THERE'S N HAT, WITHOUT
ROSENE THE LAMP IS S!
T ALL AST NIGHT. ALL LAST IGHT ALL
E." "PLEASE JUST TRY." "JAKA. THE KE

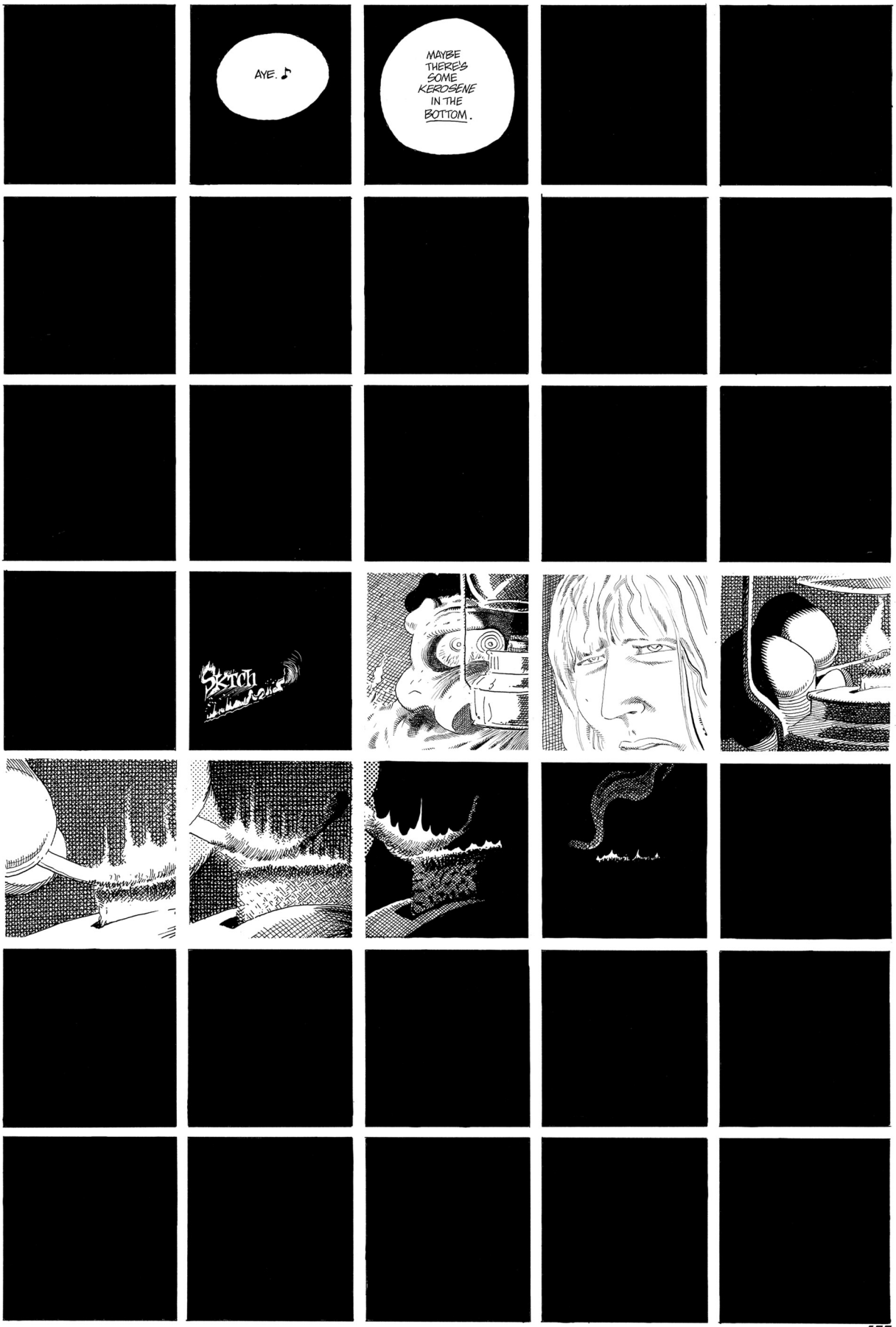


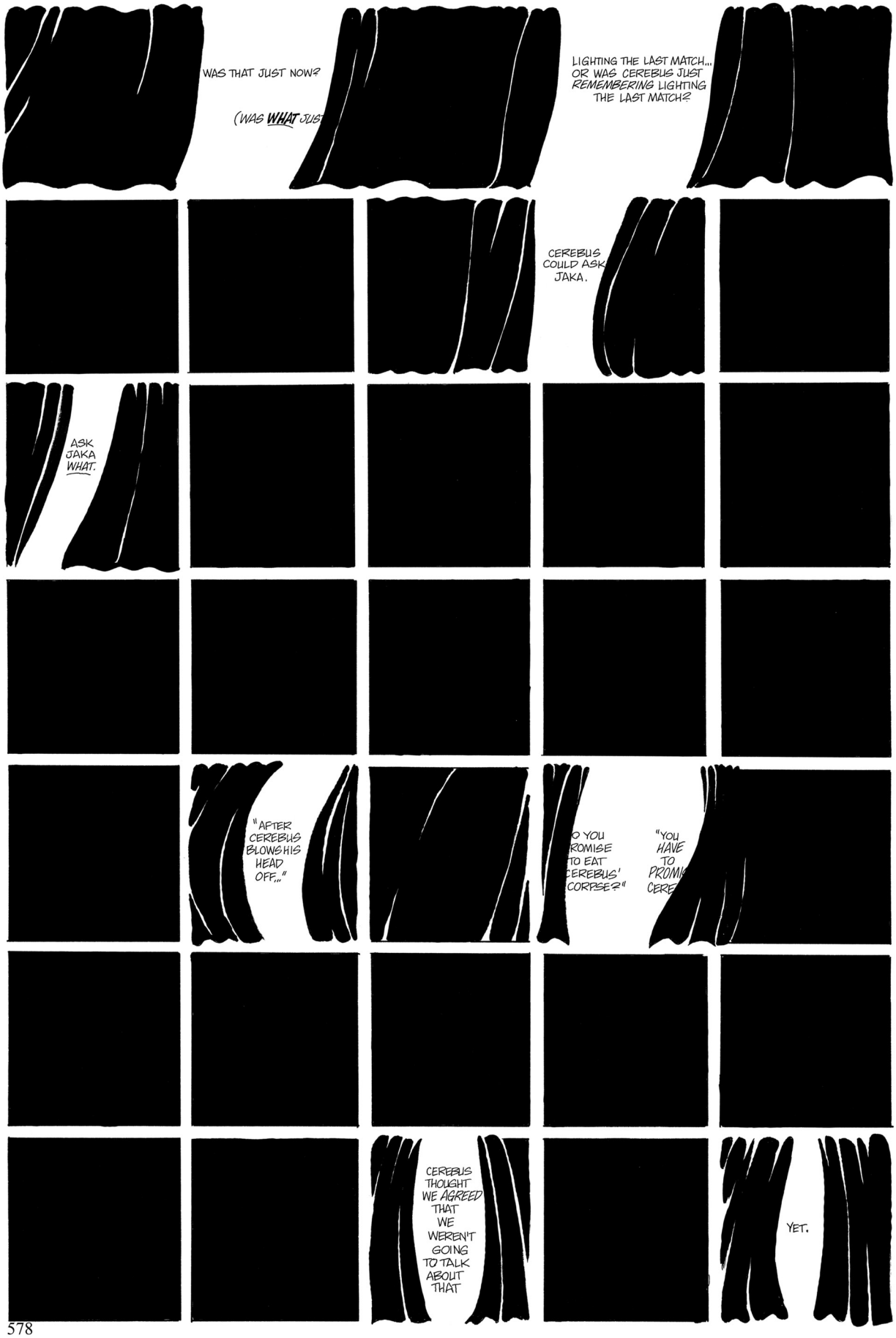
THE STORM **ISN'T** GOING TO LIFT. (AYE) **JAKA** KNOWS IT. AND **CEREBUS** KNOWS IT. (AYE) (YES). THE STORM **ISN'T** GOING TO LIFT BECAUSE IT **ISN'T** A STORM. IT'S CALLED **WINTER**... AND IT ISN'T GOING TO STOP FOR **SIX MONTHS**. AND BY **THAT** TIME CEREBUS AND JAKA WILL BE **LONG DEAD**. (AYE. AND?) AND IT IS CEREBUS' **FAULT** (BECAUSE?) BECAUSE CEREBUS WAS A **COWARD JUST LIKE HANK WAS** (WHAT WAS CEREBUS AFRAID OF?) **CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW!** CEREBUS JUST KNEW WE HAD TO (GRUNT-AWAY) **GET OUT!** AND IF CEREBUS HAD IT TO DO **OVER AGAIN CEREBUS WOULD** (NO HE WOULDN'T) **DO THE SAME THING ALL OVER AGAIN AND NOW** WE'RE GOING TO STARVE TO

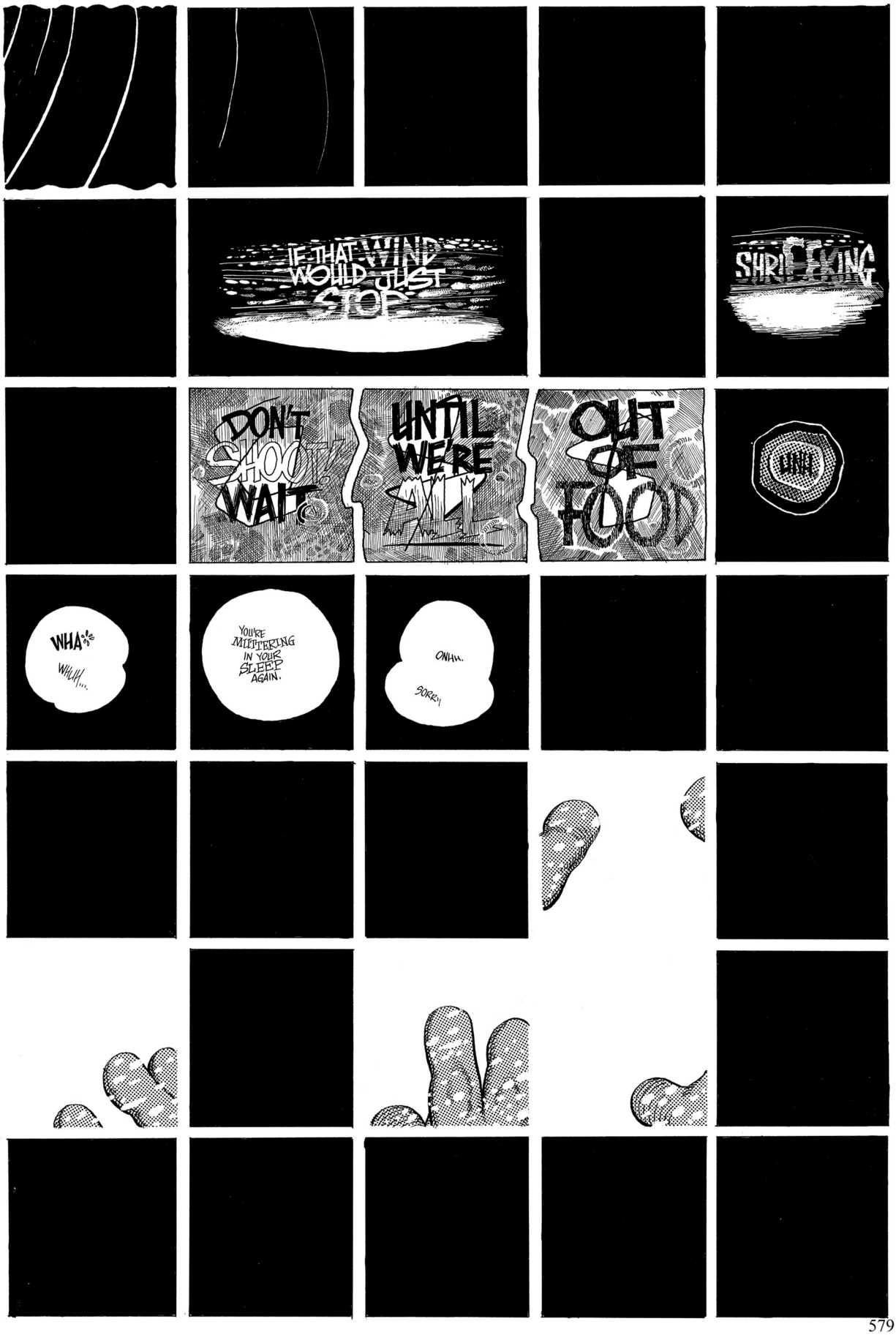


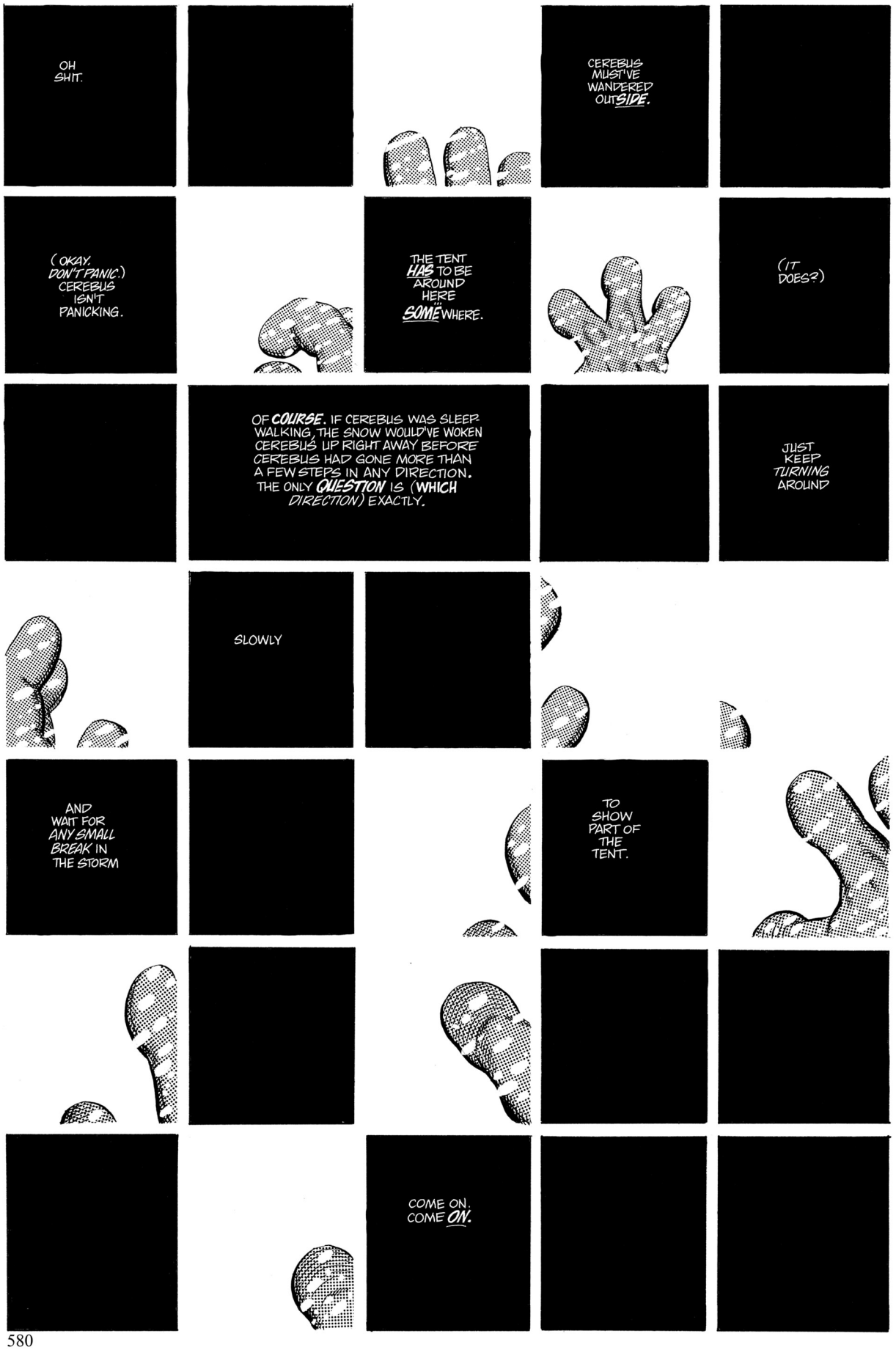
STARVE TO DEATH. CEREBUS KNOWS IT. JAKA KNOWS IT. (AYE. AND...?) AND SINCE THE STORM ISN'T GOING TO LIFT, THEN THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY CAMPFIRE (NAY. THERE ISN'T. SO...?) SO IF IT WILL MAKE JAKA FEEL BETTER EVEN FOR A...SECOND... TO THINK THAT THE LAMP WILL LIGHT.... MAYBE IT'S THE LEAST CEREBUS CAN...

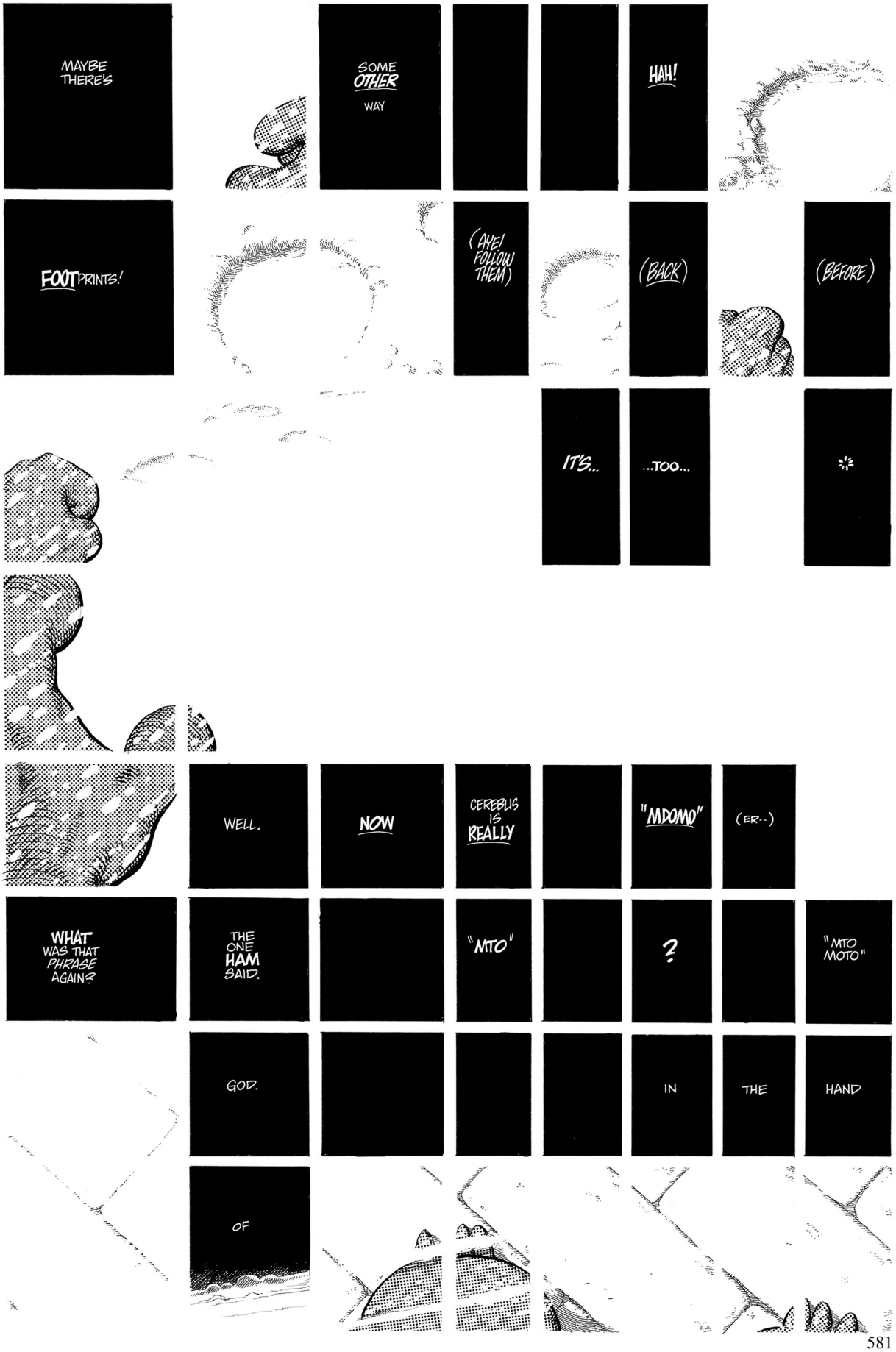



AYE. ♪
MAYBE THERE'S SOME KEROSENE IN THE BOTTOM.
SKETCH

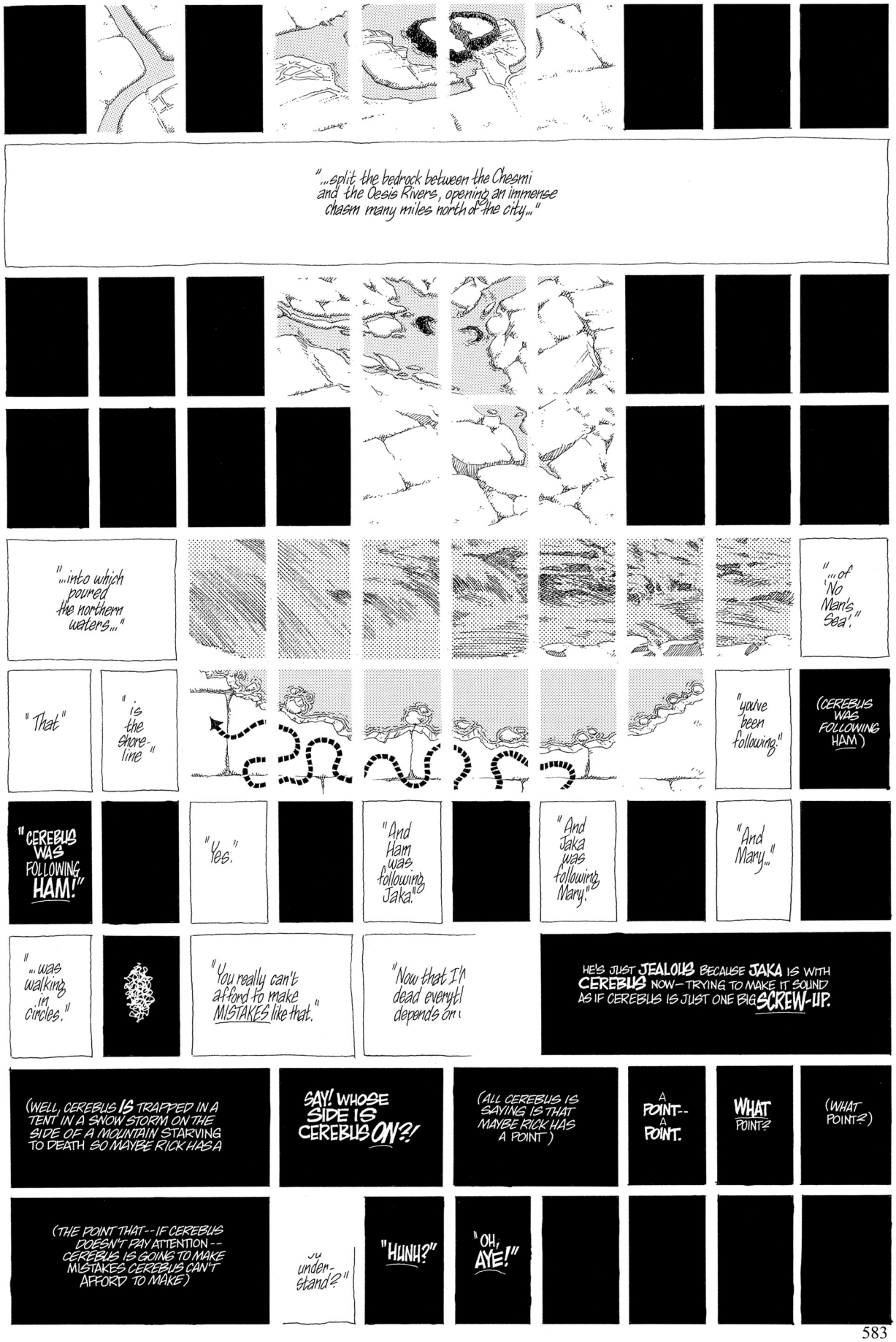

WAS THAT JUST NOW?
(WAS WHAT JUST
LIGHTING THE LAST MATCH... OR WAS CEREBUS JUST REMEMBERING LIGHTING THE LAST MATCH?
CEREBUS COULD ASK JAKA.
ASK JAKA WHAT.
"AFTER CEREBUS BLOWS HIS HEAD OFF..."
O YOU ROMISE TO EAT EREBUS' CORPSE?"
"YOU HAVE TO PROMI CERE
CEREBUS THOUGHT WE AGREED THAT WE WEREN'T GOING TO TALK ABOUT THAT
YET.

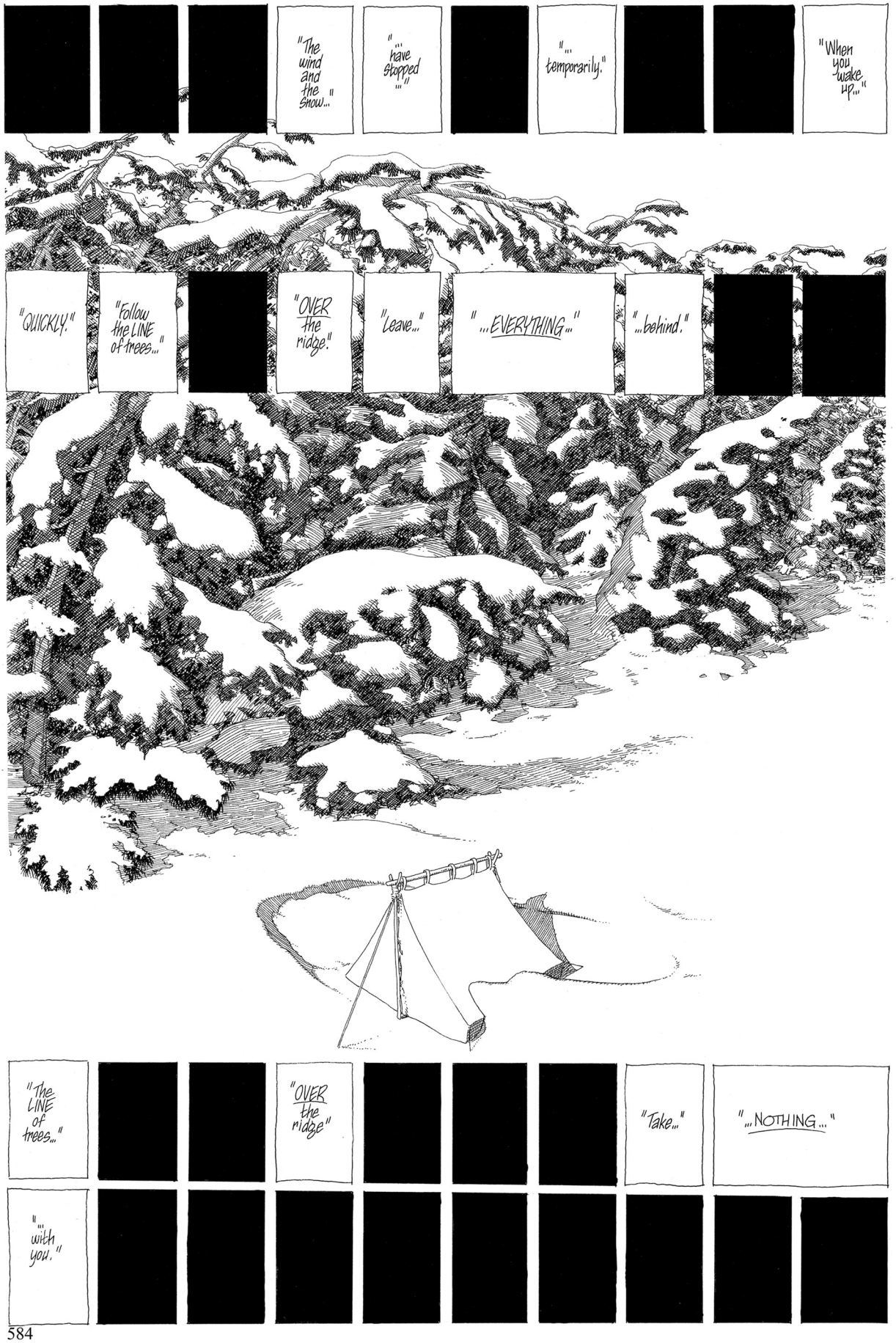

IF THAT WIND WOULD JUST STOP
SHRIEKING
DON'T SHOOT WAIT
UNTIL WE'RE
OUT OF FOOD
UNH
WHA
WHUH...
YOU'RE MUTTERING IN YOUR SLEEP AGAIN.
ONHH.
SORRY

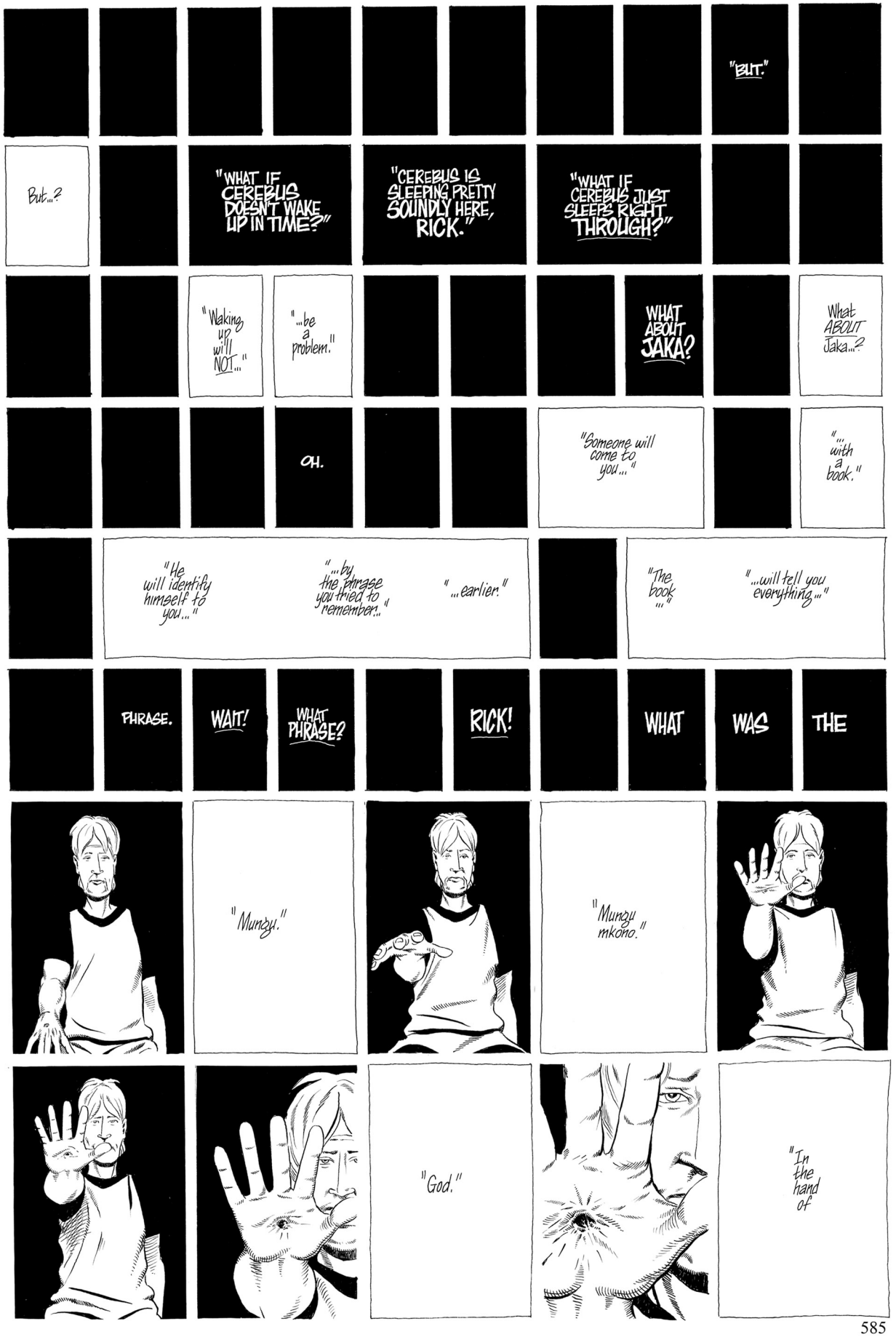

OH SHIT.
CEREBUS MUST'VE WANDERED OUTSIDE.
(OKAY. DON'T PANIC.) CEREBUS ISN'T PANICKING.
THE TENT HAS TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.
(IT DOES?)
OF COURSE. IF CEREBUS WAS SLEEP WALKING, THE SNOW WOULD'VE WOKEN CEREBUS UP RIGHT AWAY BEFORE CEREBUS HAD GONE MORE THAN A FEW STEPS IN ANY DIRECTION. THE ONLY QUESTION IS (WHICH DIRECTION) EXACTLY.
JUST KEEP TURNING AROUND
SLOWLY
AND WAIT FOR ANY SMALL BREAK IN THE STORM
TO SHOW PART OF THE TENT.
COME ON. COME ON.

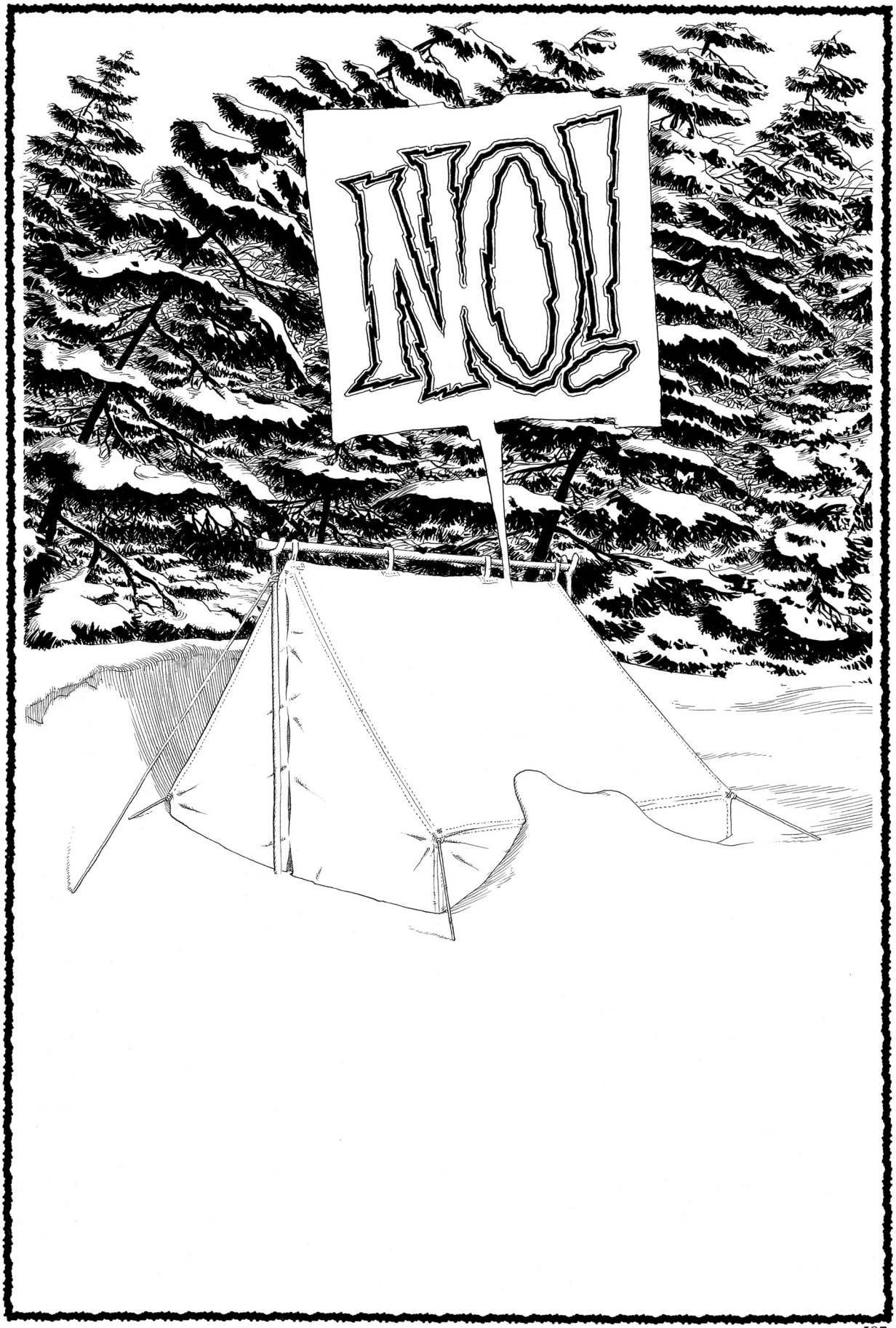

MAYBE THERE'S
FOOTPRINTS!
SOME OTHER WAY
(AYE! FOLLOW THEM)
HAH!
(BACK)
(BEFORE)
IT'S..
...TOO...
WELL.
NOW
CEREBUS IS REALLY
"MDOMO"
(ER--)
WHAT WAS THAT PHRASE AGAIN?
THE ONE HAM SAID.
"MTO"
?
"MTO MOTO"
GOD.
IN
THE
HAND
OF

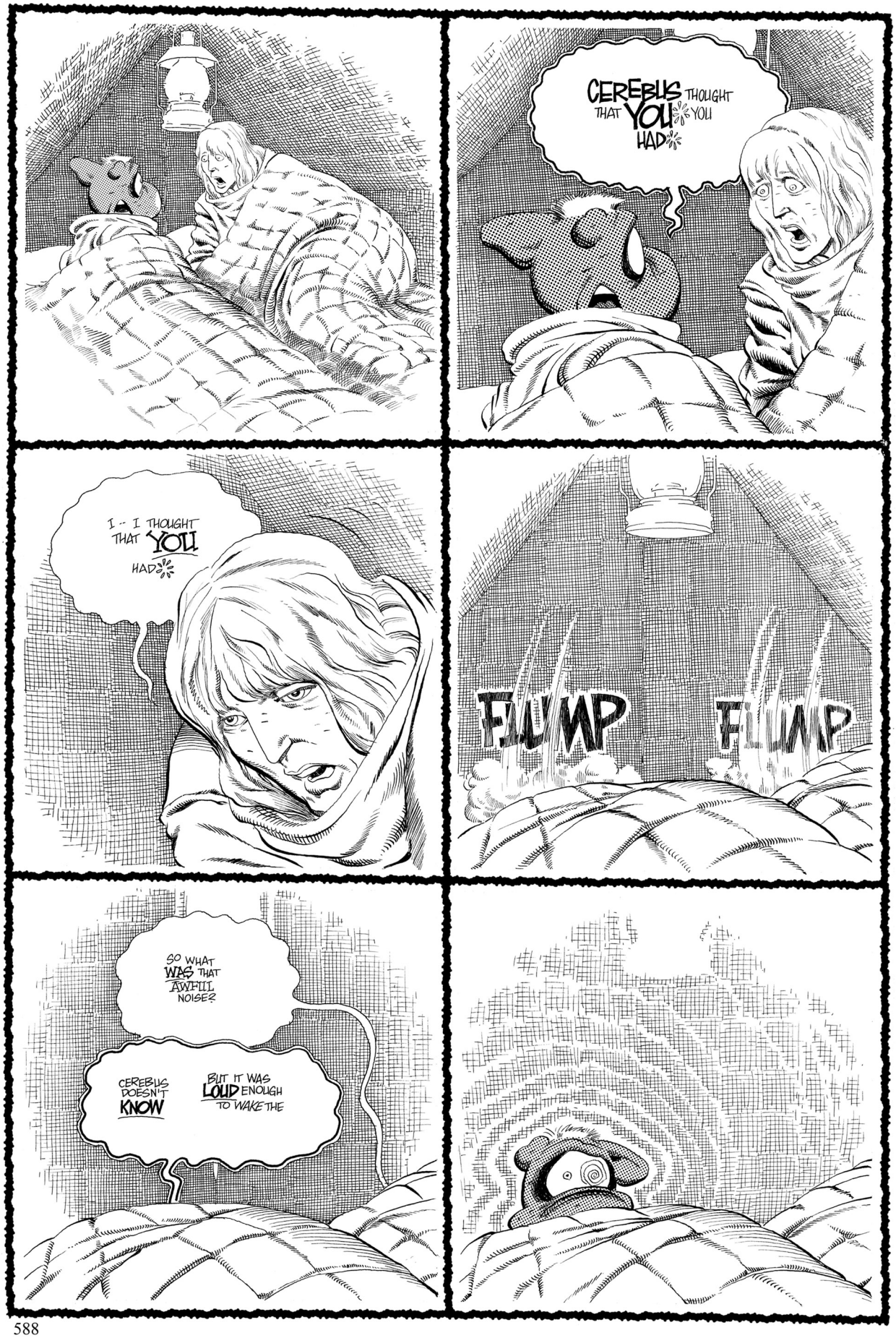
CEREBUS HAS BEEN HERE BEFORE.
CEREBUS KNEW SOMEONE WHO LIVED HERE...
...WHO WAS...?
OH NO! RUN AWAY!
(RUN AWAY? HE'S PROBABLY ALREADY SEEN CEREBUS. CEREBUS WILL JUST HAVE TO BE POLITE) SHIT. CEREBUS HATES BEING POLITE.
"RICK!"
"HA-HA!"
THIS WAS A MISTAKE.
HE DOESN'T WANT TO TALK TO CEREBUS ANY MORE THAN CEREBUS WANTS TO TALK TO HIM.
"HA-HA."
"SO? HOW ARE YOU?"
"Dead."
?
"DEAD?"
"Unh-hunh."
"The Ciriinists executed me..."
"...six days ago."
"OH."
NOW WHAT?
CEREBUS NEVER KNOWS WHAT TO SAY TO DEAD PEOPLE.
(CEREBUS SHOULD ASK RICK ABOUT THE SHORELINE) NAY. (WHY NOT?)
WHAT IF HE MAKES A BIG DEAL ABOUT IT? YOU KNOW.
(NAY. WHAT KIND OF A 'BIG DEAL' ?)
LAUGHING AT CEREBUS AND SAYING:
"YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE SHORE-LINE WAS...?"
"HA-HA. HEY, JAKA!"
"YOUR NEW BOYFRIEND DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT SHORELINE HE'S FOLLOWING. HA-HA. MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE STUCK WITH
"The Convulsion which destroyed Iest..."

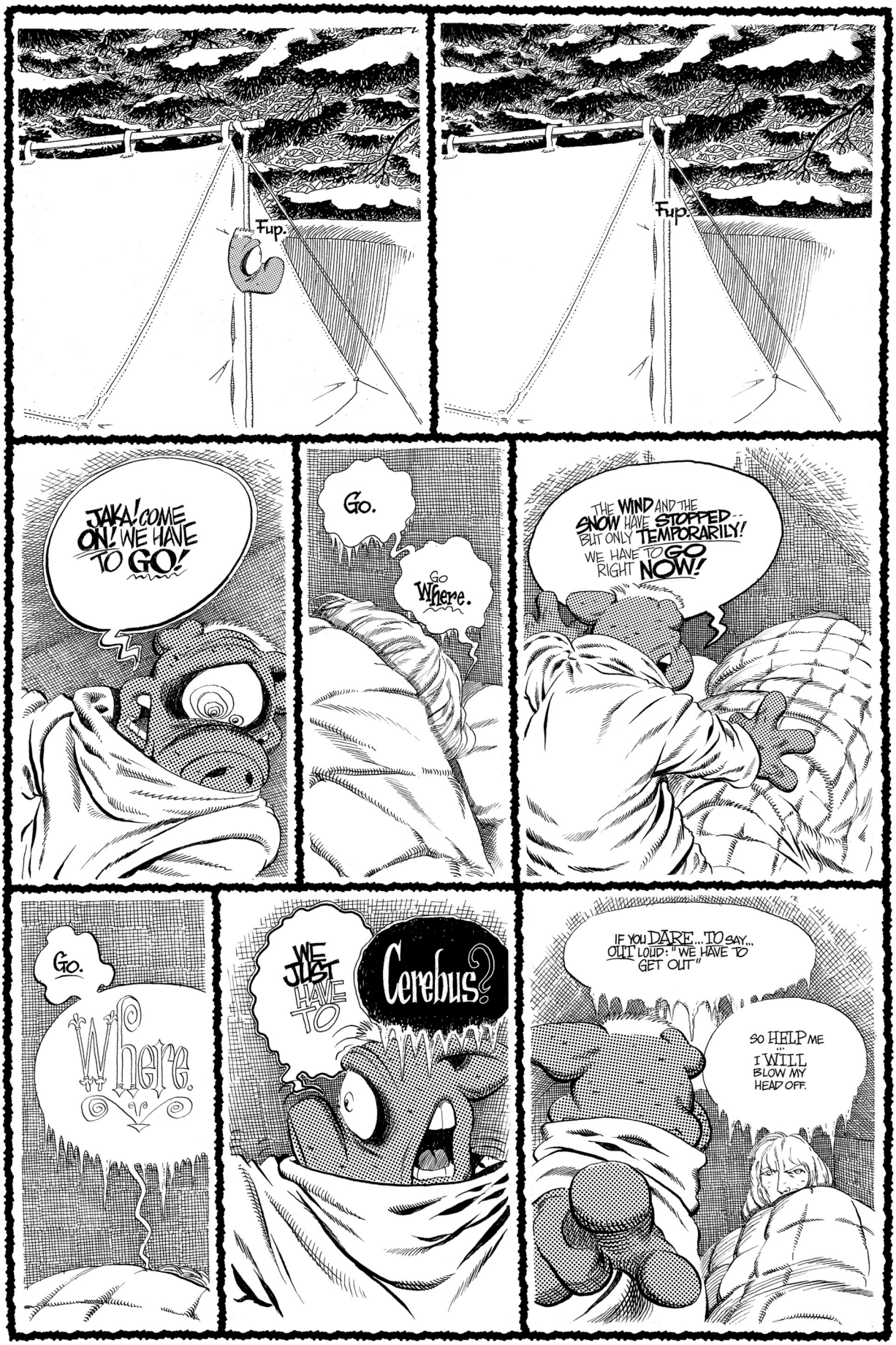

"...split the bedrock between the Chesmi and the Oesis Rivers, opening an immense chasm many miles north of the city..."
"...into which poured the northern waters..."
"...of 'No Man's Sea'."
"That"
"is the shore-line."
"you've been following."
(CEREBUS WAS FOLLOWING HAM)
"CEREBUS WAS FOLLOWING HAM!"
"Yes."
"And Ham was following Jaka."
"And Jaka was following Mary."
"And Mary..."
"...was walking in circles."
"You really can't afford to make MISTAKES like that."
"Now that I'm dead everyth depends on
HE'S JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE JAKA IS WITH CEREBUS NOW—TRYING TO MAKE IT SOUND AS IF CEREBUS IS JUST ONE BIG SCREW-UP.
(WELL, CEREBUS IS TRAPPED IN A TENT IN A SNOW STORM ON THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN STARVING TO DEATH SO MAYBE RICK HAS A
SAY! WHOSE SIDE IS CEREBUS ON?!
(ALL CEREBUS IS SAYING IS THAT MAYBE RICK HAS A POINT)
A POINT-- A POINT.
WHAT POINT?
(WHAT POINT?)
(THE POINT THAT--IF CEREBUS DOESN'T PAY ATTENTION--CEREBUS IS GOING TO MAKE MISTAKES CEREBUS CAN'T AFFORD TO MAKE)
...understand?"
"HUNH?"
"OH, AYE!"

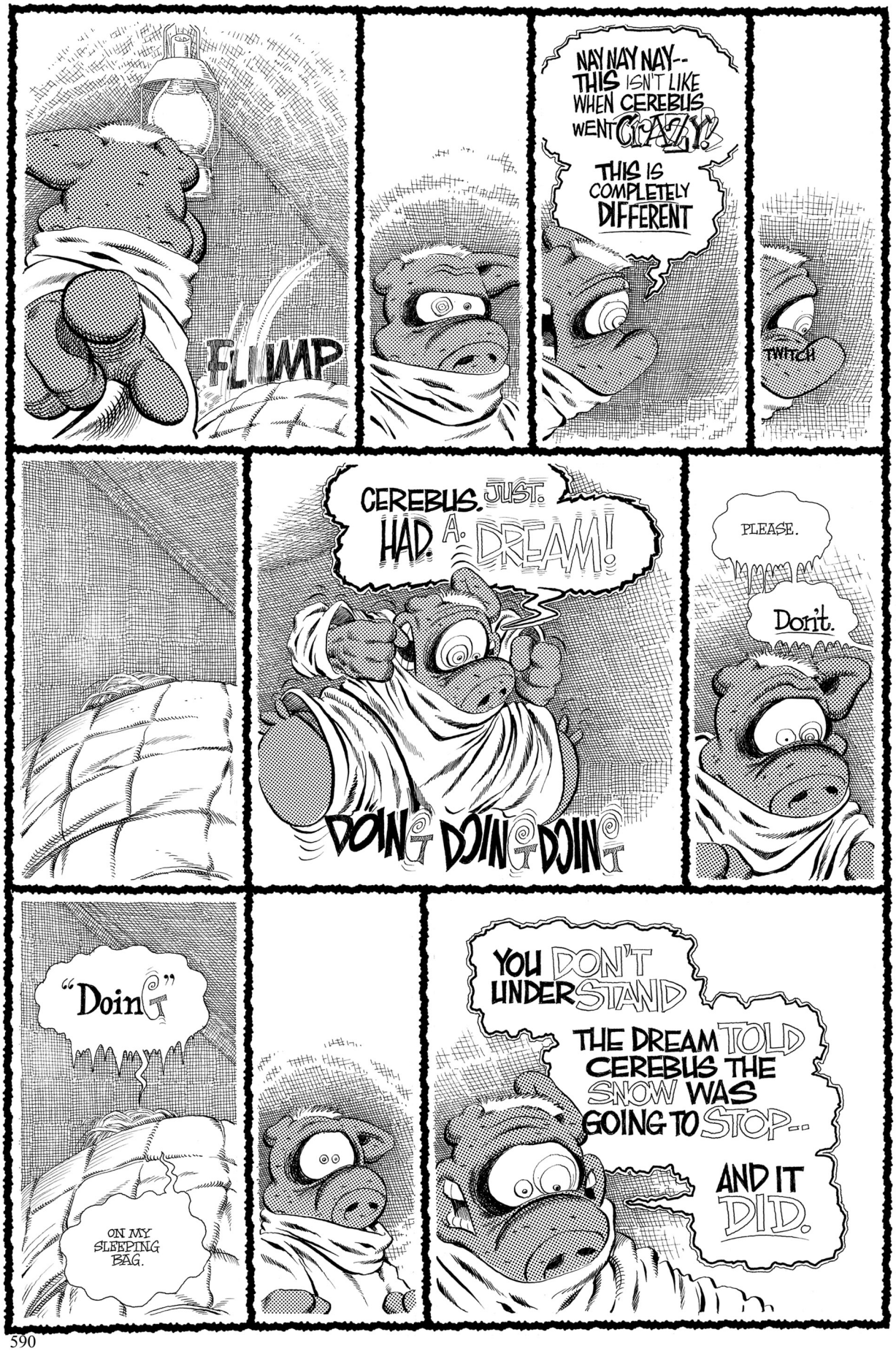

"The wind and the snow..."
"...have stopped..."
"...temporarily."
"When you wake up..."
"QUICKLY."
"Follow the LINE of trees..."
"OVER the ridge."
"Leave..."
"...EVERYTHING..."
"...behind."
"The LINE of trees..."
"OVER the ridge"
"Take..."
"...NOTHING..."
"...with you."

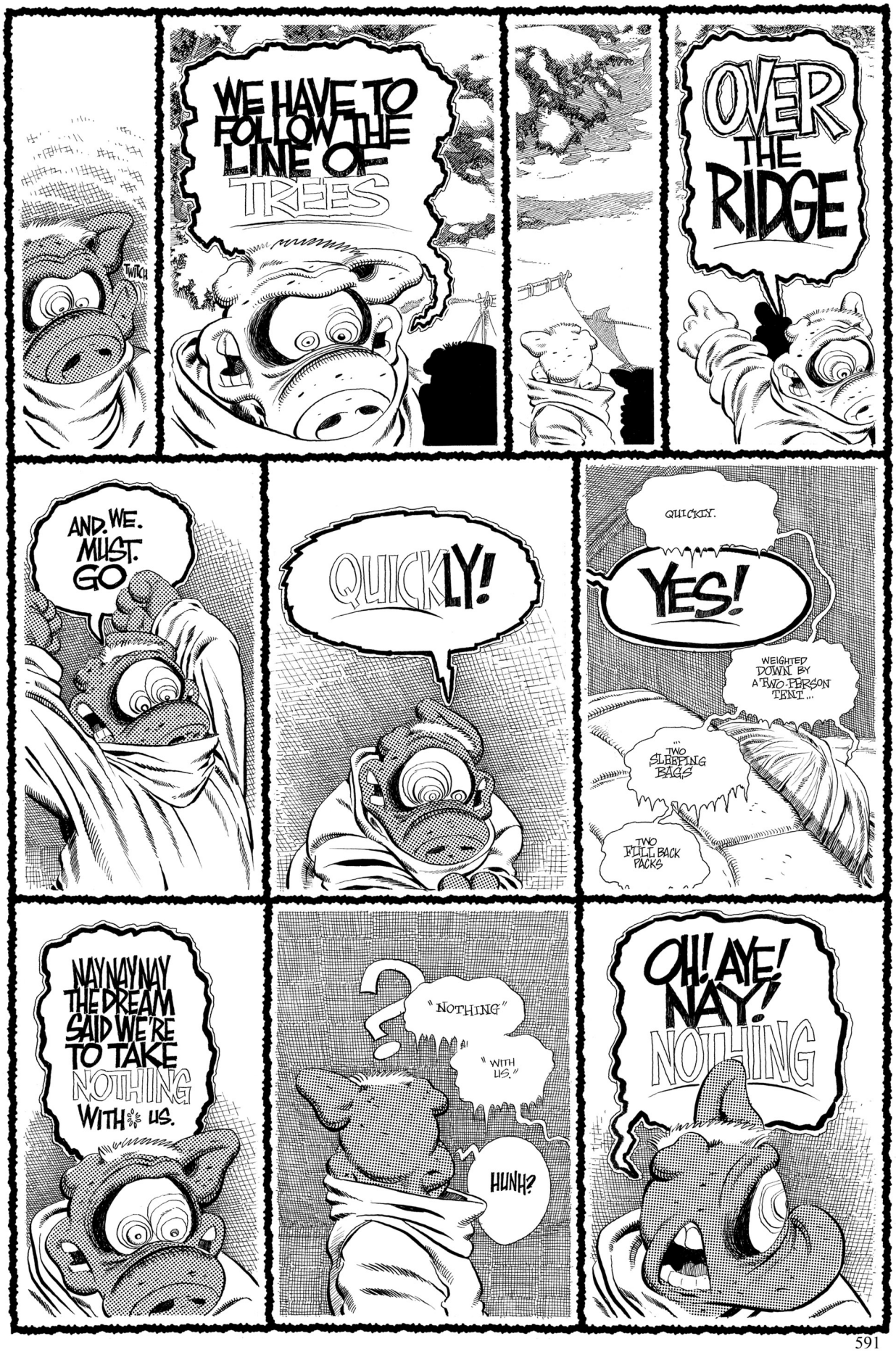

"BUT."
But...?
"WHAT IF CEREBUS DOESN'T WAKE UP IN TIME?"
"CEREBUS IS SLEEPING PRETTY SOUNDLY HERE, RICK."
"WHAT IF CEREBUS JUST SLEEPS RIGHT THROUGH?"
"Waking up will NOT..."
"...be a problem."
WHAT ABOUT JAKA?
What ABOUT Jaka...?
OH.
"Someone will come to you..."
"... with a book."
"He will identify himself to you..."
"...by the phrase you tried to remember..."
"...earlier."
"The book..."
"...will tell you everything..."
PHRASE.
WAIT!
WHAT PHRASE?
RICK!
WHAT
WAS
THE
"Mungu."
"Mungu mkono."
"God."
"In the hand of

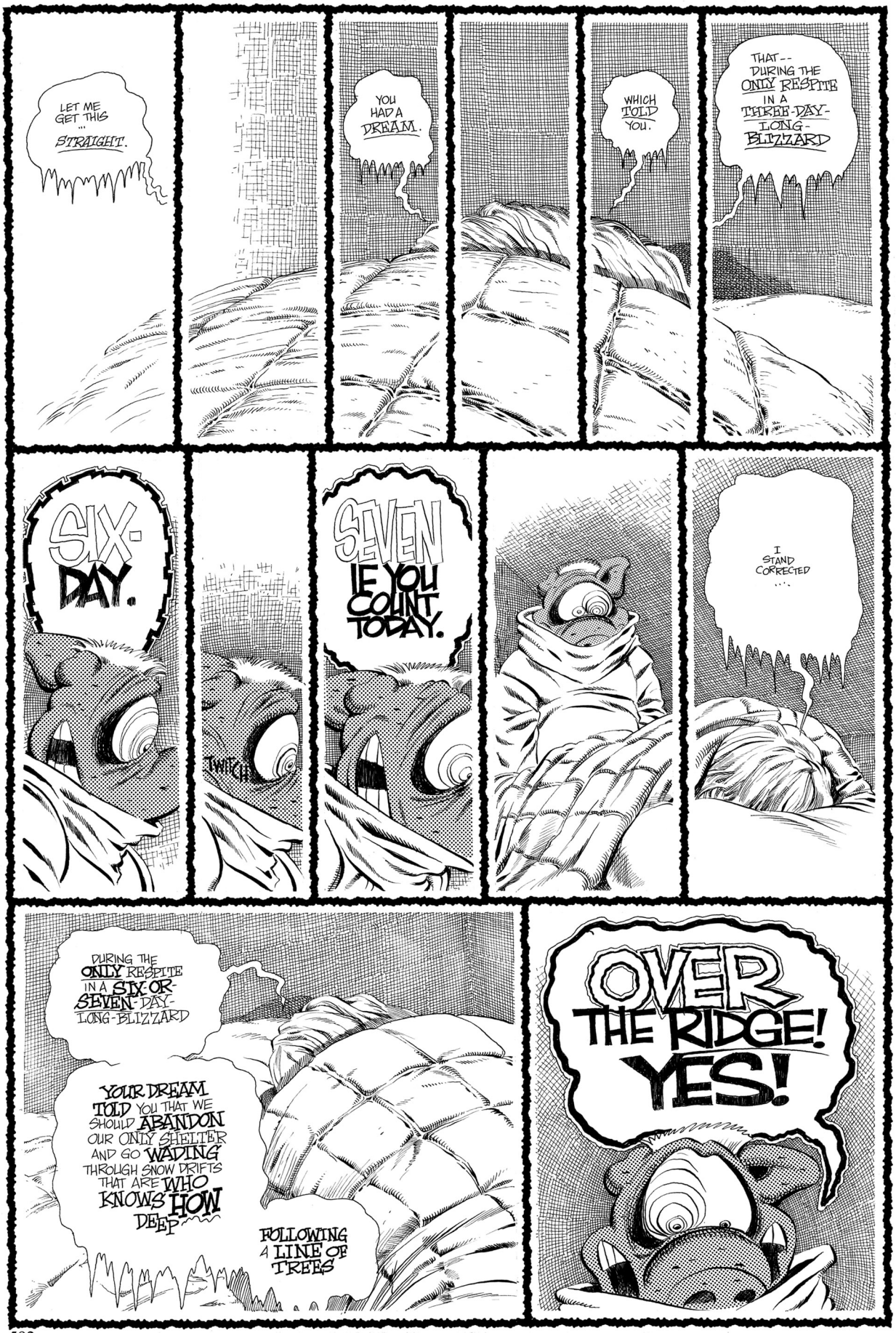

NO!

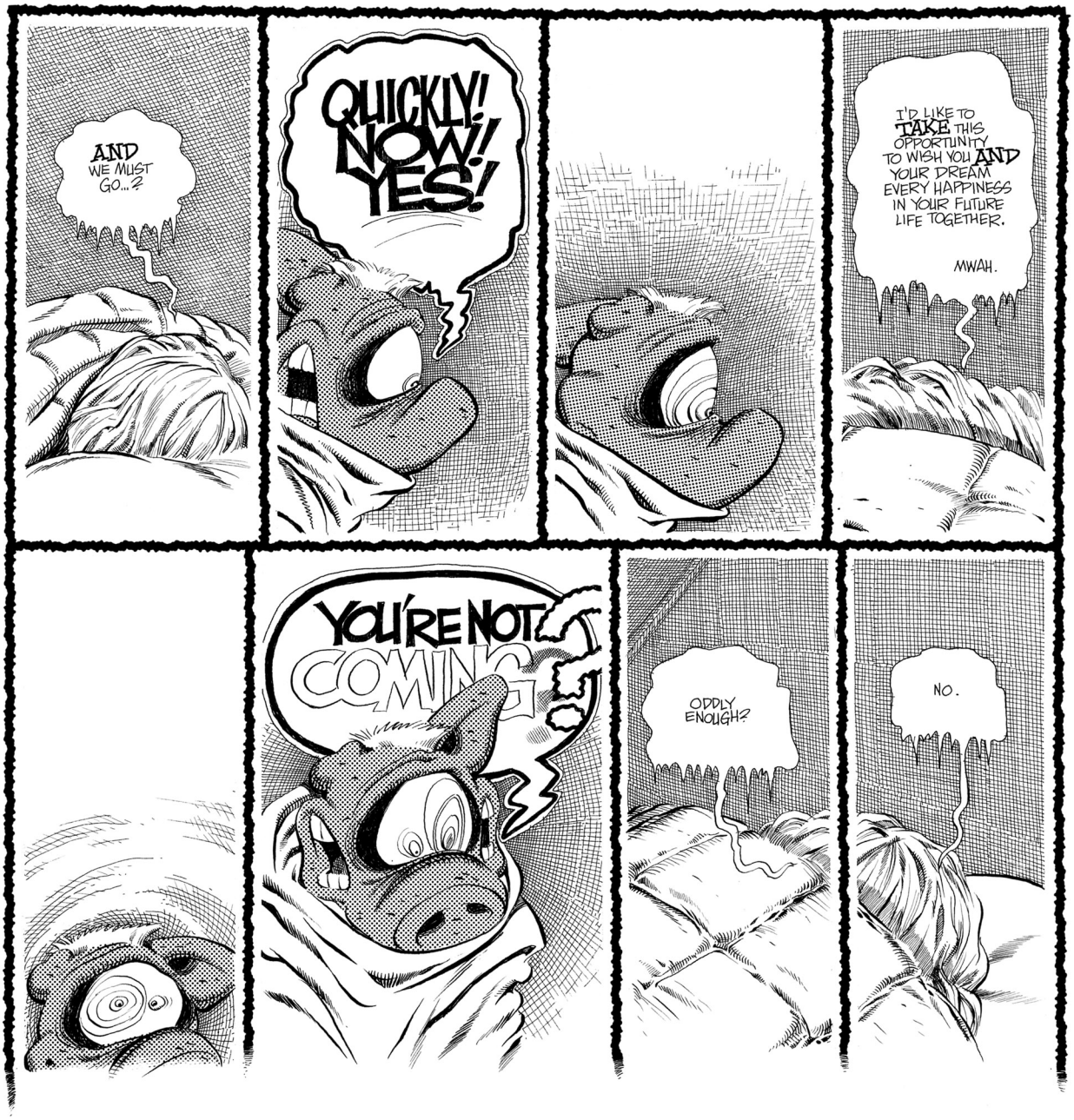

CEREBUS THOUGHT THAT YOU HAD
I -- I THOUGHT THAT YOU HAD
FLUMP
FLUMP
SO WHAT WAS THAT AWFUL NOISE?
CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW
BUT IT WAS LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE


Fup.
Fup.
JAKA! COME ON! WE HAVE TO GO!
Go.
Go Where.
THE WIND AND THE SNOW HAVE STOPPED... BUT ONLY TEMPORARILY! WE HAVE TO GO RIGHT NOW!
Go.
Where.
WE JUST HAVE TO
Cerebus?
IF YOU DARE... TO SAY... OUT LOUD: "WE HAVE TO GET OUT"
SO HELP ME ... I WILL BLOW MY HEAD OFF.

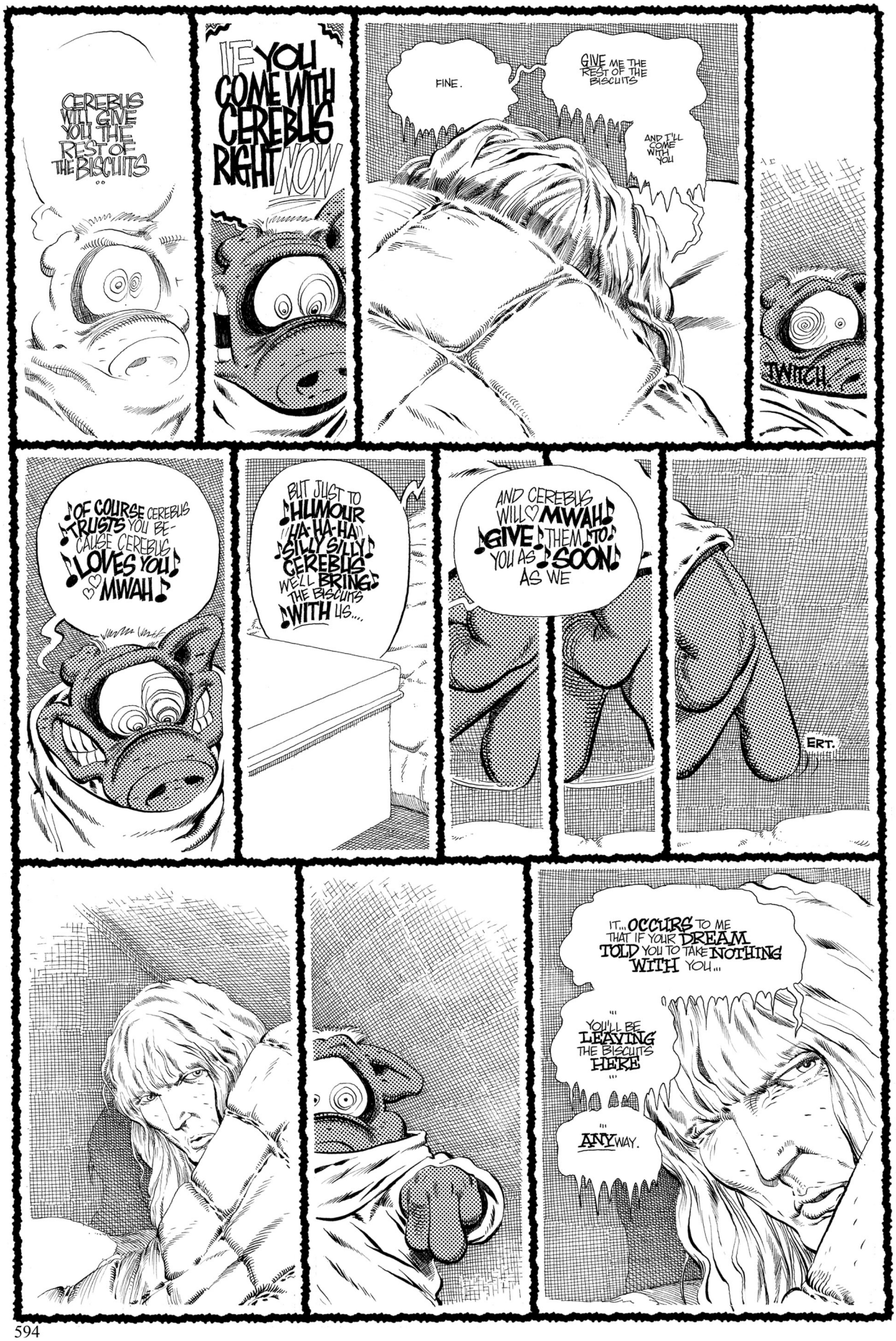

FLIMP
NAY NAY NAY-- THIS ISN'T LIKE WHEN CEREBUS WENT CRAZY!
THIS IS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT
TWITCH
CEREBUS. JUST. HAD. A. DREAM!
DOING DOING DOING
PLEASE.
Don't.
"DoinG"
ON MY SLEEPING BAG.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND
THE DREAM TOLD CEREBUS THE SNOW WAS GOING TO STOP--
AND IT DID.


TWITCH
WE HAVE TO FOLLOW THE LINE OF TREES
OVER THE RIDGE
AND. WE. MUST. GO
QUICKLY!
QUICKLY.
YES!
WEIGHTED DOWN BY A TWO-PERSON TENT...
...TWO SLEEPING BAGS
TWO FULL BACK PACKS
NAY NAY NAY THE DREAM SAID WE'RE TO TAKE NOTHING WITH US.
"NOTHING"
"WITH US."
HUNH?
OH! AYE! NAY! NOTHING


LET ME GET THIS ... STRAIGHT.
YOU HAD A DREAM.
WHICH TOLD YOU.
THAT-- DURING THE ONLY RESPITE IN A THREE-DAY-LONG-BLIZZARD
SIX-DAY.
TWITCH
SEVEN IF YOU COUNT TODAY.
I STAND CORRECTED ...
DURING THE ONLY RESPITE IN A SIX-OR-SEVEN-DAY-LONG-BLIZZARD
YOUR DREAM TOLD YOU THAT WE SHOULD ABANDON OUR ONLY SHELTER AND GO WADING THROUGH SNOW DRIFTS THAT ARE WHO KNOWS HOW DEEP
FOLLOWING A LINE OF TREES
OVER THE RIDGE! YES!



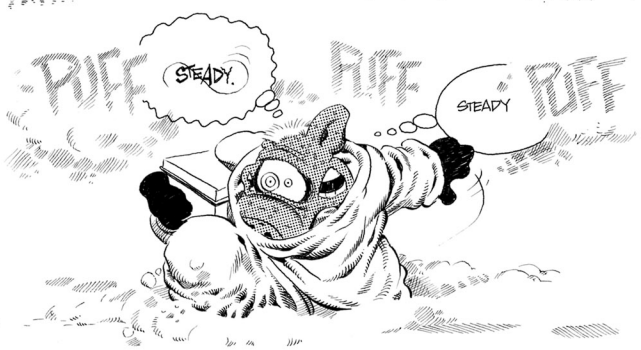
THIS IS TERRIBLE! CEREBUS CAN'T LEAVE JAKA BEHIND! ("TAKING NOTHING WITH YOU," RICK SAID) AYE! "TAKING NOTHING..." NO. THING. "....WITH YOU." JAKA ISN'T A THING...JAKA IS A AS IN "TAKE NO. BODY. WITH YOU." WHICH RICK DID NOT SAY -- AND EVEN IF HE HAD SAID "TAKE NO. BODY. WITH YOU" AND EVEN IF JAKA WAS A NOBODY, DAMN IT SHE'S CEREBUS' NOBODY AND NOBODY ELSE'S NOBODY AND IF JAKA IS NOTHING HEN NOBODY IS ANYBODY AND NOTHING IS ANYTHING. (IS CEREBUS FINISHED NOW?) PRETTY MUCH. (RICK ALSO SAID, "QUICKLY.") SO? CEREBUS WILL JUS OF SOMETHING QUICKLY. CEREBUS WILL GIVE JAKA THE REST OF THE BISCUITS (IF SHE COMES WITH CEREBUS) WELL OF COURSE "IF SHE COME ITH CEREBUS". WHAT'S IN CEREBUS SOME SORT OF MORON AU OF A KIND?


CEREBUS WILL GIVE YOU THE REST OF THE BISCUITS
IF YOU COME WITH CEREBUS RIGHT NOW
FINE.
GIVE ME THE REST OF THE BISCUITS
AND I'LL COME WITH YOU
TWITCH.
♪OF COURSE CEREBUS TRUSTS YOU BE-CAUSE CEREBUS LOVES YOU♪ ♡MWAH♪
BUT JUST TO ♪HUMOUR HA-HA-HA♪ ♪SILLY SILLY CEREBUS♪ WE'LL BRING♪ THE BISCUITS ♪WITH US....
AND CEREBUS WILL♡ MWAH♪ ♪GIVE♪ THEM TO♪ YOU AS ♪SOON♪ AS WE
ERT.
IT... OCCURS TO ME THAT IF YOUR DREAM TOLD YOU TO TAKE NOTHING WITH YOU...
"YOU'LL BE LEAVING THE BISCUITS HERE"
"ANYWAY.

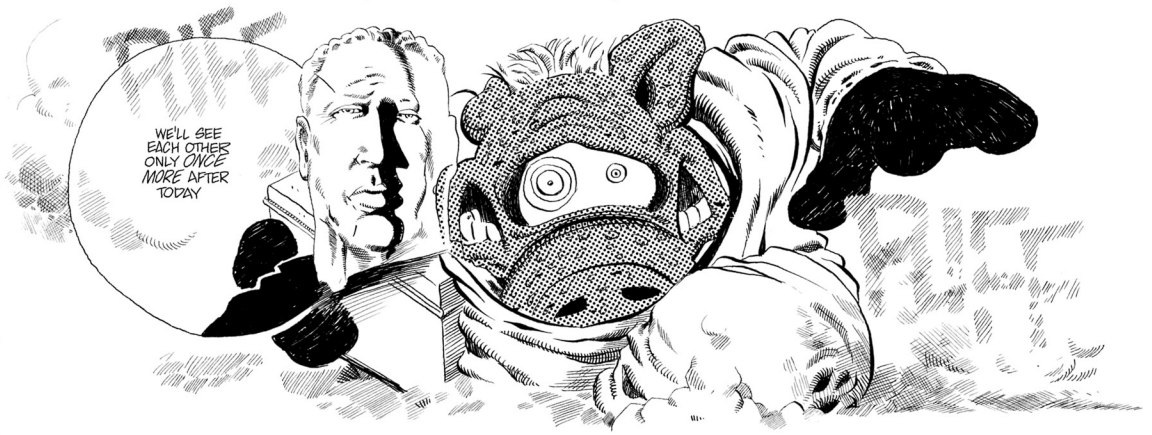
FLUMP.
SHIT. (SHE'S RIGHT)
CEREBUS KNOWS SHE'S RIGHT. THE QUESTION IS: "NOW WHAT?"
"QUICKLY" RICK SAID
QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY QUICKLY
LOOK! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHOICE LEFT.
(NO. UNH-UNH. NAY.) IT'S THE ONLY CHOICE DOES CEREBUS WANT TO END THE RELATIONSHIP? JAKA SAID "IF YOU EVER WANT TO BREAK UP LOOK! IF JAKA STAYS HERE AND STARVES HERSELF TO DEATH THE RELATIONSHIP IS SORT OF OVER ANYWAY ISN'T IT?
HERE GOES:
(GOOD POINT) AYE. WELL
SO. JAKA. JUST. GIVES. UP.
YES. YAWN JAKA. JUST. GIVES. UP.
NAY. JAKA DOESN'T GIVE UP.
?
YES, SHE DOES♪ LOOK♪ THIS♪ IS SHE♪ MWAH♪
JAKA DOESN'T GIVE UP
THE PRINCESS OF PALNU GIVES UP.
MAYBE SHE DIDN'T HEAR CEREBUS.
(BETTER STAY BETWEEN JAKA AND THE GUN JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE)
AYE.

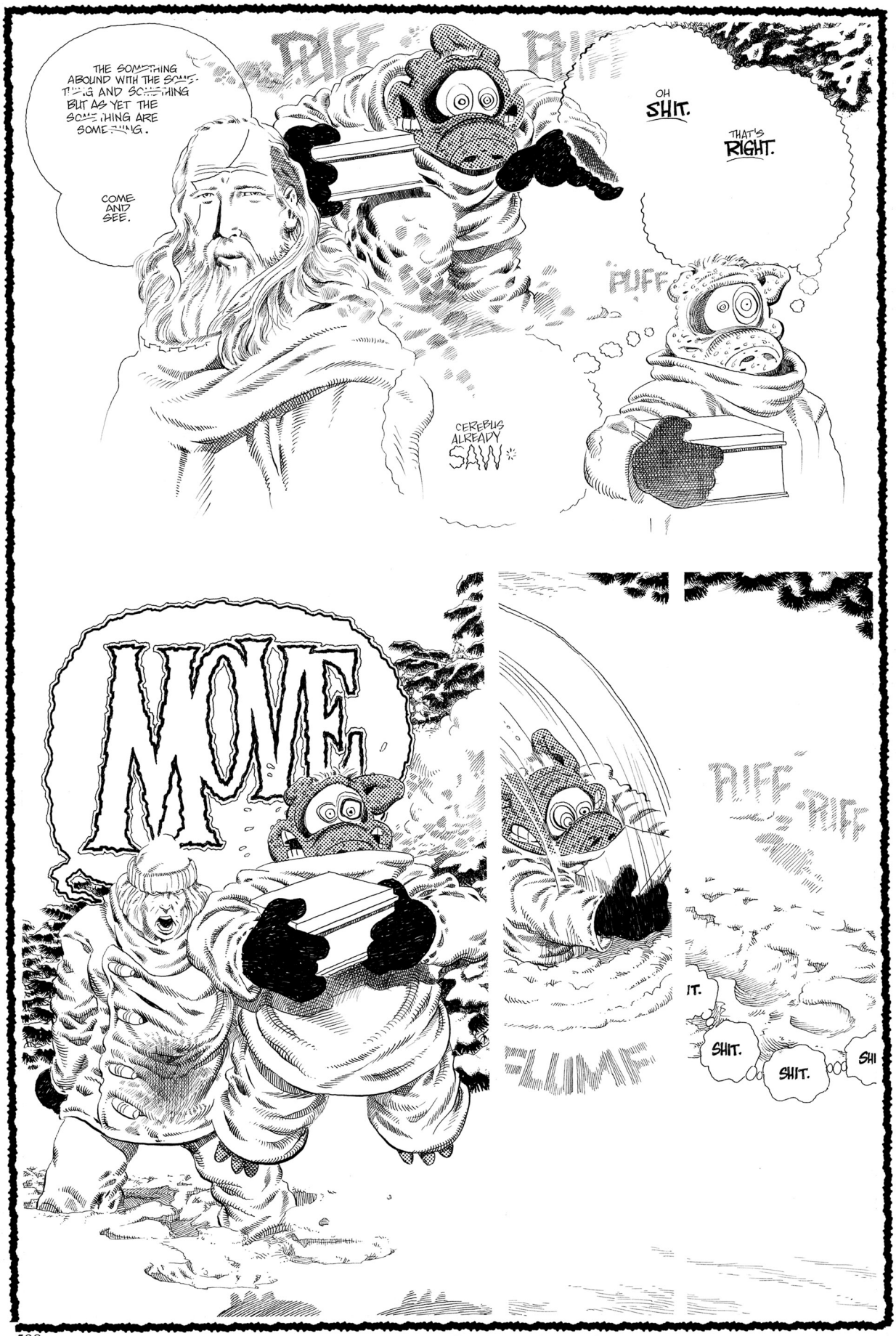
FLAP.
ALL. Right.
But the minute we get over that RIDGE?
I Want. EVERY Last. one. of those. damned BISCUITS
AND THEN... I AM COMING
STRAIGHT BACK HERE TO GET ON WITH DYING. MY. Way. UnderSTOOD?
AYE.
POKE
POKE

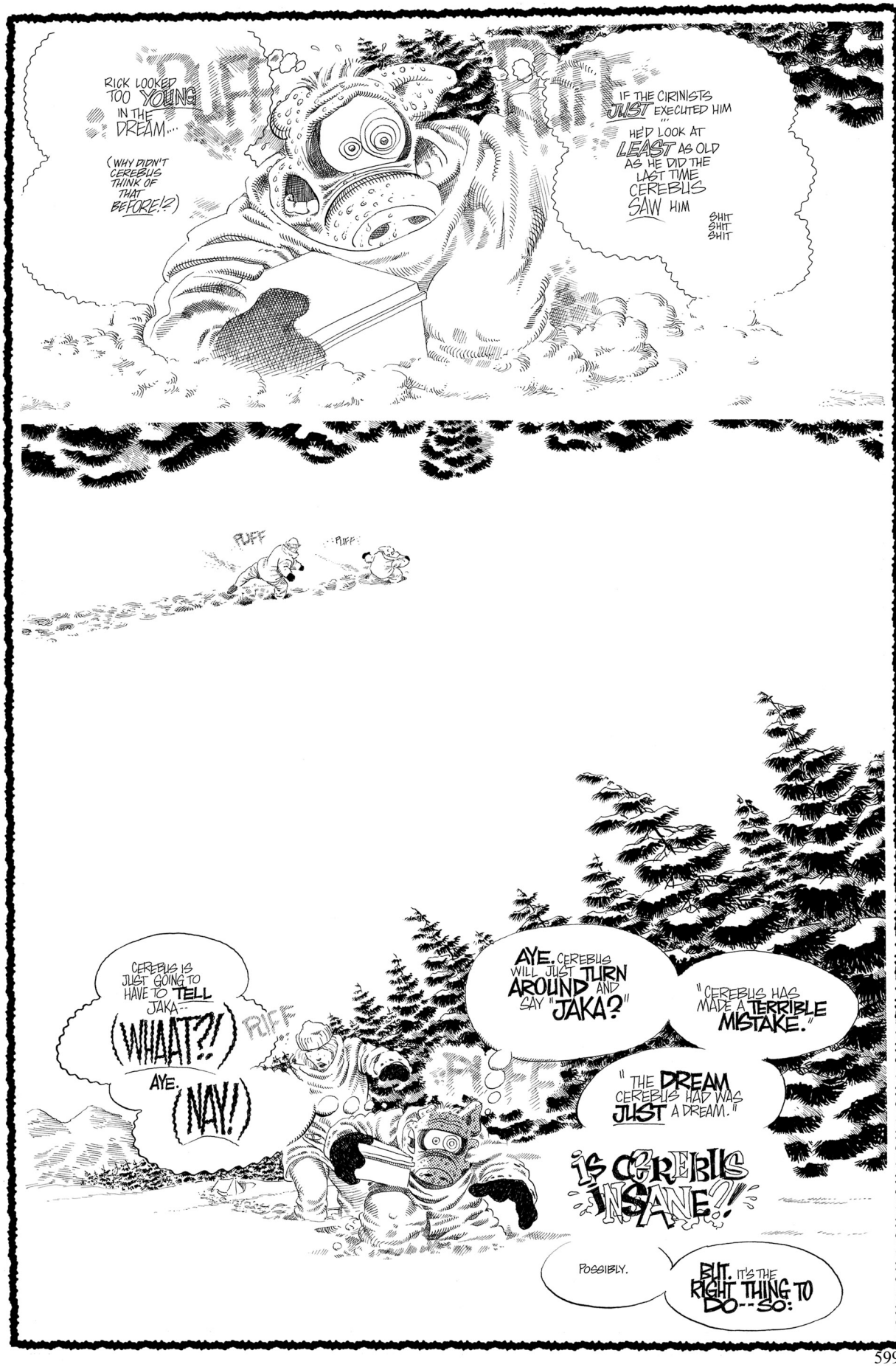
"OKAY * THAT WASN'T SO BAD -- "SHORTY" -- CEREBUS CALLED HER "PRINCESS of PALNU" AND SHE CALLED CEREBUS "SHORTY" * SO. * NOW WE'RE 'EVEN' (EVEN!? HAH!!) CEREBUS IS RIGHT * "SHORTY" IS JUST THE BEGINNING * FOR THE REST OF CEREBUS' LIFE (WHICH IS WHAT? -- TWO DAYS? THREE DAYS?) ALL CEREBUS CAN DO IS HOPE THAT WHATEVER IS OVER THAT RIDGE IS * IS SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE JAKA * HAPPY (HAPPY?! LIKE WHAT FOR INSTANCE -- ?!) LIKE -- (LIKE?) LIKE A FLYING MACHINE A CLOTHING HUT A BIG BOTTLE OF DRY WHITE WINE AND A SALAD THE SIZE OF PALNU CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW WHAT WATER MAKES TASTE

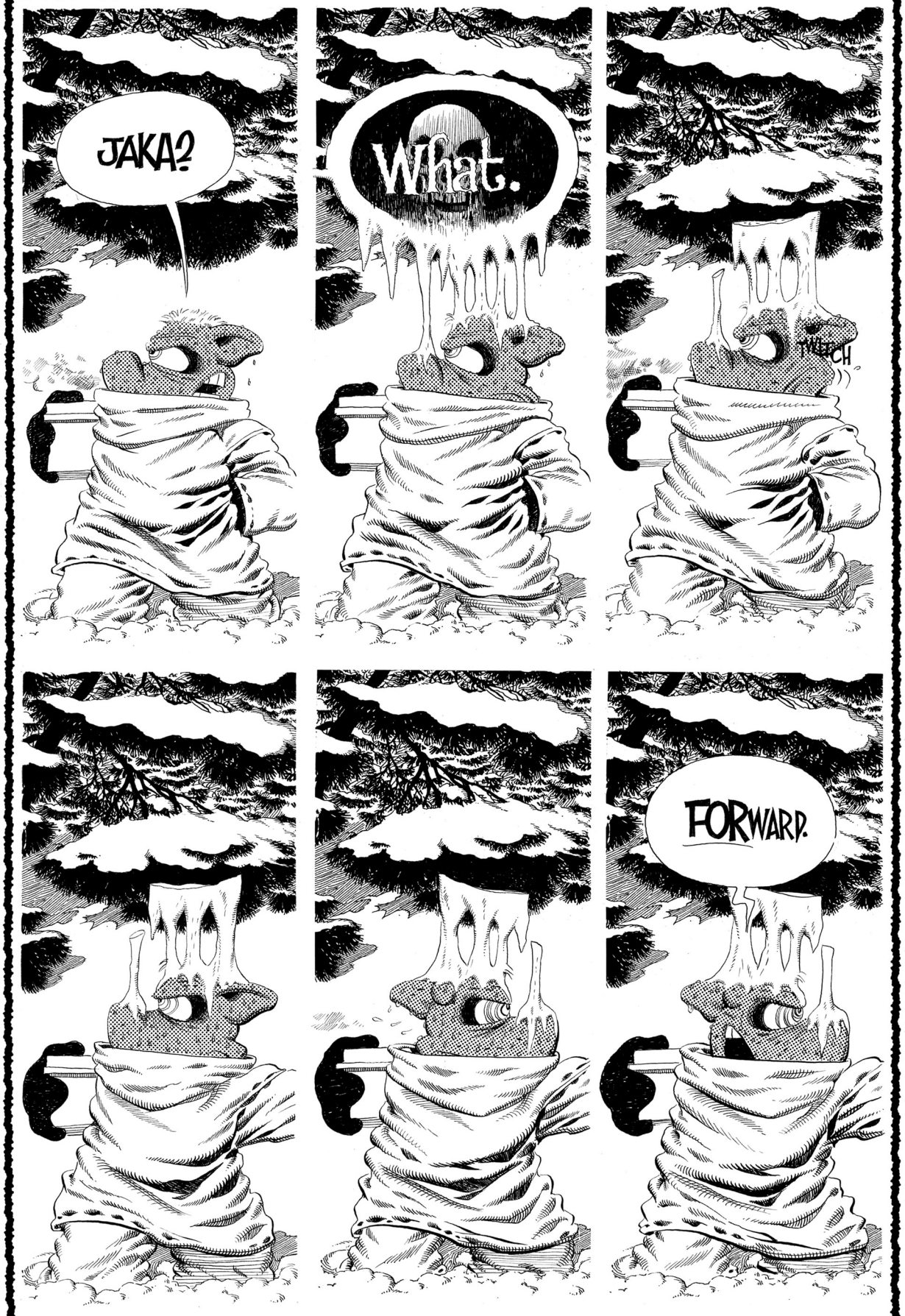


REMEMBER WHAT RICK SAID "FOLLOW THE LINE OF TREES, OVER THE RIDGE" REMEMBER WHAT RICK SAID "GO QUICKLY" REMEMBER WHAT RICK SAID "TAKING NOTHING WITH YOU" (PRETEND CEREBUS ATE THE BISCUITS -- THE TIN IS CEREBUS' STOMACH) (CEREBUS IS ALREADY TIRED OF CARRYING HIS STOMACH) "FOLLOW THE LINE OF TREES, OVER THE RIDGE" REMEMBER WHAT RICK

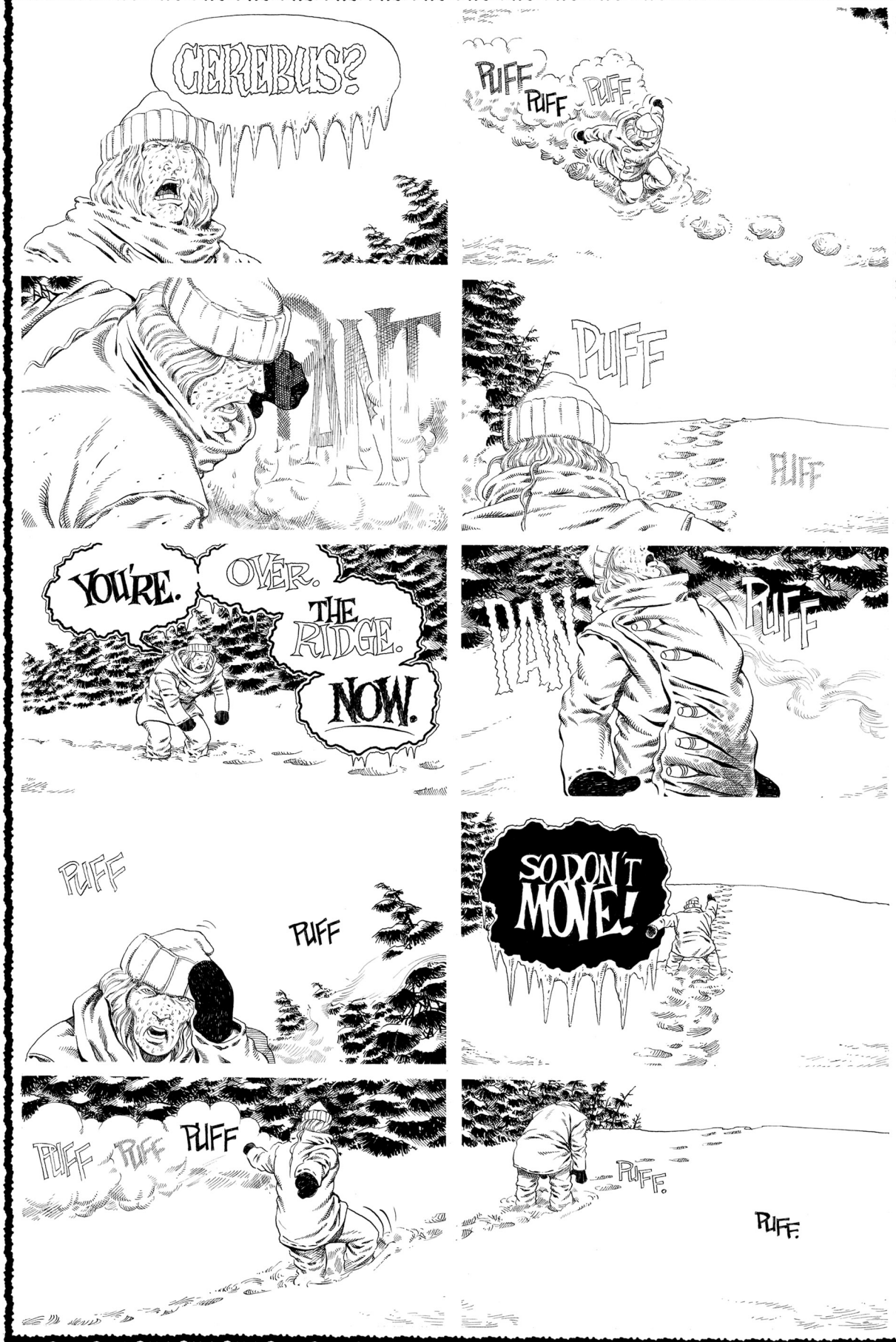



THE SOMETHING ABOUND WITH THE SOMETHING AND SOMETHING BUT AS YET THE SOMETHING ARE SOMETHING.
COME AND SEE.
PUFF
PUFF
CEREBUS ALREADY SAW
OH SHIT.
THAT'S RIGHT.
PUFF
MOVE
FLUMF
PUFF
PUFF
IT.
SHIT.
SHIT.
SHI

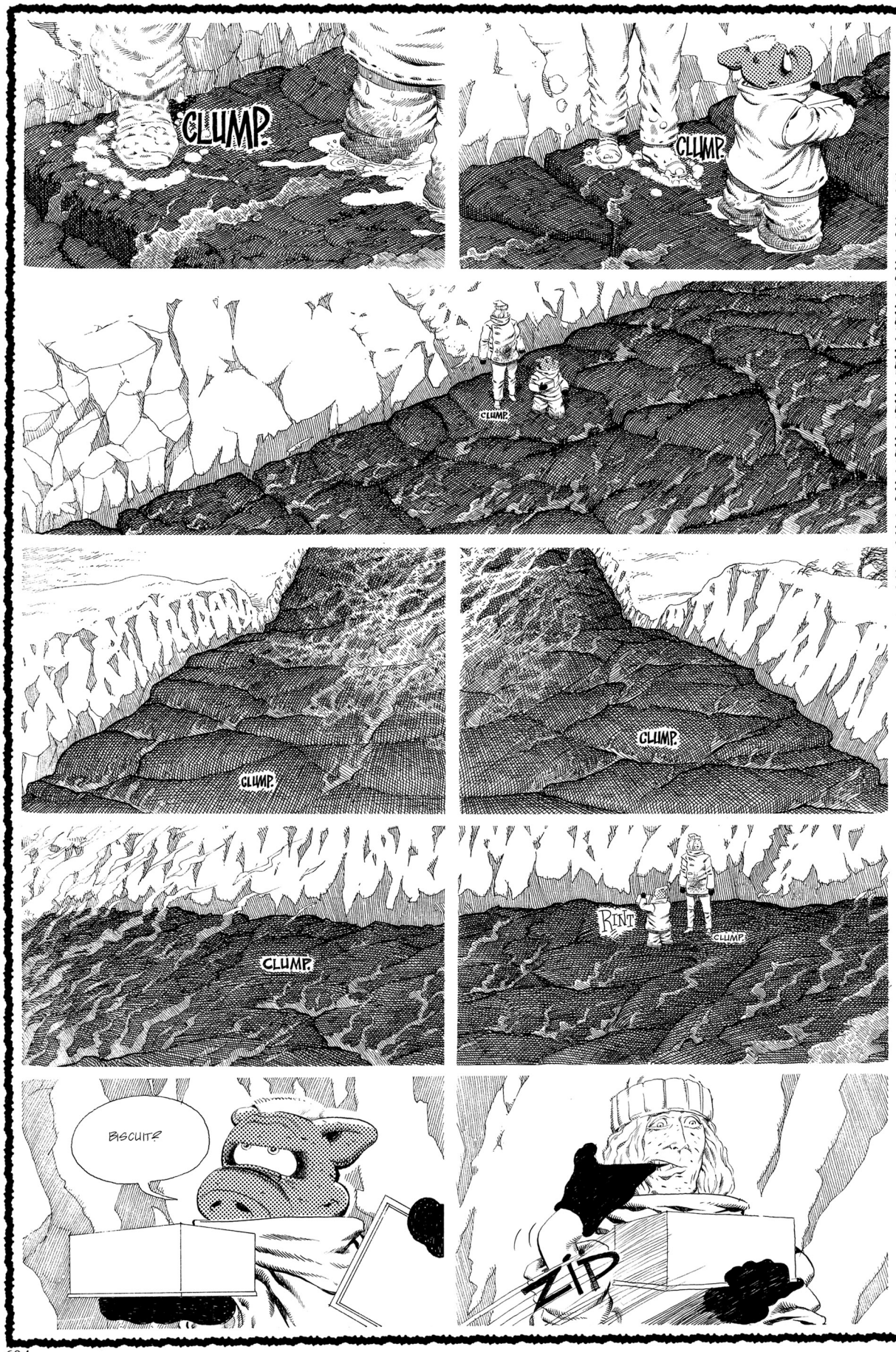

RICK LOOKED TOO YOUNG IN THE DREAM....
(WHY DIDN'T CEREBUS THINK OF THAT BEFORE!?)
IF THE CIRINISTS JUST EXECUTED HIM "
HE'D LOOK AT LEAST AS OLD AS HE DID THE LAST TIME CEREBUS SAW HIM
SHIT SHIT SHIT
PUFF
PUFF
CEREBUS IS JUST GOING TO HAVE TO TELL JAKA--
(WHAAT?!)
AYE.
(NAY!)
PUFF
AYE. CEREBUS WILL JUST TURN AROUND AND SAY "JAKA?"
" CEREBUS HAS MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE."
" THE DREAM CEREBUS HAD WAS JUST A DREAM."
IS CEREBUS INSANE?!
POSSIBLY.
BUT. IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO--SO:

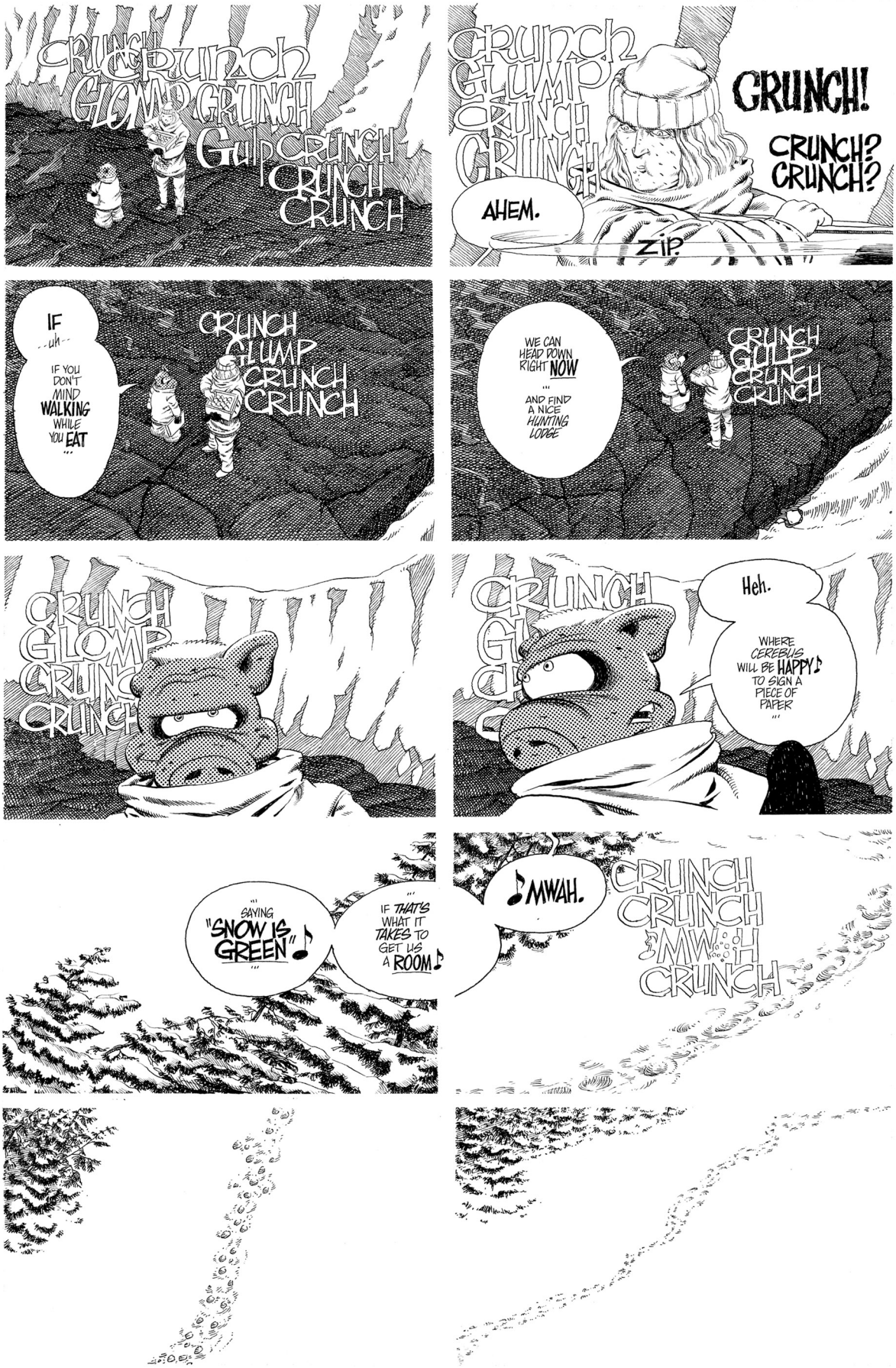

JAKA?
What.
TWITCH
FORWARD.

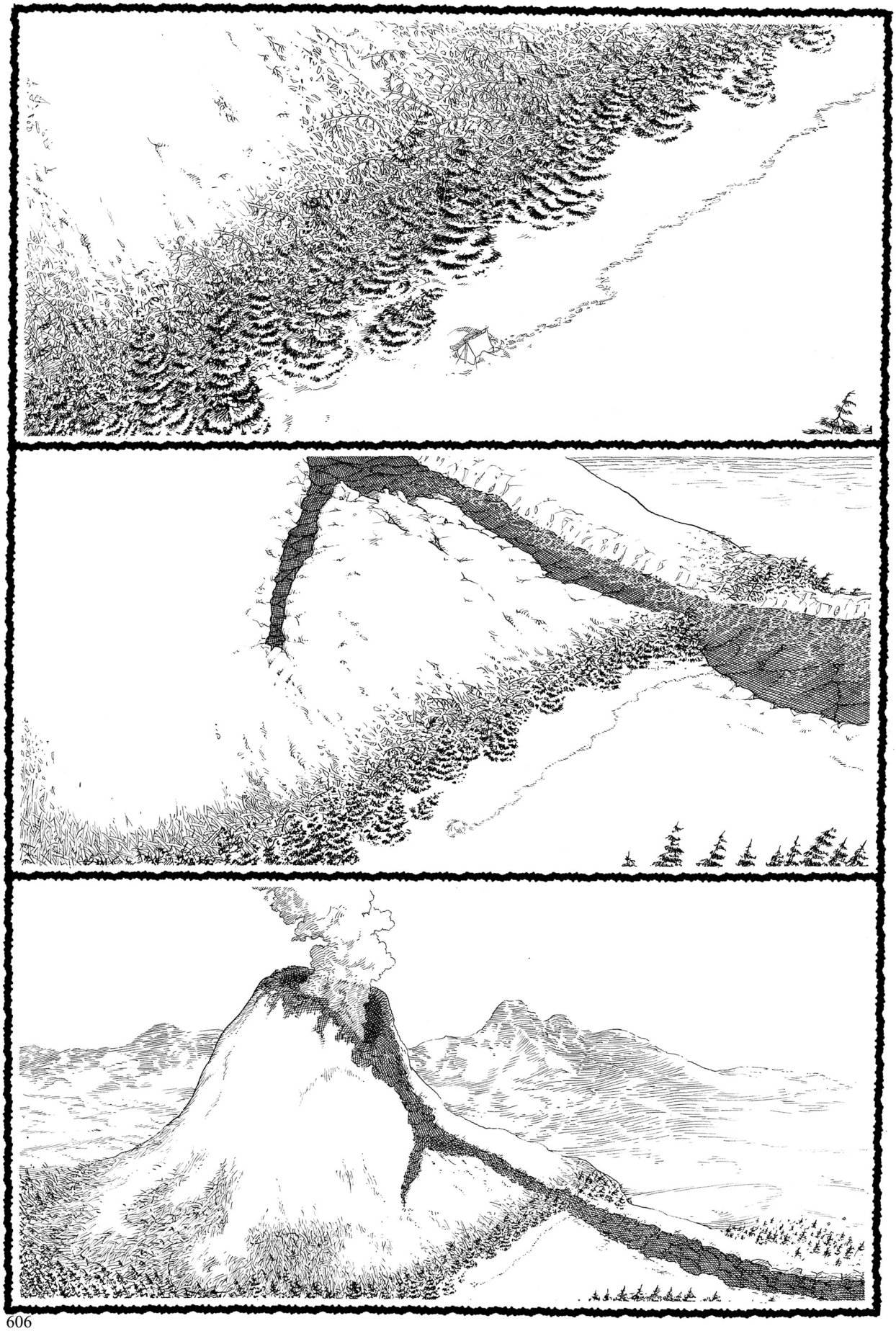
SHIT.
SHIT.
SHIT.
PUFF
damn R FOR. WARD.
PUFF
CEREBUS IS INSANE! (WHAT DOES CEREBUS THINK IS OVER THAT RIDGE?!)
WELL--LET'S SEE. WE'RE ON THE SIDE OF A HUGE MOUNTAIN SNOW-COVERED SO OVER THAT RIDGE IS---?
SNOW?
MORE SNOW.
LOTS MORE SNOW.
DEEPER SNOW?
MUCH DEEPER SNOW.
LOTS MORE MUCH DEEPER SNOW.
PUFF
PUFF
"JAKA! JAKA!"
"COME AND SEE!"
"THERE'S LOTS MORE MUCH DEEPER SNOW OVER HERE!"
PUFF
OH SHE'LL LOVE THAT
MAYBE CEREBUS SHOULD TRY TO LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE (BRIGHT SIDE?! WHAT BRIGHT MAYBE OVER THIS RIDGE THERE IS SO LOTS MORE MUCH DEEPER FLUFFIER SNOW THAT IT'S LIKE A GIANT LOTS MORE MUCH DEEPER FLUFFIER SNOW PIT AND THE MOMENT CEREBUS SETS FOOT ON IT CEREBUS W
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF

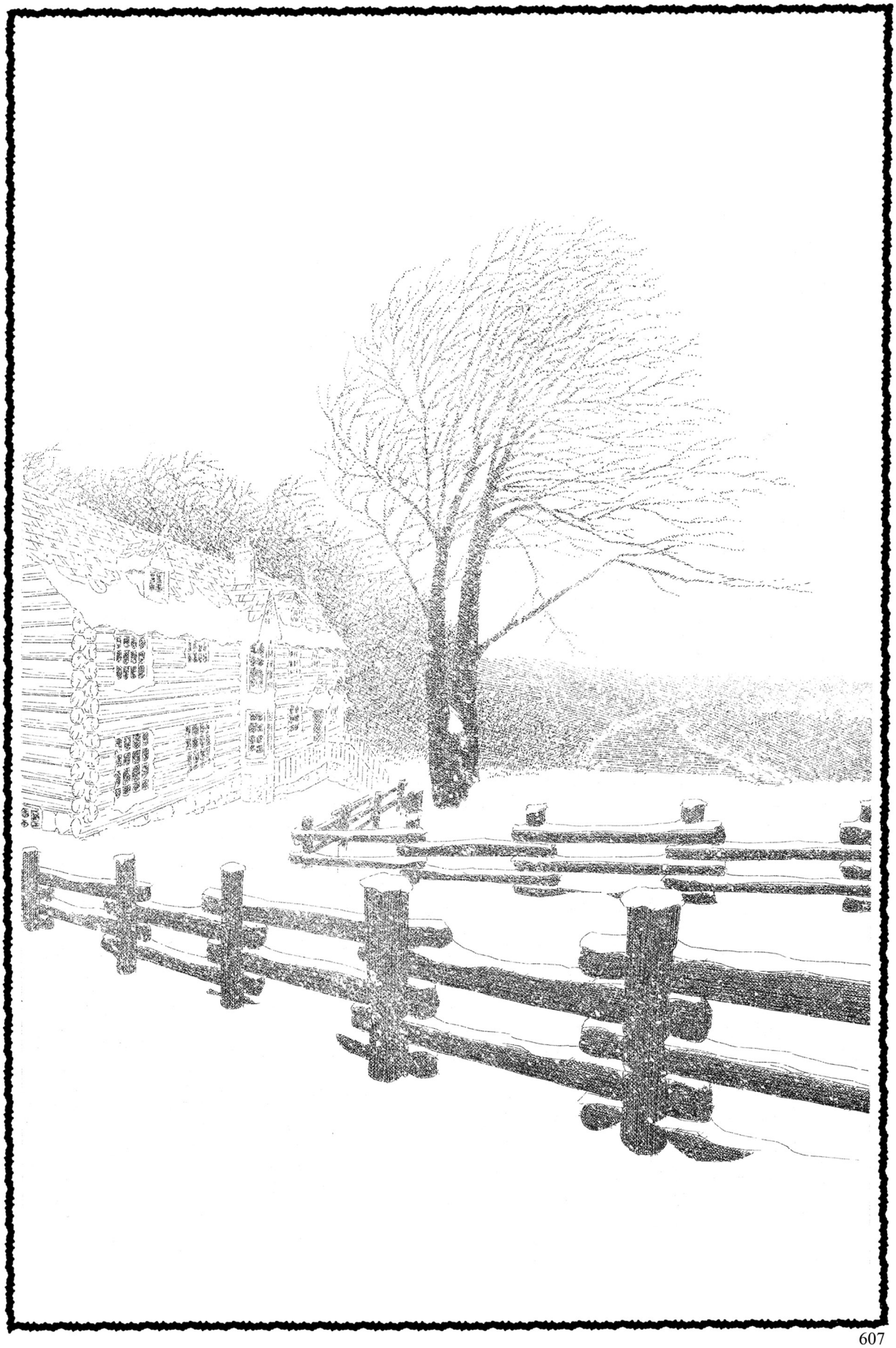

CEREBUS?
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
YOU'RE.
OVER.
THE RIDGE.
NOW.
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
SO DON'T MOVE!
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF.
PUFF.

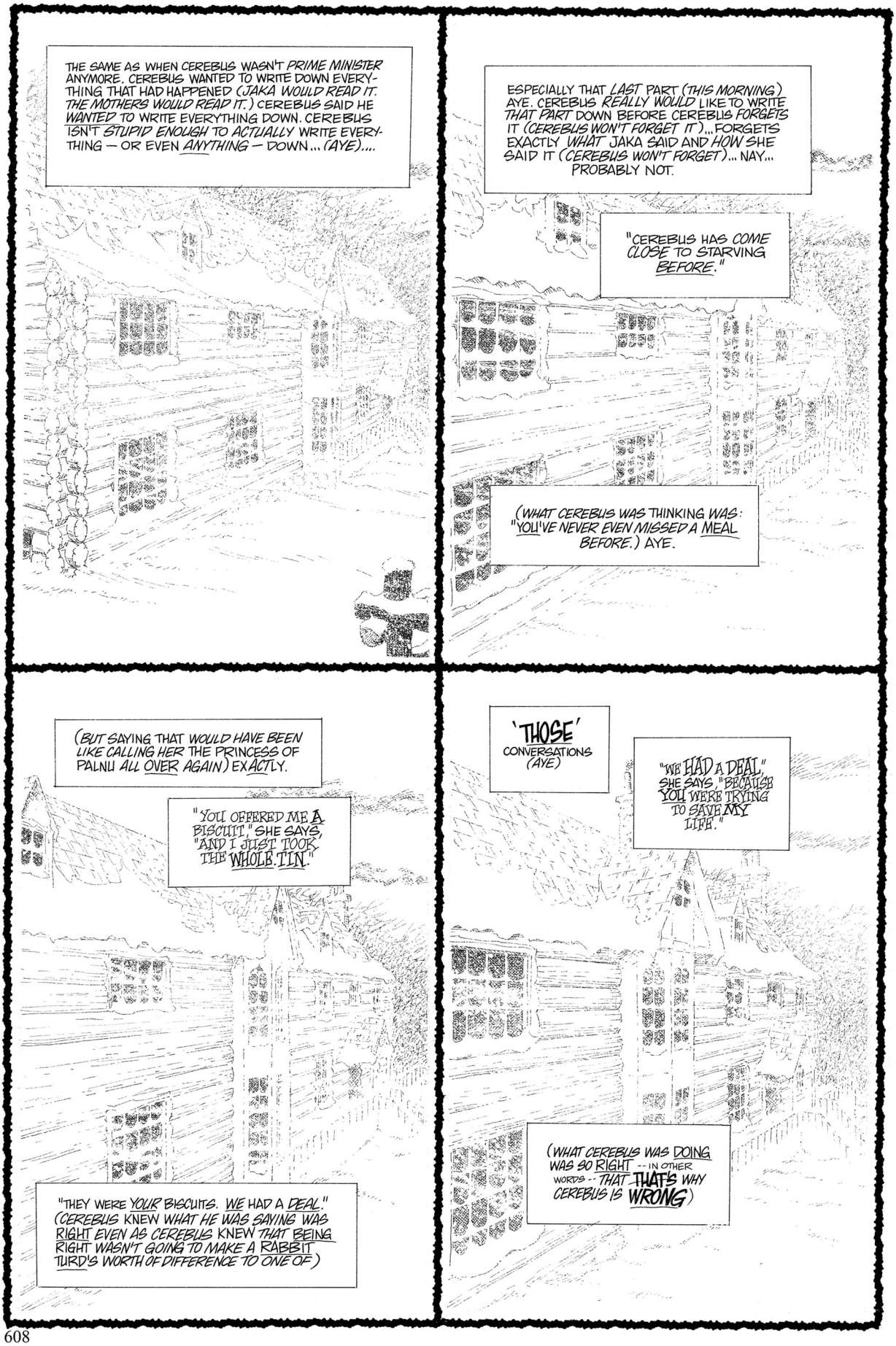
I.
MY.
WANT.
BISCUITS!
PUFF
PUFF
CEREBUS?
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
PUFF
I Said.
I.
WANT.
„MY„

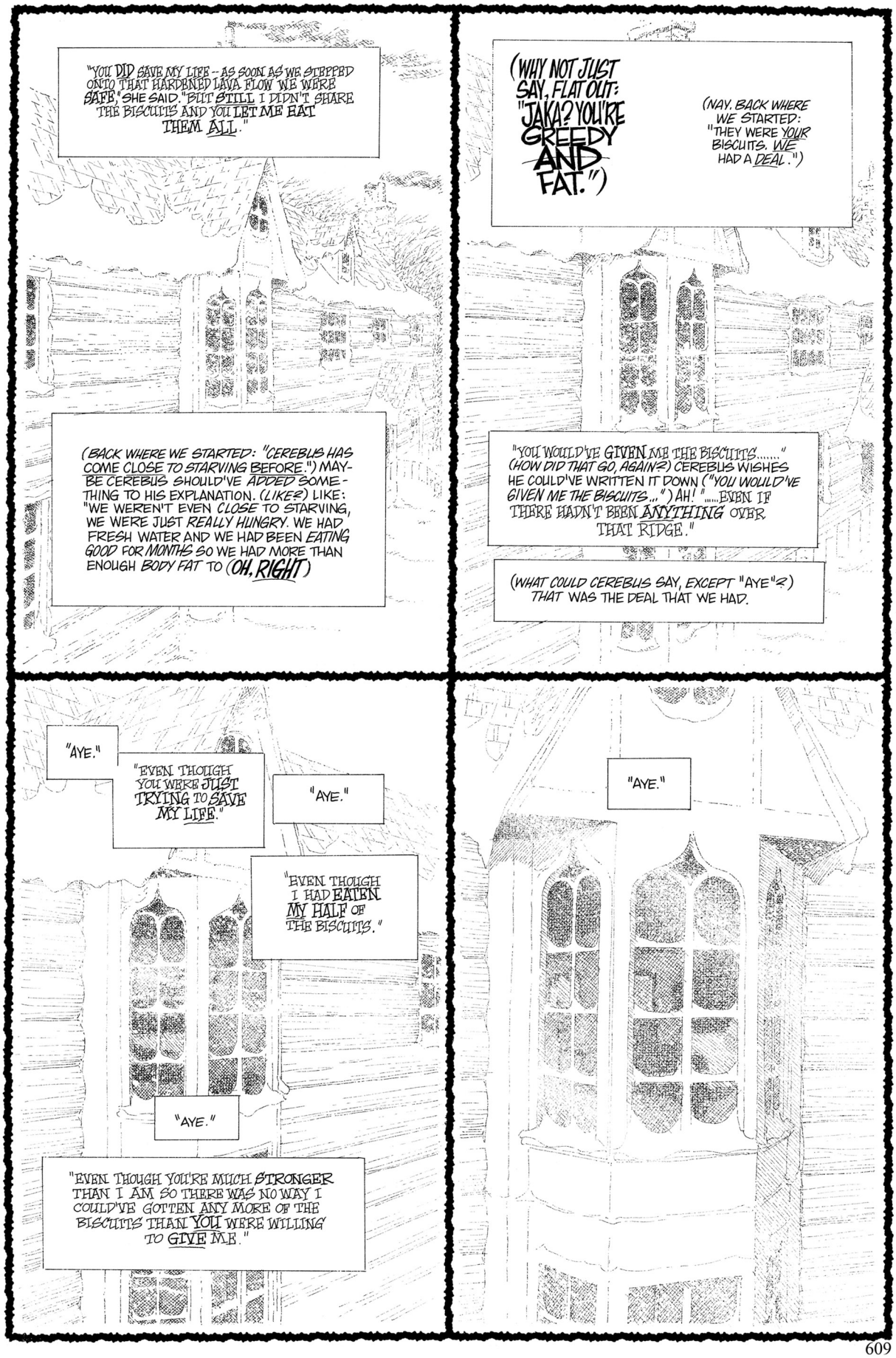

CLUMP.
CLUMP.
CLUMP.
CLUMP.
CLUMP.
CLUMP.
RINT
CLUMP
BISCUIT?
ZIP

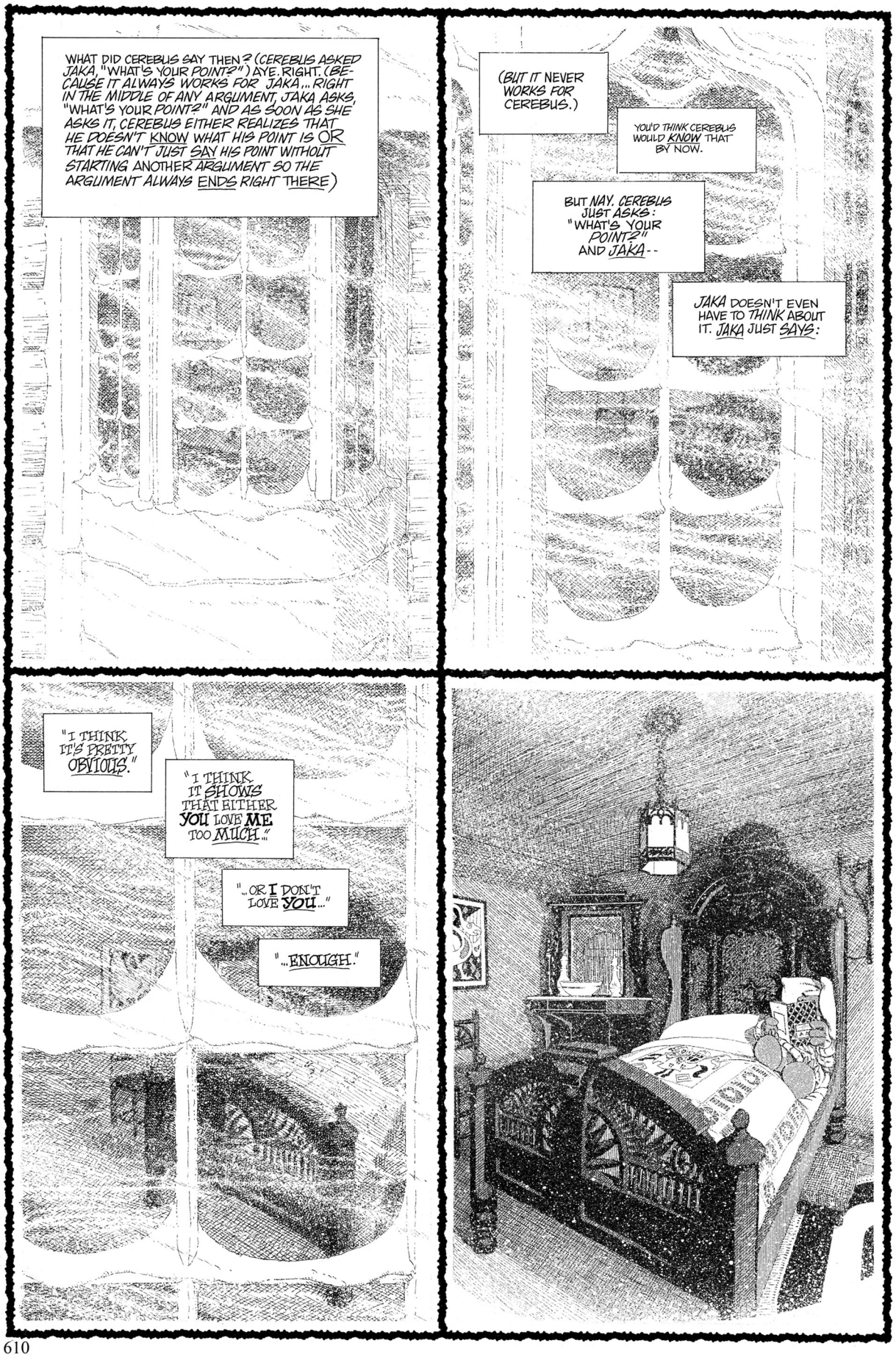

CRUNCH CRUNCH GLOMP CRUNCH Gulp CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH
GRUNCH GLUMP CRUNCH CRUNCH
GRUNCH!
CRUNCH? CRUNCH?
AHEM.
zip
IF ...uh... IF YOU DON'T MIND WALKING WHILE YOU EAT ...
CRUNCH GLUMP CRUNCH CRUNCH
WE CAN HEAD DOWN RIGHT NOW ... AND FIND A NICE HUNTING LODGE
CRUNCH GULP CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRUNCH GLOMP CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRUNCH
Heh.
WHERE CEREBUS WILL BE HAPPY♪ TO SIGN A PIECE OF PAPER ...
... SAYING "SNOW IS GREEN" ♪ ...
... IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO GET US A ROOM ♪
♪MWAH.
CRUNCH CRUNCH ♪MW...H CRUNCH





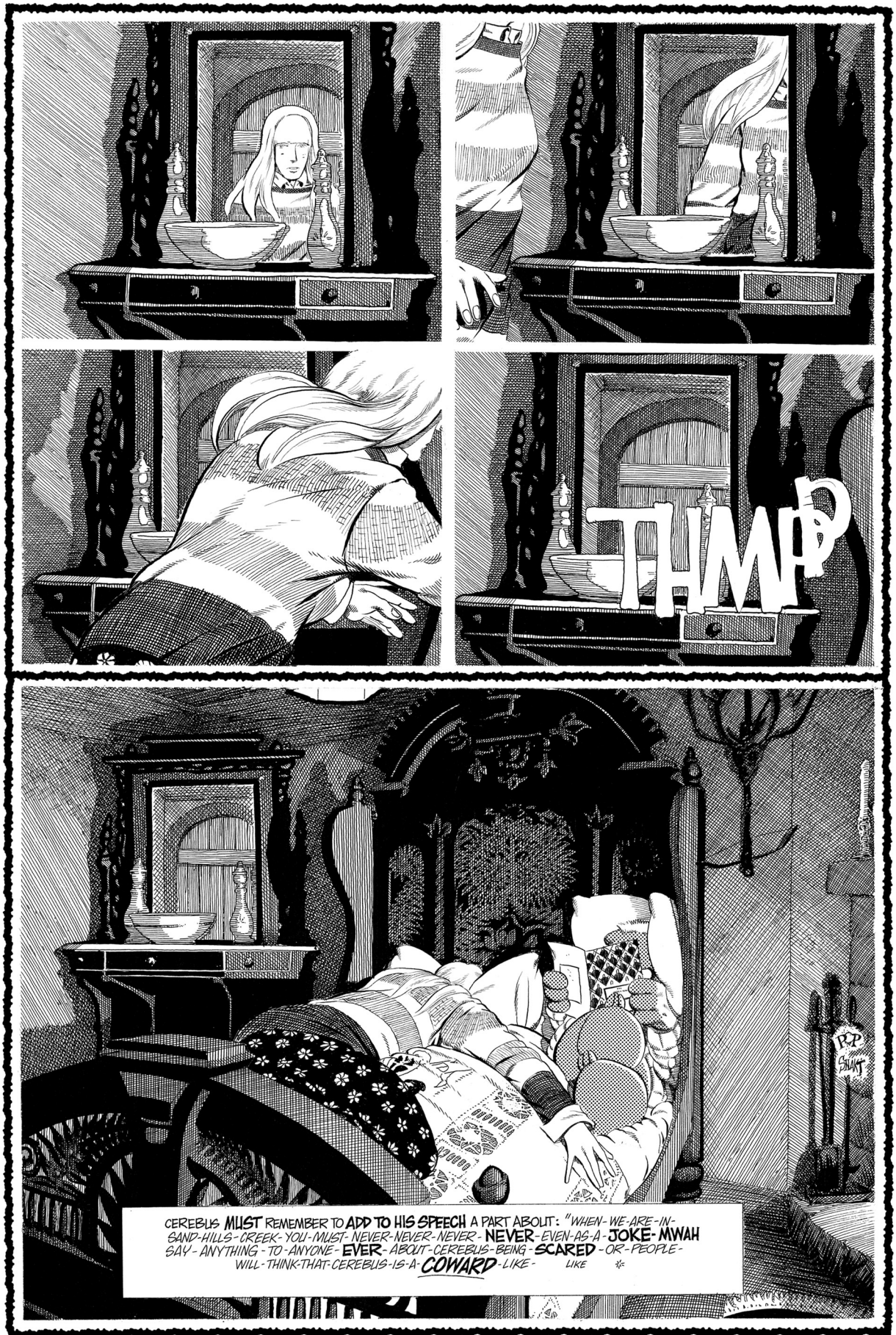

THE SAME AS WHEN CEREBUS WASN'T PRIME MINISTER ANYMORE. CEREBUS WANTED TO WRITE DOWN EVERYTHING THAT HAD HAPPENED (JAKA WOULD READ IT. THE MOTHERS WOULD READ IT.) CEREBUS SAID HE WANTED TO WRITE EVERYTHING DOWN. CEREBUS ISN'T STUPID ENOUGH TO ACTUALLY WRITE EVERYTHING — OR EVEN ANYTHING — DOWN... (AYE)....
ESPECIALLY THAT LAST PART (THIS MORNING) AYE. CEREBUS REALLY WOULD LIKE TO WRITE THAT PART DOWN BEFORE CEREBUS FORGETS IT (CEREBUS WON'T FORGET IT)... FORGETS EXACTLY WHAT JAKA SAID AND HOW SHE SAID IT (CEREBUS WON'T FORGET)... NAY... PROBABLY NOT.
"CEREBUS HAS COME CLOSE TO STARVING BEFORE."
(WHAT CEREBUS WAS THINKING WAS: "YOU'VE NEVER EVEN MISSED A MEAL BEFORE.) AYE.
(BUT SAYING THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE CALLING HER THE PRINCESS OF PALNU ALL OVER AGAIN) EXACTLY.
"YOU OFFERED ME A BISCUIT," SHE SAYS, "AND I JUST TOOK THE WHOLE TIN."
"THEY WERE YOUR BISCUITS. WE HAD A DEAL." (CEREBUS KNEW WHAT HE WAS SAYING WAS RIGHT EVEN AS CEREBUS KNEW THAT BEING RIGHT WASN'T GOING TO MAKE A RABBIT TURD'S WORTH OF DIFFERENCE TO ONE OF)
'THOSE' CONVERSATIONS (AYE)
"WE HAD A DEAL," SHE SAYS, "BECAUSE YOU WERE TRYING TO SAVE MY LIFE."
(WHAT CEREBUS WAS DOING WAS SO RIGHT -- IN OTHER WORDS -- THAT THAT'S WHY CEREBUS IS WRONG)


"YOU DID SAVE MY LIFE -- AS SOON AS WE STEPPED ONTO THAT HARDENED LAVA FLOW WE WERE SAFE," SHE SAID. "BUT STILL I DIDN'T SHARE THE BISCUITS AND YOU LET ME EAT THEM ALL."
(BACK WHERE WE STARTED: "CEREBUS HAS COME CLOSE TO STARVING BEFORE.") MAYBE CEREBUS SHOULD'VE ADDED SOMETHING TO HIS EXPLANATION. (LIKE?) LIKE: "WE WEREN'T EVEN CLOSE TO STARVING, WE WERE JUST REALLY HUNGRY. WE HAD FRESH WATER AND WE HAD BEEN EATING GOOD FOR MONTHS SO WE HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH BODY FAT TO (OH, RIGHT)
(WHY NOT JUST SAY, FLAT OUT: "JAKA? YOU'RE GREEDY AND FAT.")
(NAY. BACK WHERE WE STARTED: "THEY WERE YOUR BISCUITS. WE HAD A DEAL.")
"YOU WOULD'VE GIVEN ME THE BISCUITS....." (HOW DID THAT GO, AGAIN?) CEREBUS WISHES HE COULD'VE WRITTEN IT DOWN ("YOU WOULD'VE GIVEN ME THE BISCUITS...") AH! "....EVEN IF THERE HADN'T BEEN ANYTHING OVER THAT RIDGE."
(WHAT COULD CEREBUS SAY, EXCEPT "AYE"?) THAT WAS THE DEAL THAT WE HAD.
"AYE."
"EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE JUST TRYING TO SAVE MY LIFE."
"AYE."
"EVEN THOUGH I HAD EATEN MY HALF OF THE BISCUITS."
"AYE."
"EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE MUCH STRONGER THAN I AM, SO THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD'VE GOTTEN ANY MORE OF THE BISCUITS THAN YOU WERE WILLING TO GIVE ME."
"AYE."


WHAT DID CEREBUS SAY THEN? (CEREBUS ASKED JAKA, "WHAT'S YOUR POINT?") AYE. RIGHT. (BECAUSE IT ALWAYS WORKS FOR JAKA... RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF ANY ARGUMENT, JAKA ASKS, "WHAT'S YOUR POINT?" AND AS SOON AS SHE ASKS IT, CEREBUS EITHER REALIZES THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HIS POINT IS OR THAT HE CAN'T JUST SAY HIS POINT WITHOUT STARTING ANOTHER ARGUMENT SO THE ARGUMENT ALWAYS ENDS RIGHT THERE)
(BUT IT NEVER WORKS FOR CEREBUS.)
YOU'D THINK CEREBUS WOULD KNOW THAT BY NOW.
BUT NAY. CEREBUS JUST ASKS: "WHAT'S YOUR POINT?" AND JAKA--
JAKA DOESN'T EVEN HAVE TO THINK ABOUT IT. JAKA JUST SAYS:
"I THINK IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS."
"I THINK IT SHOWS THAT EITHER YOU LOVE ME TOO MUCH..."
"...OR I DON'T LOVE YOU..."
"...ENOUGH."

ALL OF WHICH LEAVES CEREBUS A LONG, LONG, LONG, LONG, LONG WAY FROM FINDING A WAY TO START HIS "OH-BY-THE-WAY-THAT-REMINDS-CEREBUS. CEREBUS-HAS-BEEN-MEANING-TO-TALK-TO-YOU-ABOUT-HOW-SAND-HILLS-CREEK-ISN'T-LIKE-IEST-OR-PALNU-AND-EVEN-THOUGH-IT-SOUNDS-TO-YOU-MWAH!-AND-TO-CEREBUS-AS-IF-WE-ARE-JUST-HAVING-A-MWAH!-GOOD-DISCUSSION-ABOUT-SOMETHING-MWAH!-IN-SAND-HILLS-CREEK-WHEN-A-WOMAN-TALKS-TO-A-MAN-LIKE-THAT-IT-IS-CALLED-"MOUTHING OFF"-AND-IT-CAN-CAUSE-BOTH-THE-MAN-AND-THE-WOMAN-TO-BE-TREATED-PERMANENTLY-WORSE-THAN DOGS-SO-THAT-THE-MAN-AND-THE-WOMAN-ARE-FORCED-TO-LEAVE-IF-WORD-GETS-AROUND-THAT-THE-WOMAN-IS-"MOUTHING OFF"-A-LOT-AND-CEREBUS-IS-NOT-SAYING-WE-CAN-NEVER-DISCUSS-ANY-THING-IT-IS-JUST-THAT-IN-SAND-HILLS-CREEK-THOSE-DISCUSSIONS-TAKE-PLACE-QUIETLY-AND-BEHIND-CLOSED-DOORS-SO-THE-MAN-AND-WOMAN-CAN-CONTINUE-TO-LIVE-IN-SAND-HILLS-CREEK-AND-CONTINUE-TO-BE-TREATED-LIKE-A-MAN-AND-WOMAN-AND-NOT-WORSE-THAN-DOGS-AND-CEREBUS-THANKS-YOU FOR-BEING-SO-MWAH!-UNDERSTANDING-AND-MWAH!-WONDERFUL-AND-FOR-DOING-YOUR-BEST-TO-MAKE-SURE-WE-DON'T-HAVE-TO-LEAVE-SAND-HILLS-CREEK-IN-COMPLETE-HUMILIATION-AND -DISGRACE" SPEECH.
SNAP
CRAK
SNAP
POP
KLAK
HINK HE WAS JUST SCARED.
WOULDN'T YOU BE? IF YOU'D JUST FOUND A HERO OF YOURS
GERTRUDE? GERTRUDE, OF COURSE, DOES NOT HAVE "HEROES". SO, YOU ARE CERTAIN, YOUR MAJ-- ehm -- "JAKA" THAT YOUR ''' COMPANION '''

...DID NOT TAKE ONE OF THE ERNESTWAYS' GUNS?
YES. QUITE CERTAIN.
POSSESSION OF A FIREARM BY AN UNMARRIED INDIVIDUAL IS SUBJECT TO THE MOST SEVERE REPERCUSSIONS IMAGINABLE.
IT WAS A VERY. SMALL. TENT.
MEANING. WHAT...? EXACTLY.
MEANING - I-- I WOULD'VE SEEN IT IF IT HAD--HAD BEEN THERE
I'M SORRY. I REALLY HAVE TO LIE DOWN NOW. I STILL TIRE EA
GERTRUDE UNDERSTANDS. PLEASE NOTIFY GERTRUDE WHEN YOU ARE AWAKE AGAIN: WE WILL DISCUSS THEN THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE
flip flip
"LINE. OF. TREES."
YES. YES OF COURSE
CREAK
BIG TWO-HEADE MOUNTAI
by HAM ERNESTWAY
CREAK
CREAK
Ka KLAK
KLAK

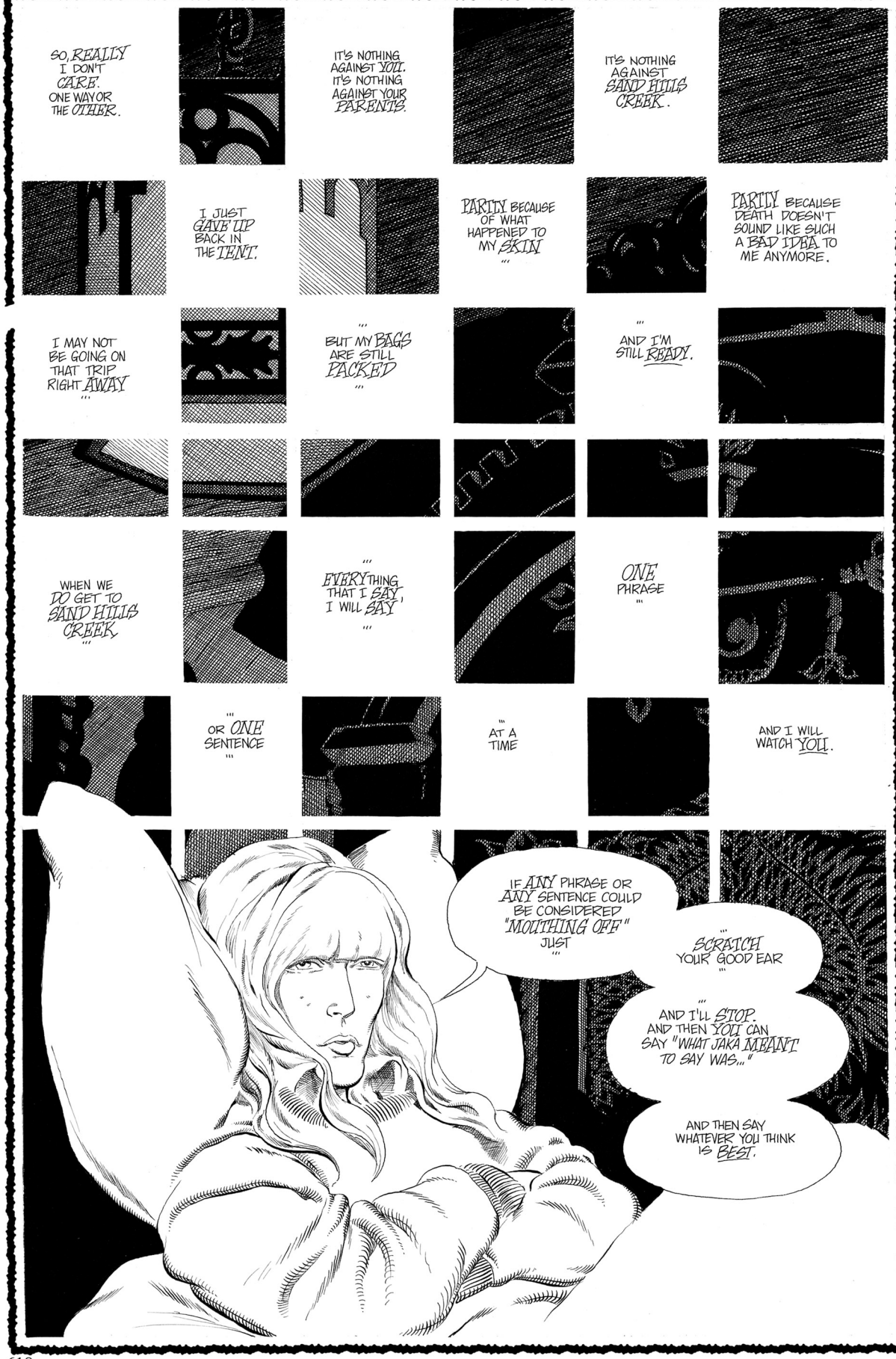

THMP
CEREBUS MUST REMEMBER TO ADD TO HIS SPEECH A PART ABOUT: "WHEN-WE-ARE-IN-SAND-HILLS-CREEK-YOU-MUST-NEVER-NEVER-NEVER- NEVER-EVEN-AS-A-JOKE-MWAH SAY-ANYTHING-TO-ANYONE-EVER-ABOUT-CEREBUS-BEING-SCARED-OR-PEOPLE-WILL-THINK-THAT-CEREBUS-IS-A-COWARD-LIKE- LIKE *

CRIK
CRIK CRINK CRIK
WAP
PLOP
PLEASE. STOP. FIDGETING....
OKAY.
SNAP
POP

"I LEFT MISSY IN THE TENT."
"YOU WHAT?!"
"I LEFT MISSY IN THE TENT. I WAS SO SURE I WAS COMING RIGHT BACK."
"? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
"? TO GET MISSY."
"OH, CEREBUS-- DON'T BE SILLY-- IT'S JUST A DOLL."
CRAK
POP
KRAK
MISSY IS NOT 'JUST A DOLL'-- MISSY IS
POP.
CRAK.

IT WAS AS IF --AS IF I HAD GOTTEN ALL PACKED AND READY...
...FOR A REALLY IMPORTANT TRIP...
AND THEN FOUND OUT... I WASN'T GOING
...AFTER ALL.
I WAS REALLY READY TO DIE.
NAY. YOU WERE JUST REALLY HUNGRY. "READY TO DIE" COMES MUCH LATER WHEN YOU ACTUALLY BEGIN TO STARVE. (DON'T SAY THAT OUT LOUD) CEREBUS KNOWS! CEREBUS ISN'T STUPID! (CEREBUS WAS JUST SAYING, OKAY? SHIT CEREBUS DOESN'T HAVE TO BITE CEREBUS' HEAD OFF --:F) SHH! JAKA IS GOING TO START TALKING AGAIN AND SHE TOLD CEREBUS TO PAY ATTENTION SO SHHH!
(OKAY. AYE. "SHHH!")
IT'S GOING TO SOUND CRAZY TO YOU... BUT IT'S TRUE-- ONE OF THE REASONS I COULD FACE STARVATION SO CALMLY
...
(STARVATION? SHE WASN'T EVEN THAT HUNGRY-- SHE ATE ALL THE BISCUITS SH!
WELL SHE DID! SH!
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!
...WAS THE FACT THAT AFTER WALKING THROUGH THAT HAILSTORM
...

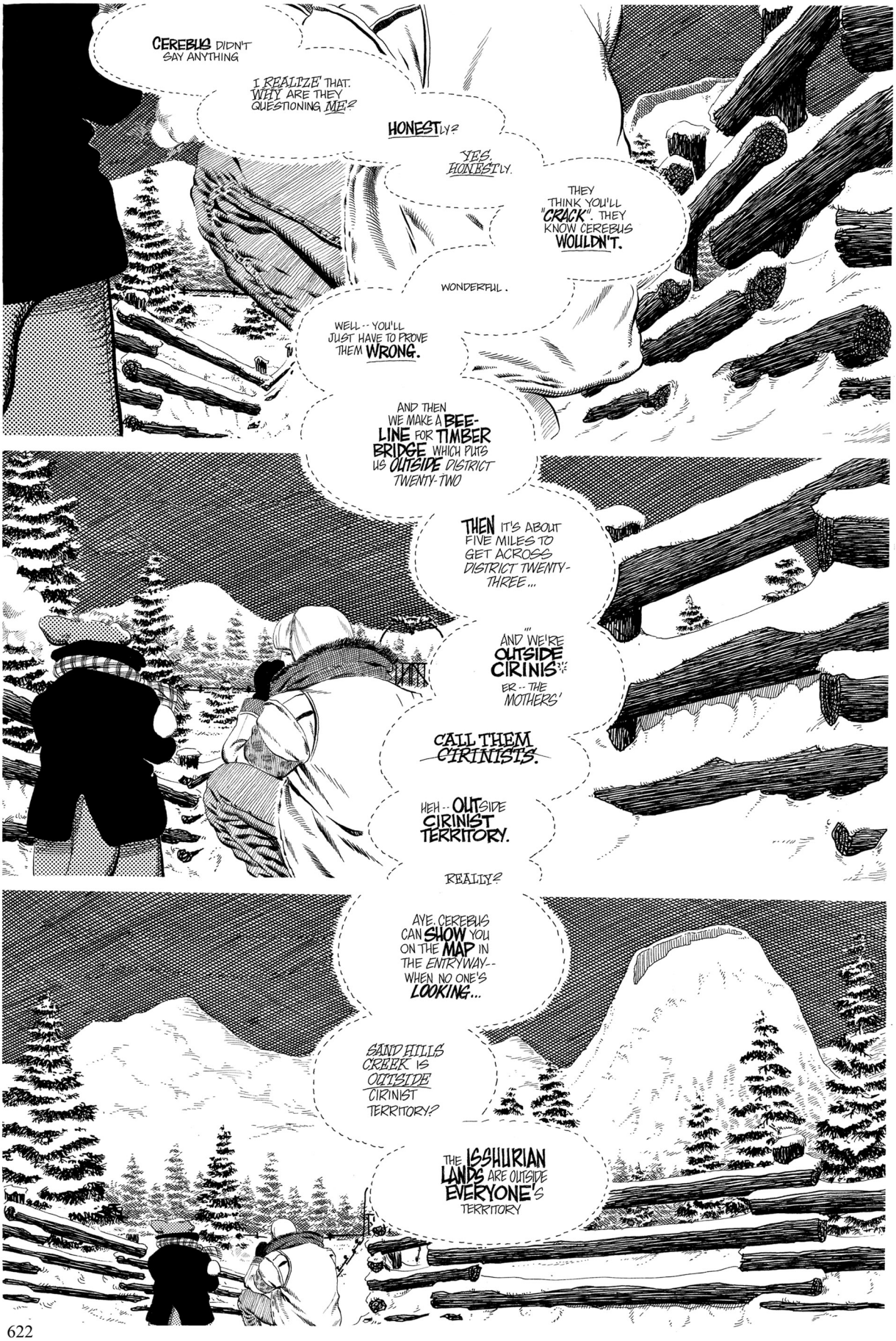
"KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN," YOU SAID. "PROTECT YOUR EYES."
"MY EYES?" I THOUGHT. "... BUT WHAT ABOUT MY SKIN? WHAT ABOUT THE COMPLEXION THAT I'VE ..."
"... BABIED AND PAMPERED SINCE I WAS TWELVE?"
CLEANSERS AND MOISTURIZERS. ALOE. ... CREAMS. ... LOTIONS. ... POTIONS.
WHAT IS SHE TALKING ABOUT?
(CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW... SHH!)
BY THE TIME THE HAIL HAD STOPPED IT WAS ALL OVER.
I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO SEE IT. I COULD FEEL IT. MY SKIN
MAYBE CEREBUS "READ" HIS SPEECH WRONG (JAKA SAID NOT TO INTERRUPT) AYE-- BUT WHAT. IS. SHE. TALKING ABOUT SHH!
(SOMETHING ABOUT HER SKIN.)
AYE, BUT THAT'S WHAT CEREBUS DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.
HER SKIN DOESN'T LOOK ANY DIFFERENT.
SHOULD CEREBUS ... ASK?
Nay!
NAY. CEREBUS DIDN'T THINK SO.


SO, REALLY I DON'T CARE. ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.
IT'S NOTHING AGAINST YOU. IT'S NOTHING AGAINST YOUR PARENTS.
IT'S NOTHING AGAINST SAND HILLS CREEK.
I JUST GAVE UP BACK IN THE TENT.
PARTLY BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO MY SKIN
PARTLY BECAUSE DEATH DOESN'T SOUND LIKE SUCH A BAD IDEA TO ME ANYMORE.
I MAY NOT BE GOING ON THAT TRIP RIGHT AWAY
BUT MY BAGS ARE STILL PACKED
AND I'M STILL READY.
WHEN WE DO GET TO SAND HILLS CREEK
EVERYTHING THAT I SAY, I WILL SAY
ONE PHRASE
OR ONE SENTENCE
AT A TIME
AND I WILL WATCH YOU.
IF ANY PHRASE OR ANY SENTENCE COULD BE CONSIDERED "MOUTHING OFF" JUST
SCRATCH YOUR GOOD EAR
AND I'LL STOP. AND THEN YOU CAN SAY "WHAT JAKA MEANT TO SAY WAS..."
AND THEN SAY WHATEVER YOU THINK IS BEST.

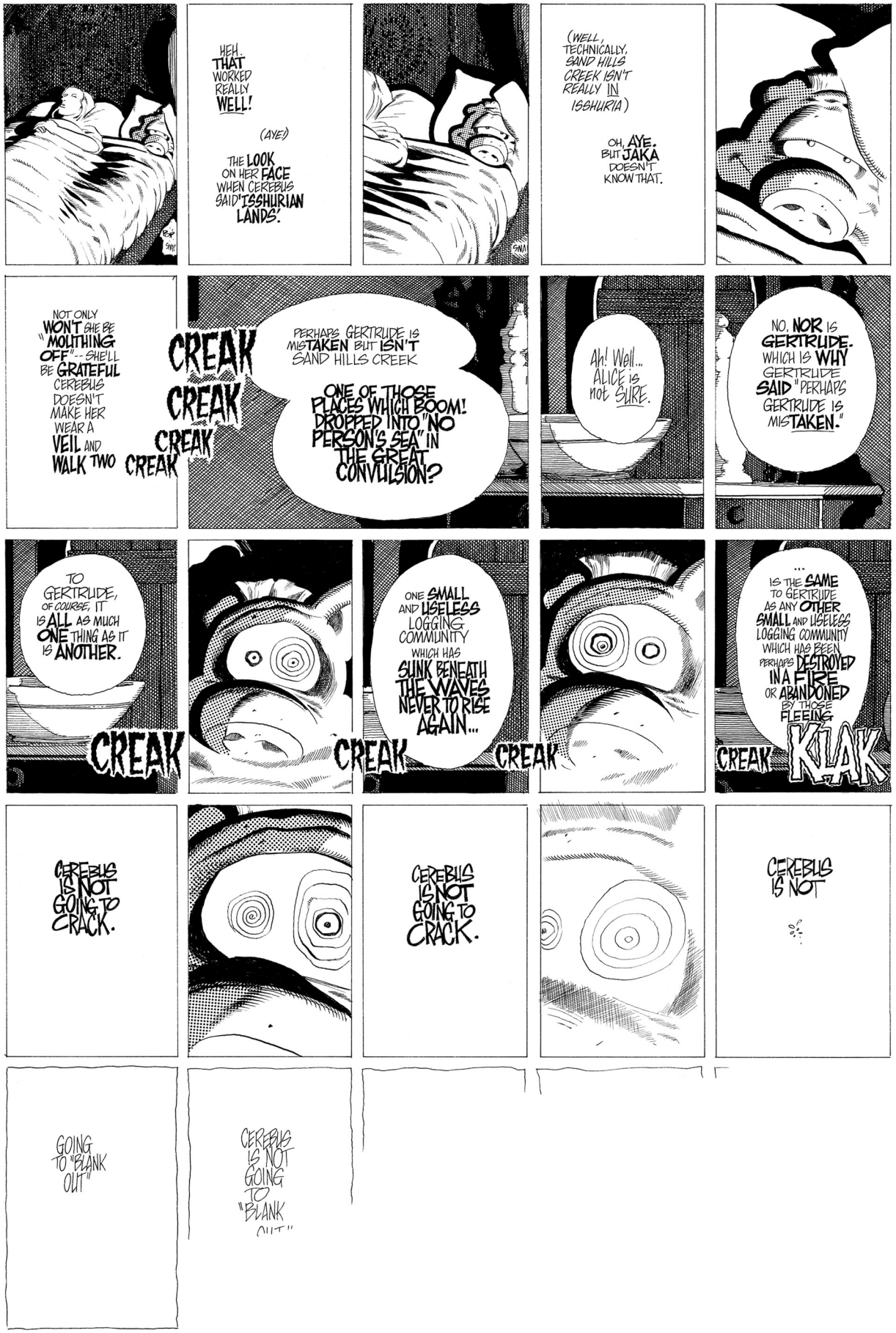
HUNH. (WELL, THAT'S OKAY THEN) WHAT A RELIEF. (AYE) HEH-HEH CEREBUS WAS SURE THAT SHE WAS

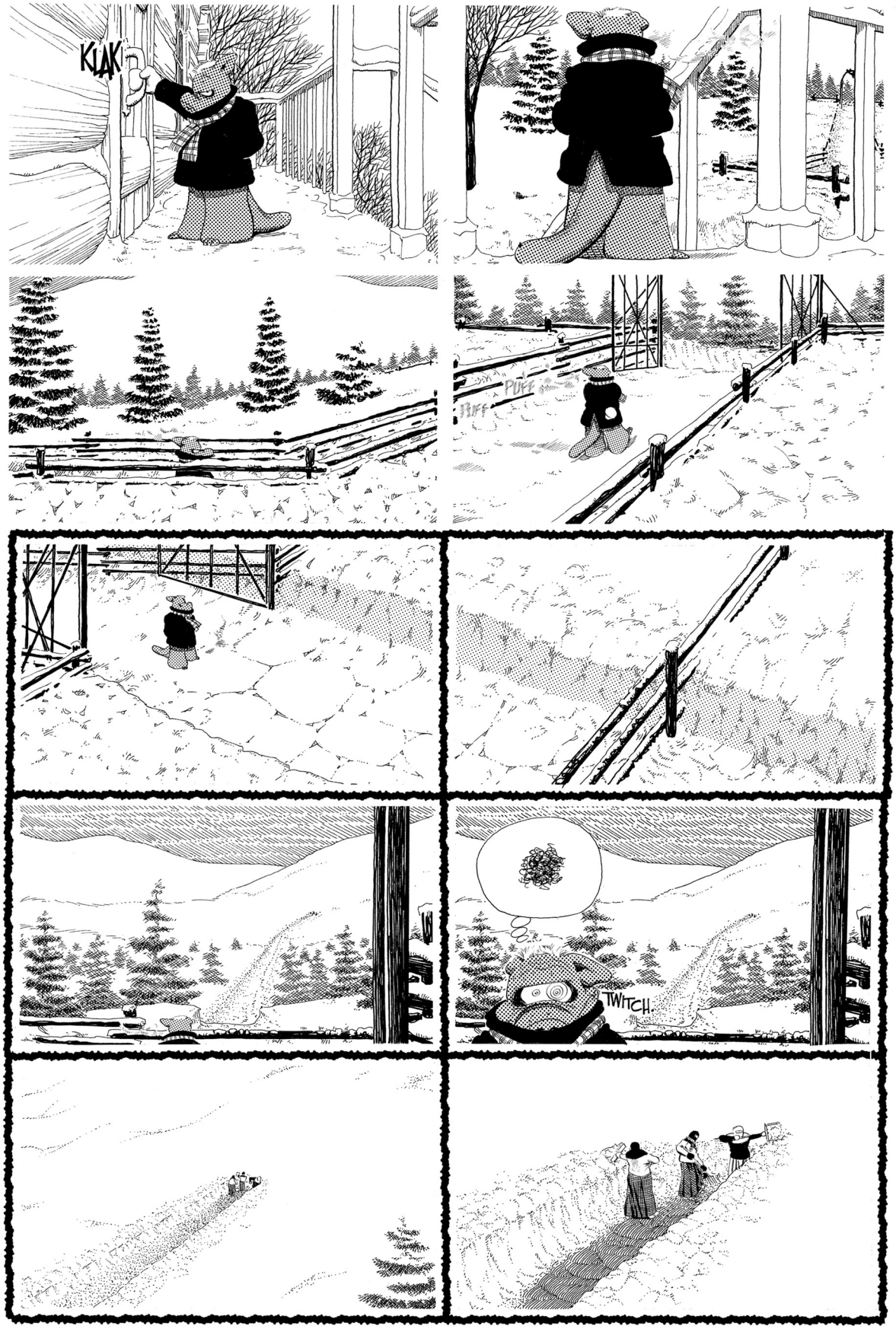
DEAL.
I WILL BE
SO GLAD
TO SAY GOODBYE TO THIS STUPID BED.
UH-HUNH.

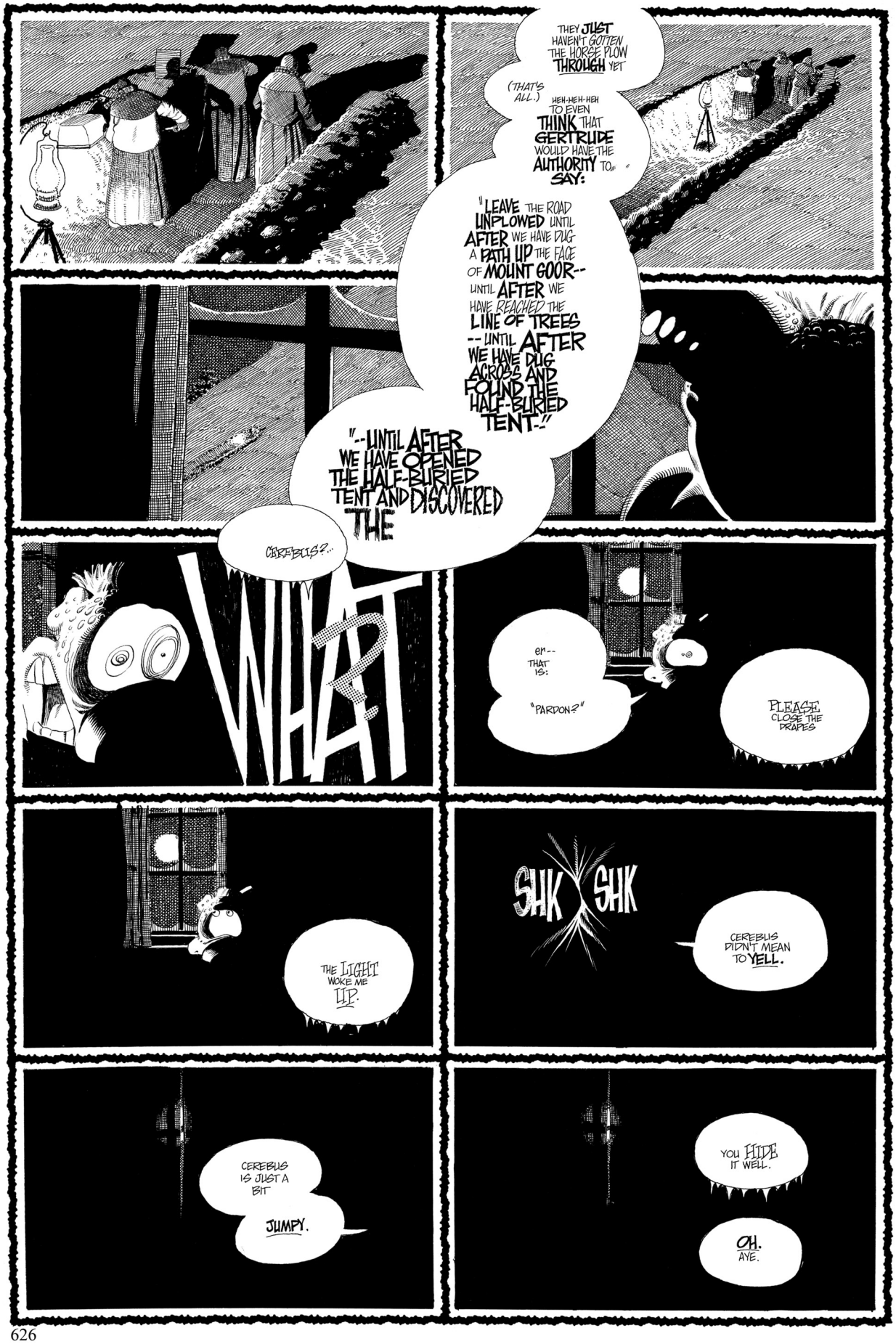
ARE YOU SURE WE'RE OKAY?
JUST KEEP YOUR HAND OVER YOUR MOUTH OR FACE AWAY FROM THE LODGE ...
... IN CASE THEY'RE LIP-READING.
GERTRUDE KNOWS YOU HAD THE GUN.
NAY-- SHE'S JUST ACTING AS IF SHE KNOWS.
BLOWING SMOKE.
SHE SAID THERE'S A SEARCH PARTY.
BLOWING SMOKE.
... IT'S GOING TO TAKE THEM DAYS JUST TO DIG OUT TO THE ROAD ...
THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO GET UP TO THE TREE LINE 'TIL SUMMER.
AND THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING LEFT BY THEN EXCEPT SCRAPS OF CLOTH AND BITS OF METAL.
BUT...
BESIDES, WE'RE LEAVING THE MINUTE THE ROAD IS PASSABLE ... MONTHS BEFORE THEY'LL BE ABLE TO GET UP THE MOUNTAIN.
DON'T LET THEM RATTLE YOU.
I DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND WHY THEY'RE QUESTIONING ME. I HAVE DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY.
WHAT.

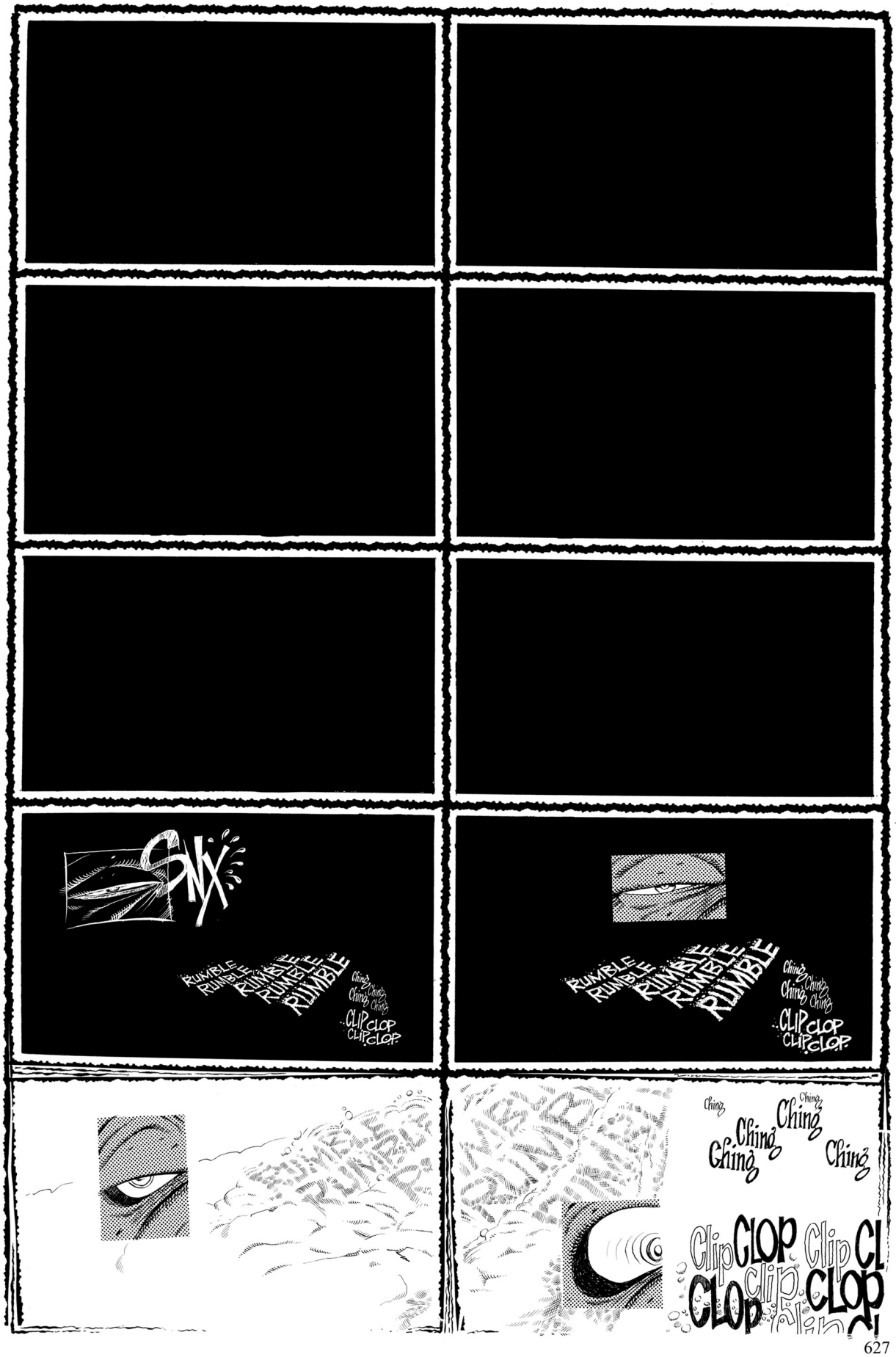

CEREBUS DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING
I REALIZE THAT. WHY ARE THEY QUESTIONING ME?
HONESTLY?
YES, HONESTLY.
THEY THINK YOU'LL "CRACK". THEY KNOW CEREBUS WOULDN'T.
WONDERFUL.
WELL -- YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO PROVE THEM WRONG.
AND THEN WE MAKE A BEE-LINE FOR TIMBER BRIDGE WHICH PUTS US OUTSIDE DISTRICT TWENTY-TWO
THEN IT'S ABOUT FIVE MILES TO GET ACROSS DISTRICT TWENTY-THREE...
AND WE'RE OUTSIDE CIRINIS'
ER -- THE MOTHERS'
CALL THEM CIRINISTS.
HEH -- OUTSIDE CIRINIST TERRITORY.
REALLY?
AYE. CEREBUS CAN SHOW YOU ON THE MAP IN THE ENTRYWAY -- WHEN NO ONE'S LOOKING...
SAND HILLS CREEK IS OUTSIDE CIRINIST TERRITORY?
THE ISSHURIAN LANDS ARE OUTSIDE EVERYONE'S TERRITORY

NO ONE'S EVER CONQUERED ISSHURIA.
THE PIGTS COULDN'T DO IT.
THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE COULDN'T DO IT.
THE SEPRAN EMPIRE TRIED THREE TIMES. THEY COULDN'T DO IT.
YOU'VE NEVER CALLED IT
COVER YOUR MOUTH.
YOU'VE NEVER CALLED IT ISSHURIA BEFORE. JUST...
...SAND HILLS CREEK.
CEREBUS DIDN'T WANT TO SCARE YOU
UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE TO TURN BACK.
GOOD PLAN.
THANKS.

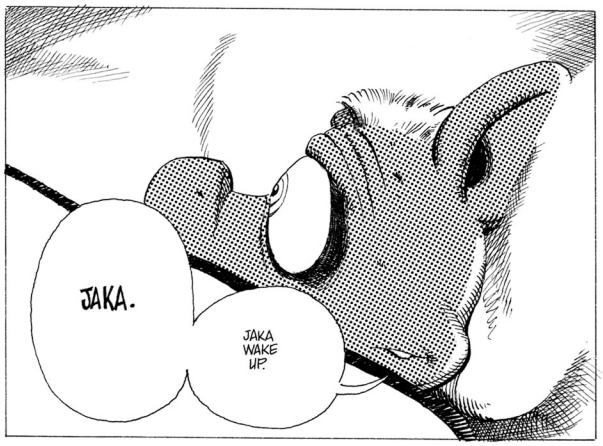

HEH. THAT WORKED REALLY WELL!
(AYE)
THE LOOK ON HER FACE WHEN CEREBUS SAID "ISSHURIAN LANDS".
(WELL, TECHNICALLY, SAND HILLS CREEK ISN'T REALLY IN ISSHURIA)
OH, AYE. BUT JAKA DOESN'T KNOW THAT.
NOT ONLY WON'T SHE BE "MOUTHING OFF"-- SHE'LL BE GRATEFUL CEREBUS DOESN'T MAKE HER WEAR A VEIL AND WALK TWO
CREAK CREAK CREAK CREAK
PERHAPS GERTRUDE IS MISTAKEN BUT ISN'T SAND HILLS CREEK ONE OF THOSE PLACES WHICH BOOM! DROPPED INTO "NO PERSON'S SEA" IN THE GREAT CONVULSION?
Ah! Well... ALICE is not SURE.
NO, NOR IS GERTRUDE. WHICH IS WHY GERTRUDE SAID "PERHAPS GERTRUDE IS MISTAKEN."
TO GERTRUDE, OF COURSE, IT IS ALL AS MUCH ONE THING AS IT IS ANOTHER.
CREAK
CREAK
ONE SMALL AND USELESS LOGGING COMMUNITY WHICH HAS SUNK BENEATH THE WAVES NEVER TO RISE AGAIN...
CREAK
CREAK
... IS THE SAME TO GERTRUDE AS ANY OTHER SMALL AND USELESS LOGGING COMMUNITY WHICH HAS BEEN PERHAPS DESTROYED IN A FIRE OR ABANDONED BY THOSE FLEEING
CREAK
KLAK
CEREBUS IS NOT GOING TO CRACK.
CEREBUS IS NOT GOING TO CRACK.
CEREBUS IS NOT
GOING TO "BLANK OUT"
CEREBUS IS NOT GOING TO "BLANK OUT"


KLAK
PUFF
TWITCH.

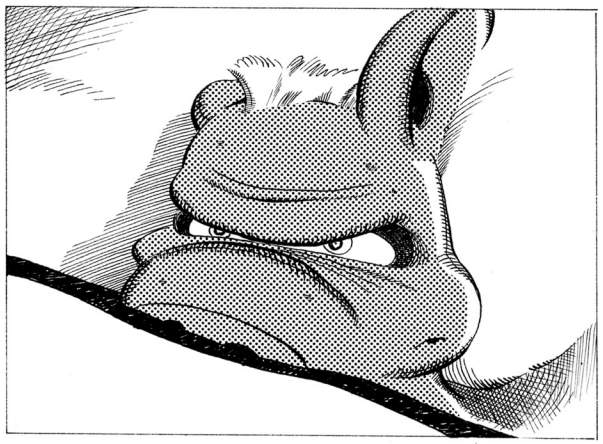

THEY JUST HAVEN'T GOTTEN THE HORSE PLOW THROUGH YET
(THAT'S ALL.)
HEH-HEH-HEH TO EVEN THINK THAT GERTRUDE WOULD HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO SAY:
"LEAVE THE ROAD UNPLOWED UNTIL AFTER WE HAVE DUG A PATH UP THE FACE OF MOUNT GOOR-- UNTIL AFTER WE HAVE REACHED THE LINE OF TREES -- UNTIL AFTER WE HAVE DUG ACROSS AND FOUND THE HALF-BURIED TENT--"
"--UNTIL AFTER WE HAVE OPENED THE HALF-BURIED TENT AND DISCOVERED THE
CEREBUS?...
WHAT?
EH-- THAT IS:
"PARDON?"
PLEASE CLOSE THE DRAPES
THE LIGHT WOKE ME UP.
SHK SHK
CEREBUS DIDN'T MEAN TO YELL.
CEREBUS IS JUST A BIT
JUMPY.
YOU HIDE IT WELL.
OH. AYE.

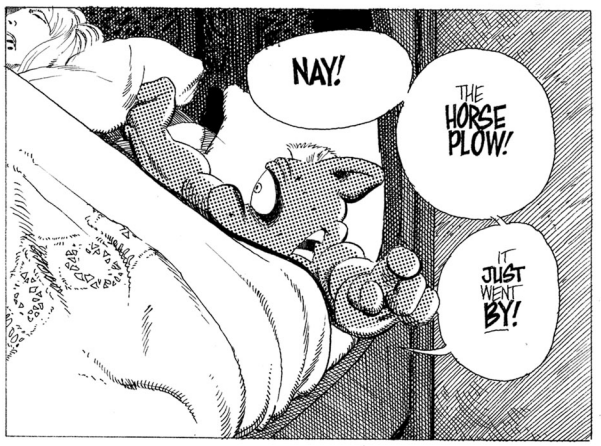

SNK
RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE
Ching Ching Ching Ching
CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP
RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE
Ching Ching Ching Ching
CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP
Ching Ching Ching Ching Ching Ching
Clip CLOP Clip CLOP Clip CLOP

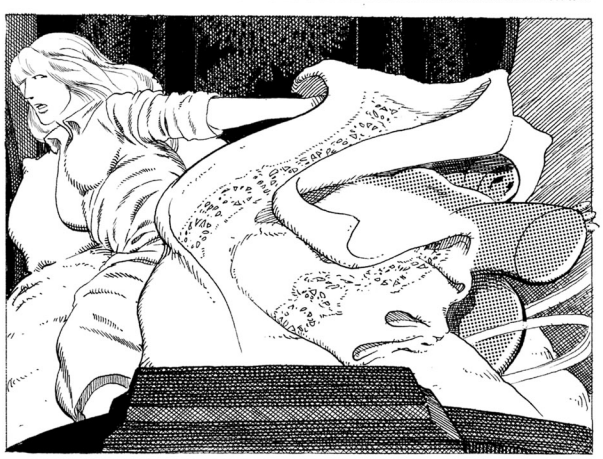
Ching, Ching, Ching, Ching, Ching, Ching, Ch
Ching, Ching, Ching, Ching, Ching, Ching
DJ MARIE
RUMBLE
CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP

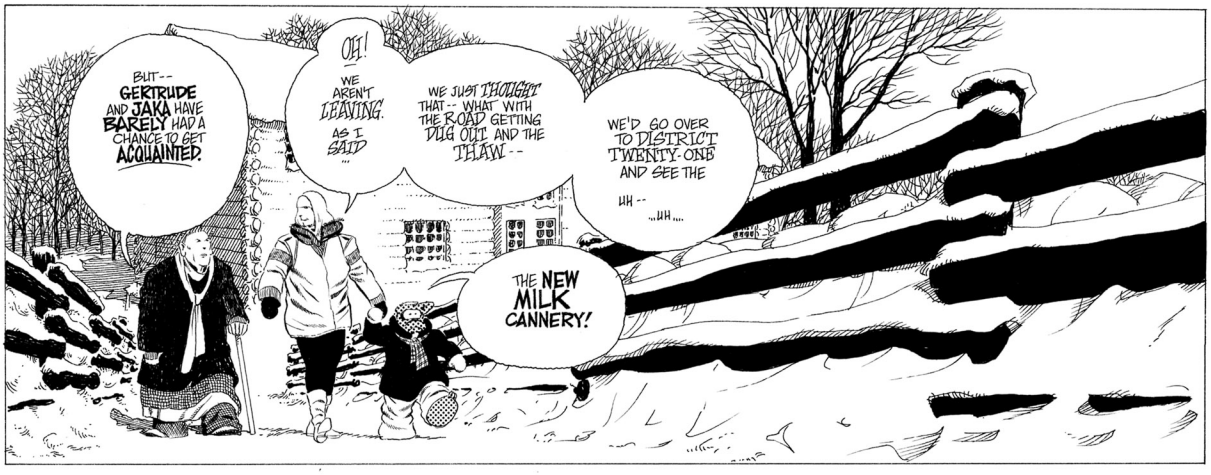

JAKA.
JAKA WAKE UP?

I TOLD YOU.
I'M HAVING MY PERIOD.




NAY!
THE HORSE PLOW!
IT JUST WENT BY!




BUT-- GERTRUDE AND JAKA HAVE BARELY HAD A CHANCE TO GET ACQUAINTED.
OH! WE AREN'T LEAVING. AS I SAID ...
WE JUST THOUGHT THAT -- WHAT WITH THE ROAD GETTING DUG OUT AND THE THAW --
WE'D GO OVER TO DISTRICT TWENTY-ONE AND SEE THE
UH -- ...UH....
THE NEW MILK CANNERY!

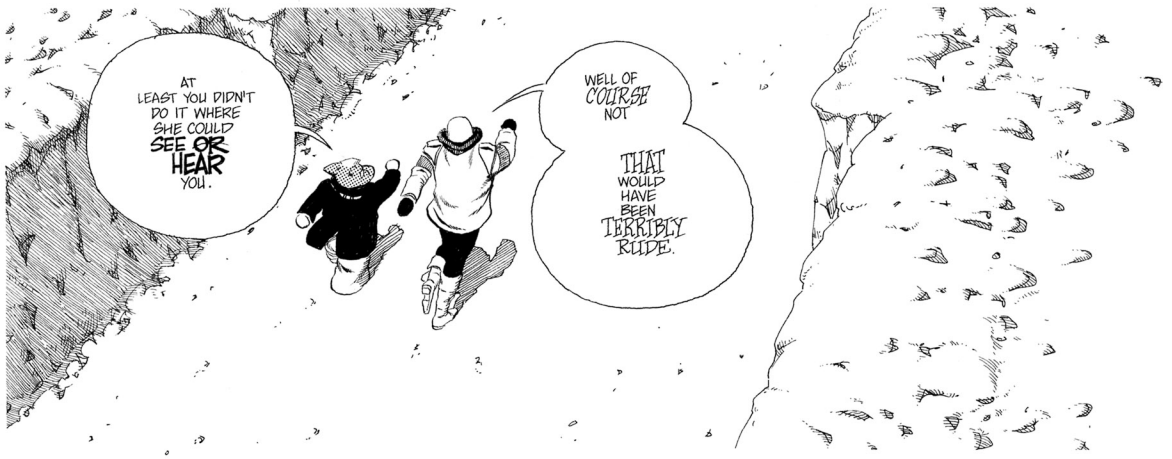
YES! THE NEW MILK CANNERY!
AS SOON AS I READ THE BROCHURE I SAID TO CEREBUS: WE REALLY SHOULD GO!
OH AYE!

BUT-- DISTRICT TWENTY-ONE
IT'S TWELVE MILES AWAY.
OH, I KNOW.
BUT THINK OF IT: A STATE OF THE ART MILK CANNERY!
I FORGET HOW MANY LITRES OF MILK THE BROCHURE SAID THEY COULD CAN IN A DAY BUT IT WAS PERFECTLY ASTONISHING!
LOTS 'N' LOTS!

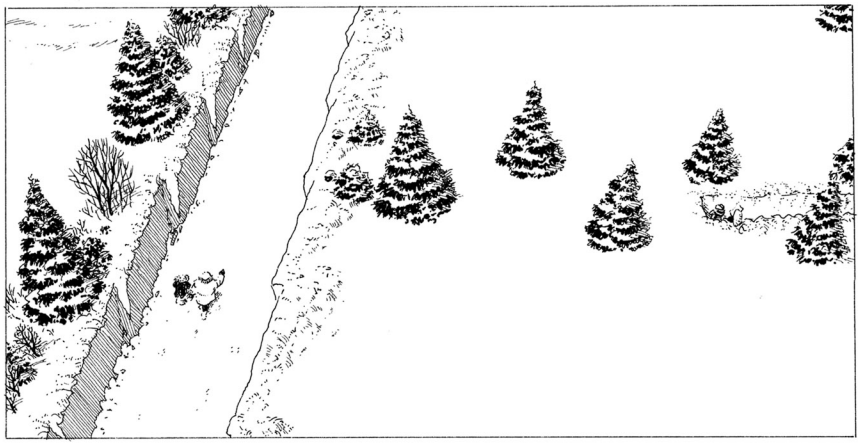
GERTRUDE EARNESTLY REQUESTS
THAT YOU LEAVE YOUR... COMPANION HERE!
THE SEARCH PARTY
OH YES!
HOW IS THAT COMING ALONG?
THUNT.

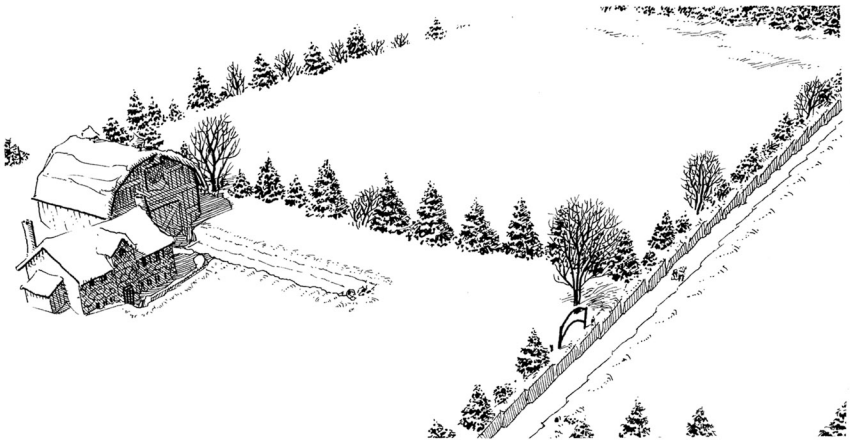
MOST SATISFACTORILY. GERTRUDE IS CERTAIN THAT THE SEARCH PARTY
WILL REACH THE LINE OF TREES BY EARLY TOMORROW MORNING.
I'M SURE WE'LL BE BACK LONG BEFORE THEN.
ANYWAY
PLEASE REMIND THEM: SHE'S A CLOTH DOLL ABOUT YAY BIG.
"MAGGIE," YOU SAID.
MISSY.
MISSY.
BUT...
WHEN THE SEARCH PARTY RETURNS FOR THEIR SUPPER
THEY WILL DIG THROUGH THIS PILE OF SNOW.
WOULD YOU NOT PREFER TO
DON'T BE SILLY, GERTRUDE
CEREBUS AND I JUST LOVE OUR EXCERCISE.
DON'T WE CEREBUS.
LOVE OUR EXCERCISE.
DISTRICT TWENTY-ONE IS... THAT WAY?
YES.
ABOUT ... TWELVE MILES

Snicker
"HOW IS THAT COMING ALONG?"
CEREBUS WAIT!
Ha.
Ha.
ON YOU.
GERTRUDE.
CIRINIST.
POOPIE-HEAD.
GERTRUDE CIRINIST ... POOPIE-HEAD?
I DISLIKE BEING MEAN LIKE THAT
BUT REALLY UNPLEASANT PEOPLE MAKE ME VERY, VERY CROSS.

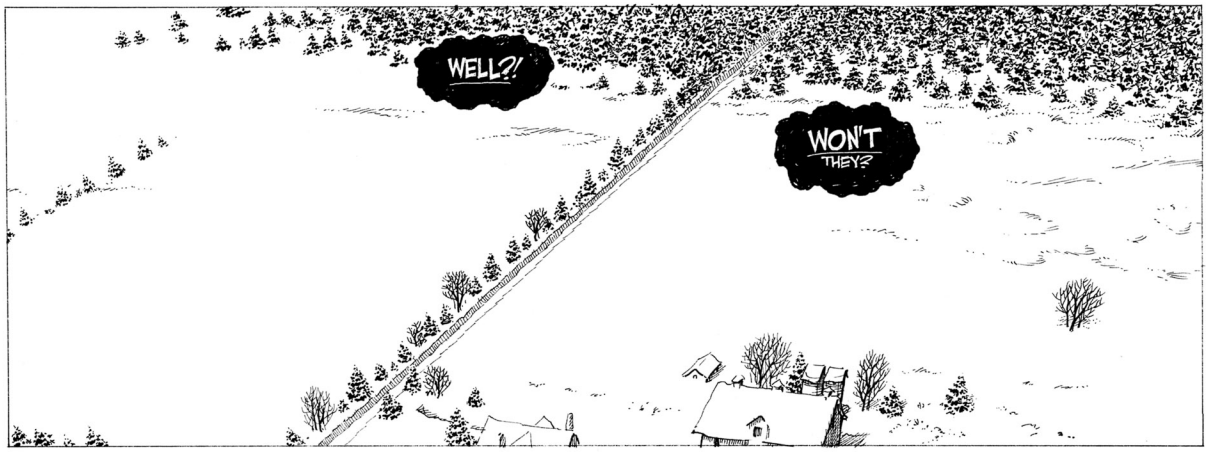

AT LEAST YOU DIDN'T DO IT WHERE SHE COULD SEE OR HEAR YOU.
WELL OF COURSE NOT
THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY RUDE.

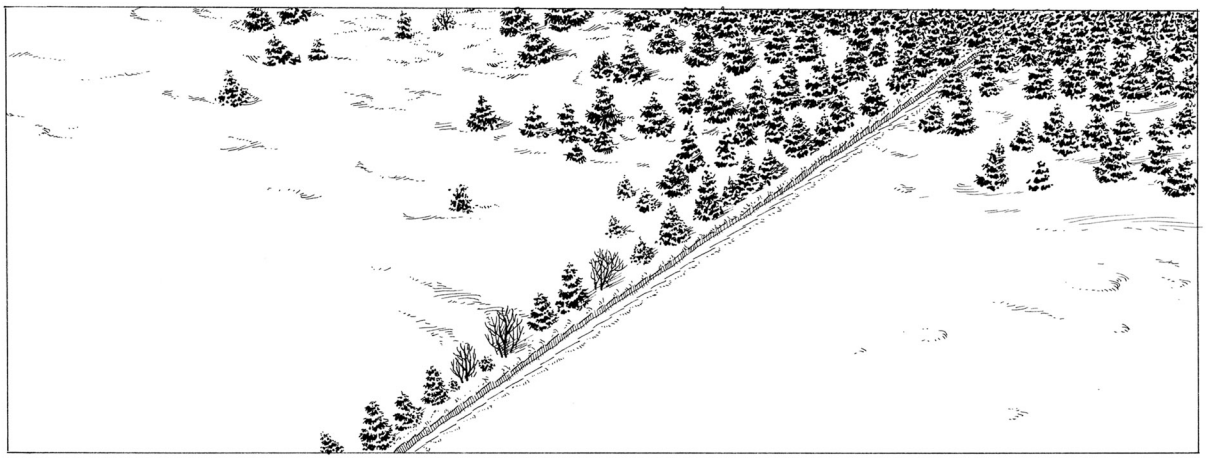
"HOITY-TOITY."
SHE'S JUST BEING JAKA.
"HOITY-TOITY" IS WHAT CEREBUS' DAD WILL CALL IT.

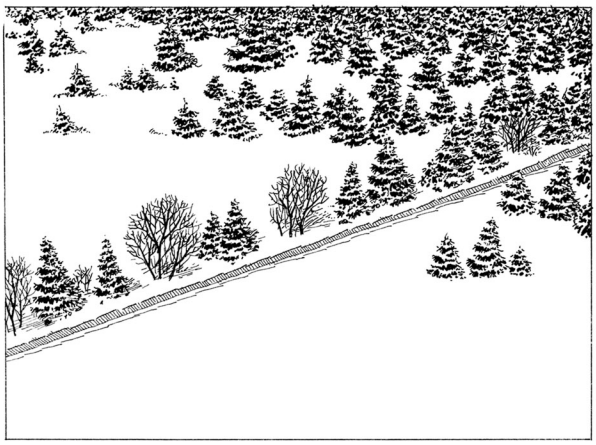


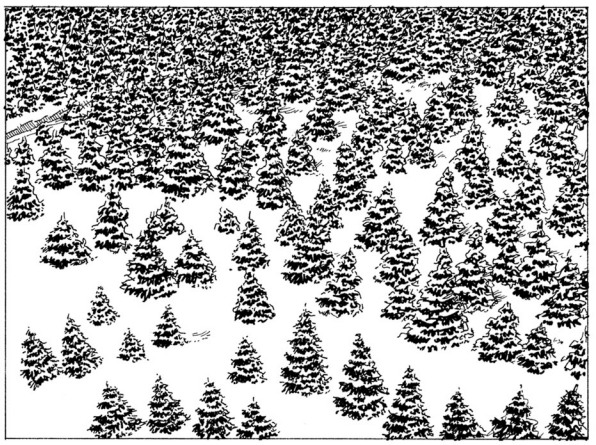


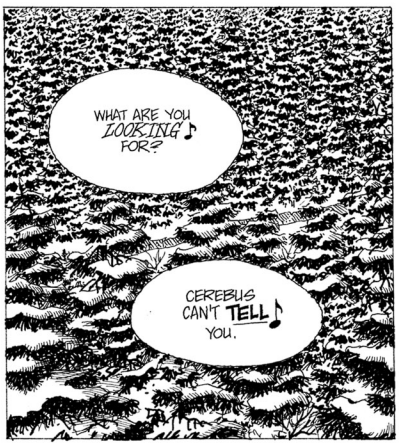
CEREBUS THINKS IT'S CUTE.
CEREBUS' DAD AND MUM WILL BOTH THINK JAKA IS "HOITY-TOITY"

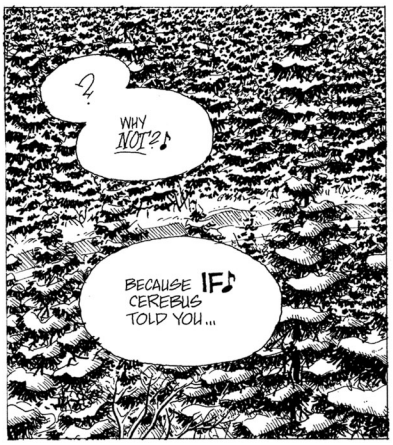

WELL?!
WON'T THEY?

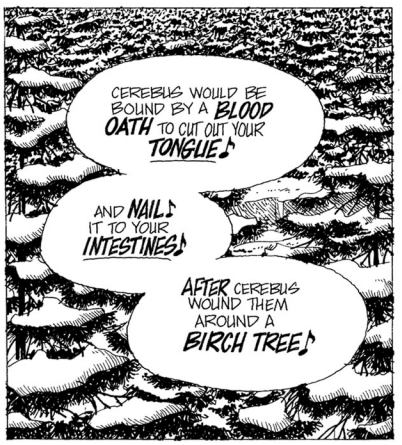






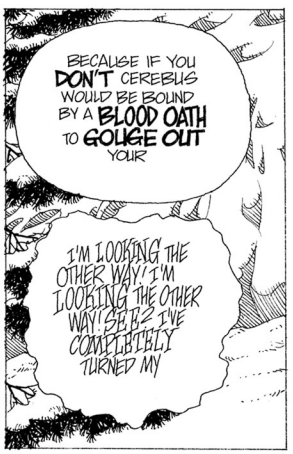

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?
CEREBUS CAN'T TELL YOU.

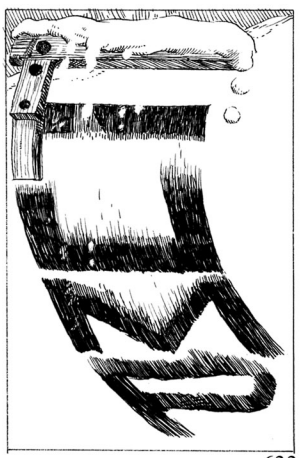

WHY NOT?
BECAUSE IF CEREBUS TOLD YOU...


CEREBUS WOULD BE BOUND BY A BLOOD OATH TO CUT OUT YOUR TONGUE
AND NAIL IT TO YOUR INTESTINES
AFTER CEREBUS WOUND THEM AROUND A BIRCH TREE

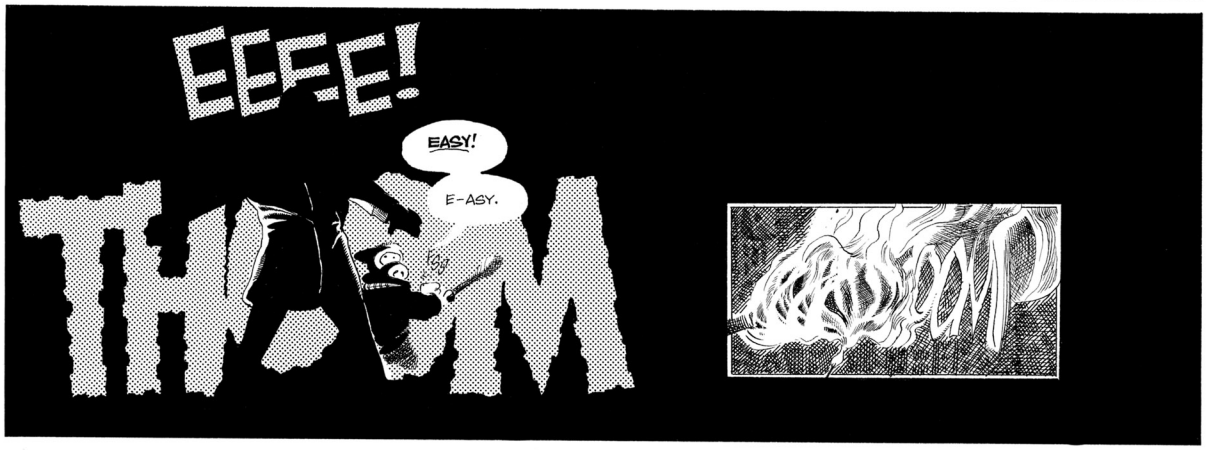
MWAH
MWAH....

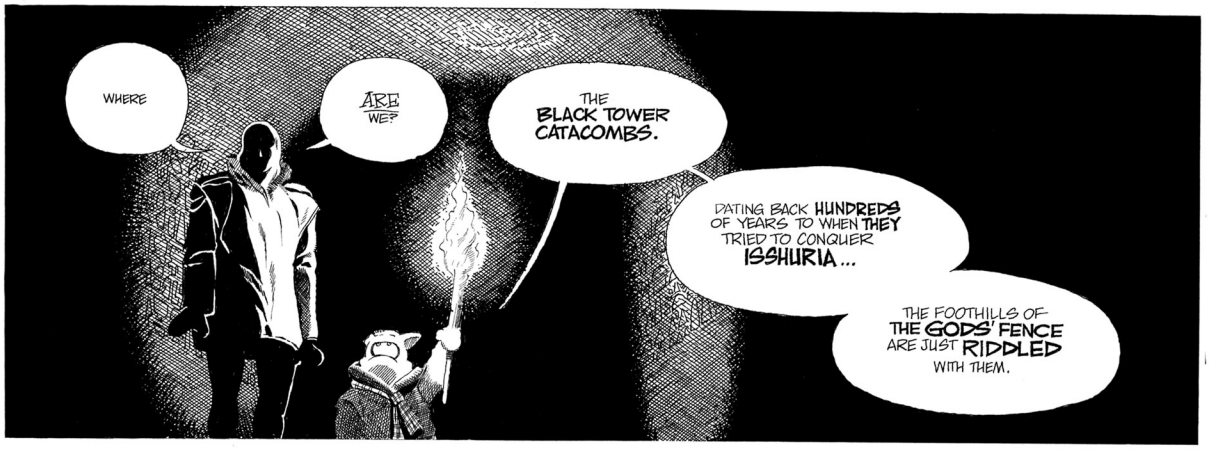
FOUND IT
OKAY LOOK THE OTHER WAY
WHY SHOULD I LOOK THE OTHER WAY?

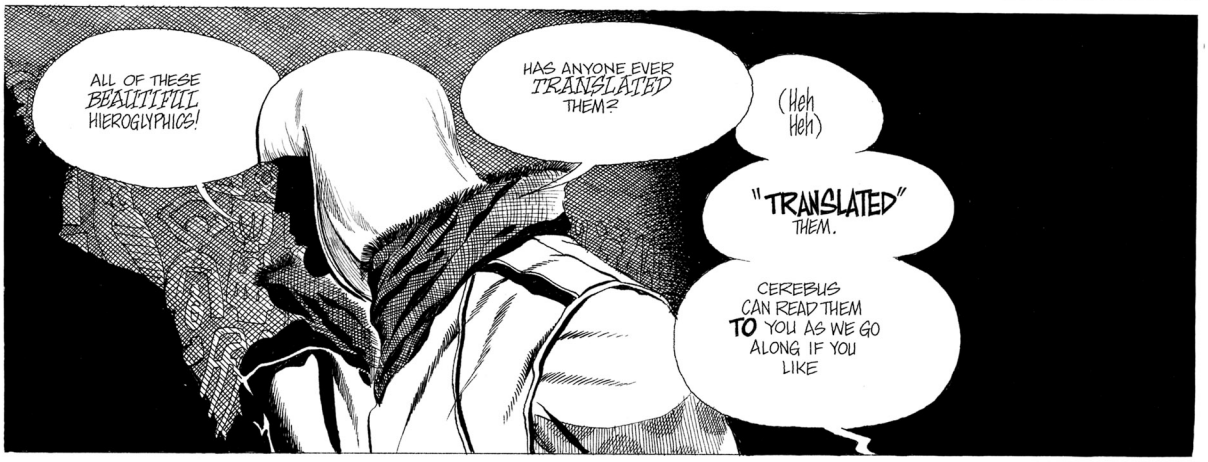

BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T CEREBUS WOULD BE BOUND BY A BLOOD OATH TO GOUGE OUT YOUR
I'M LOOKING THE OTHER WAY! I'M LOOKING THE OTHER WAY! SEE? I'VE COMPLIBLY TURNED MY

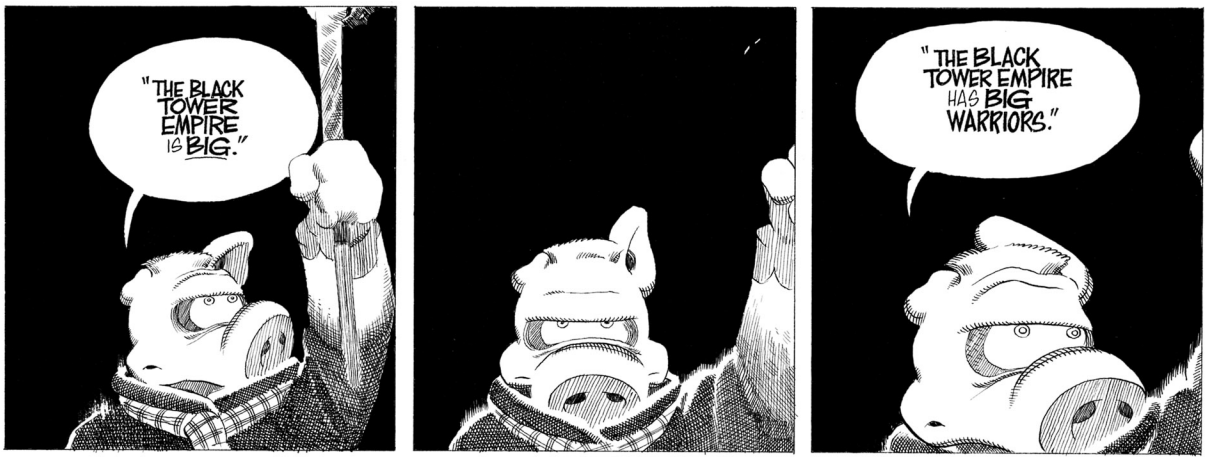

END

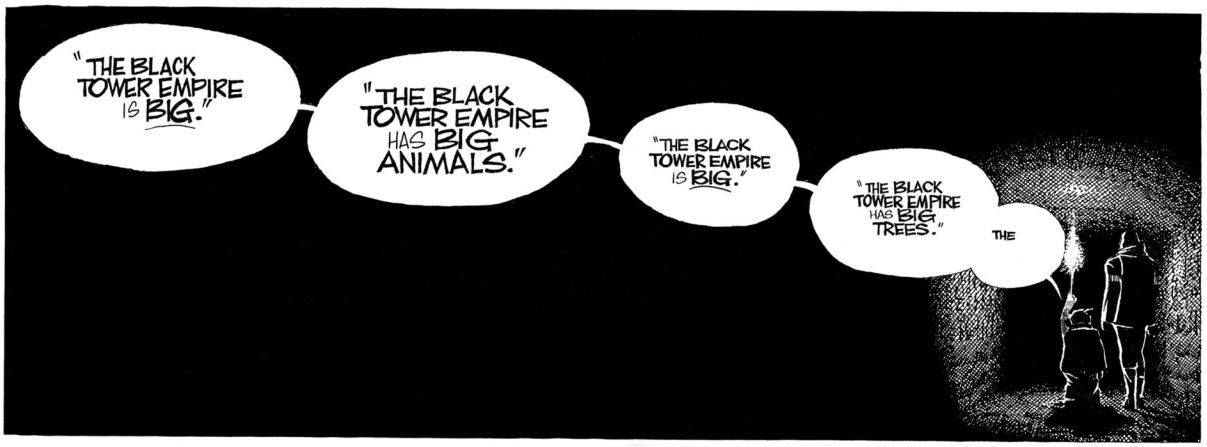
BACK.
YOU GO AHEAD.
BRUSH BRUSH
CEREBUS WILL COVER OUR TRACKS.
HEH.
NOW, JAKA!
THE COUNTERWEIGHT ONLY HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN FOR A MINUTE OR SO....
BRUSH BRUSH BRUSH BRUSH

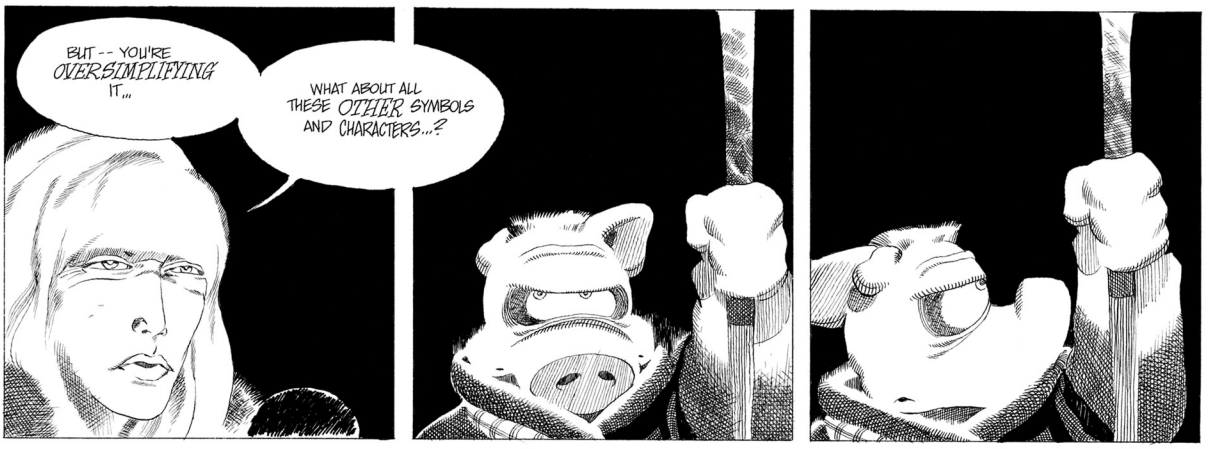

EEEE!
EASY!
E-ASY.
THWOMP

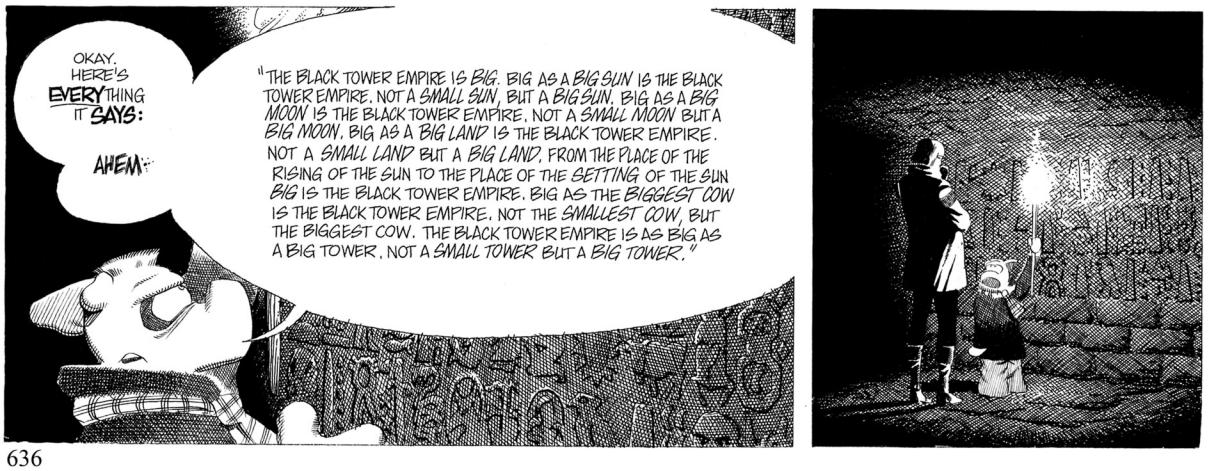

WHERE
ARE WE?
THE BLACK TOWER CATACOMBS.
DATING BACK HUNDREDS OF YEARS TO WHEN THEY TRIED TO CONQUER ISSHURIA...
THE FOOTHILLS OF THE GODS' FENCE ARE JUST RIDDLED WITH THEM.


ALL OF THESE BEAUTIFUL HIEROGLYPHICS!
HAS ANYONE EVER TRANSLATED THEM?
(Heh Heh)
"TRANSLATED" THEM.
CEREBUS CAN READ THEM TO YOU AS WE GO ALONG IF YOU LIKE

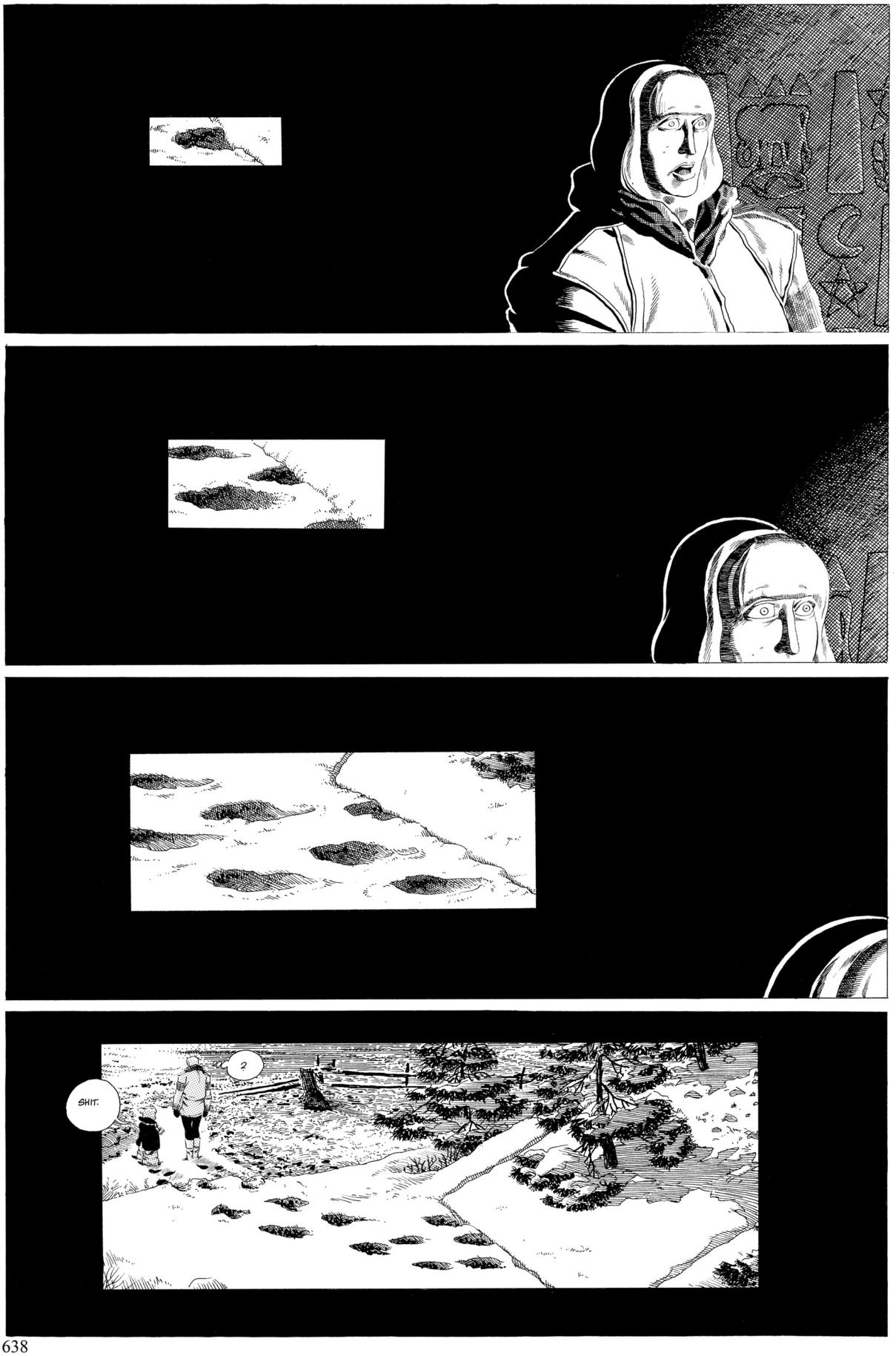

"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE IS BIG."
"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE HAS BIG WARRIORS."

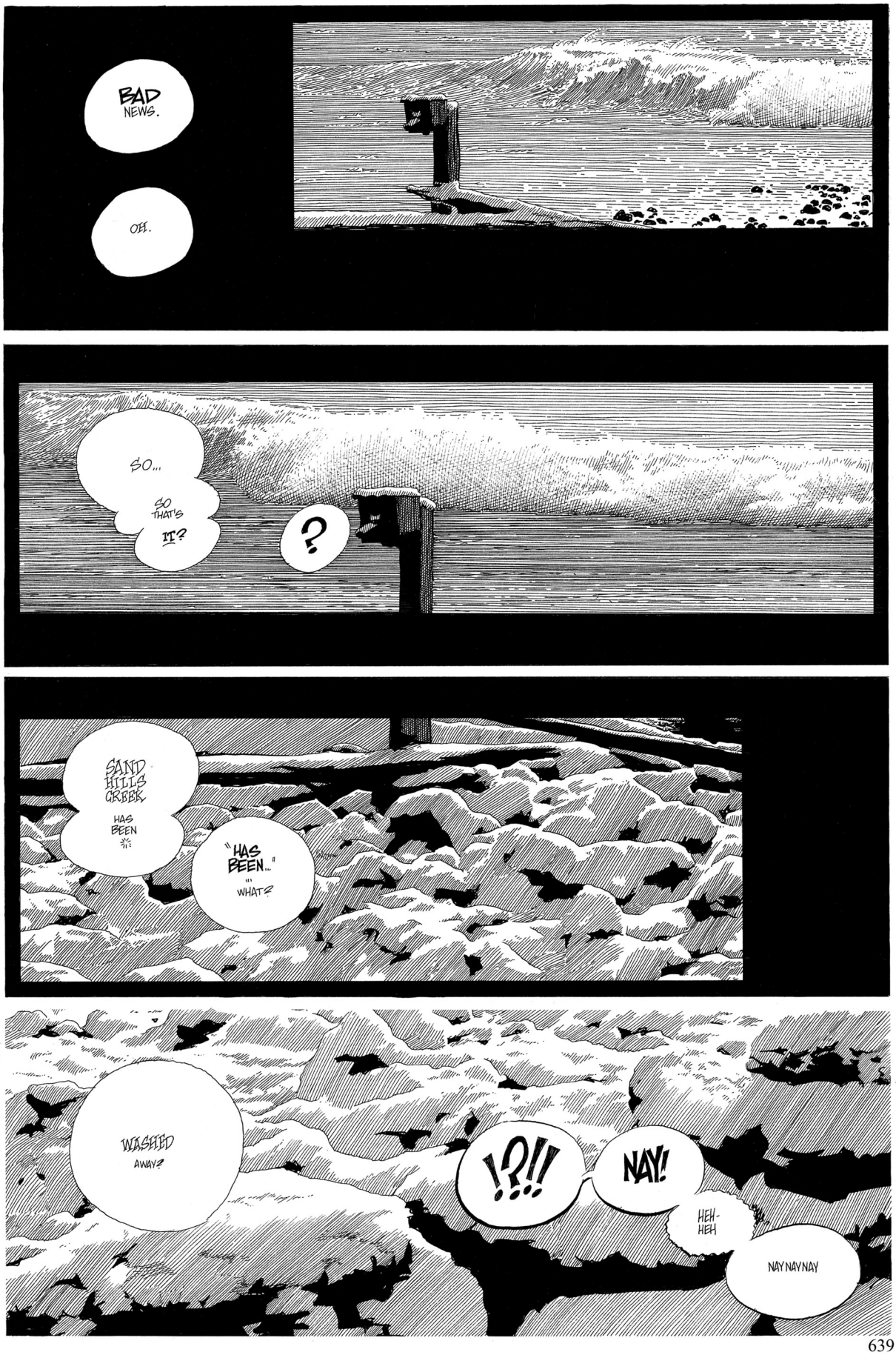

"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE IS BIG."
"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE HAS BIG ANIMALS."
"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE IS BIG."
"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE HAS BIG TREES."
THE


BUT -- YOU'RE OVERSIMPLIFYING IT...
WHAT ABOUT ALL THESE OTHER SYMBOLS AND CHARACTERS...?

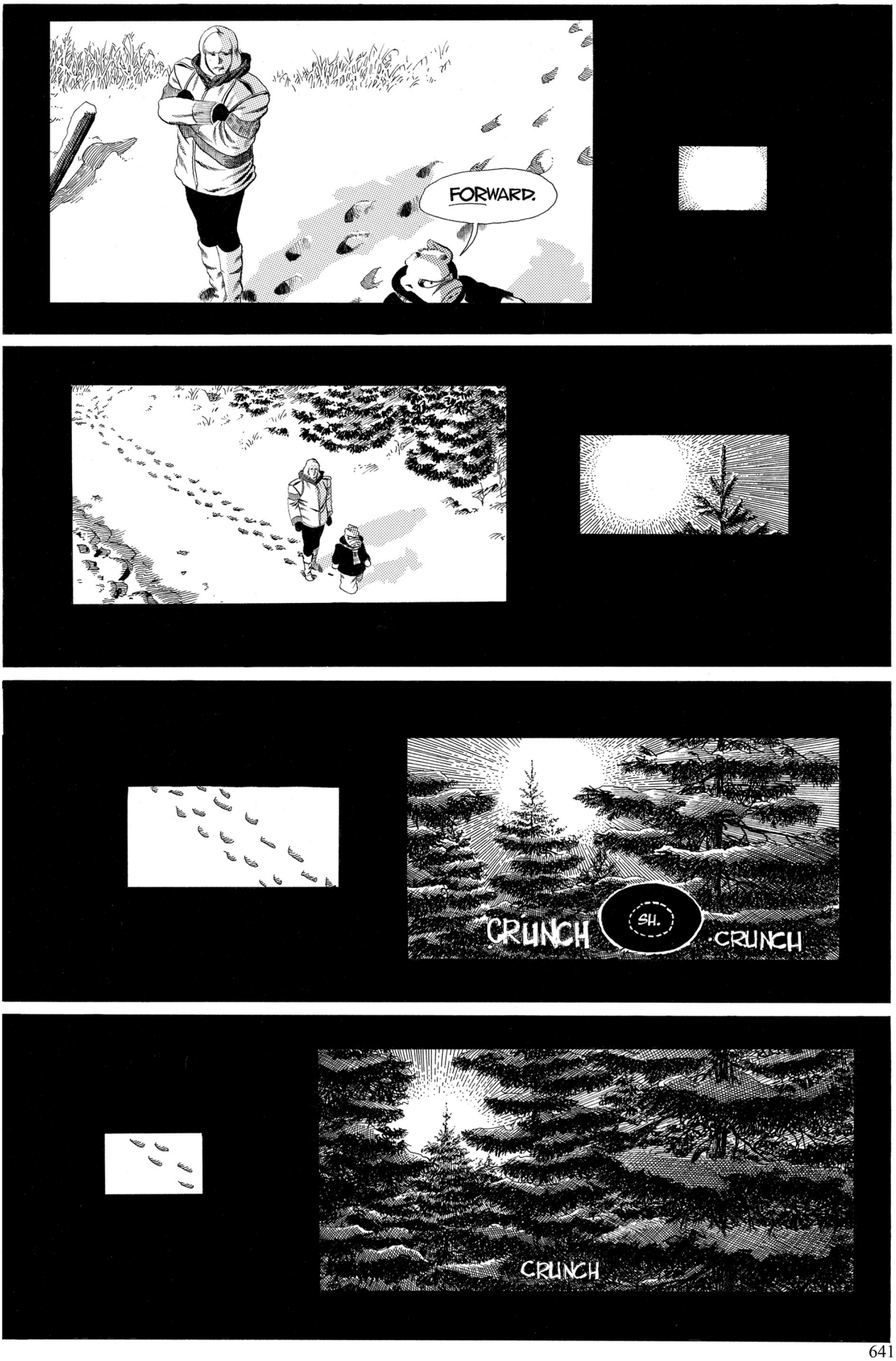

OKAY. HERE'S EVERYTHING IT SAYS:
AHEM:
"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE IS BIG. BIG AS A BIG SUN IS THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE. NOT A SMALL SUN, BUT A BIG SUN. BIG AS A BIG MOON IS THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE. NOT A SMALL MOON BUT A BIG MOON. BIG AS A BIG LAND IS THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE. NOT A SMALL LAND BUT A BIG LAND. FROM THE PLACE OF THE RISING OF THE SUN TO THE PLACE OF THE SETTING OF THE SUN BIG IS THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE. BIG AS THE BIGGEST COW IS THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE. NOT THE SMALLEST COW, BUT THE BIGGEST COW. THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE IS AS BIG AS A BIG TOWER. NOT A SMALL TOWER BUT A BIG TOWER."

SO, IF YOU WANT TO CALL ...
"THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE IS BIG"
... OVER-SIMPLIFYING IT...
I'M SURE THAT... PROPERLY TRANSLATED ...
MUCH OF IT IS MAGNIFICENT ANTIQUARIAN POETRY.
TWITCH.
IF YOU REALLY THINK SO, AFTER WE GET SETTLED ... NOT RIGHT AWAY-- BUT AFTER WE GET SETTLED ...
CEREBUS WILL GET DAD TO LEND YOU HIS BOOK OF BLACK TOWER SYMBOLS ... ... AND SEE ABOUT GETTING YOU SPECIAL PERMISSION TO ENTER THE CATACOMBS.
YOU COULD DROP OVER HERE ANY TIME AND
"DROP..." "OVER." "HERE." ? AYE.
FROM ... WHERE? ?
CEREBUS' PARENTS' PLACE.
IT'S ABOUT TWO MILES FROM HERE AS THE CROW
YOU OKAY?
OF COURSE ... WHY DO YOU ASK?
FOR A SECOND THERE IT SOUNDED AS IF YOU SWALLOWED A CHICKEN BONE OR SOMETHING
HA-HA HA-HA
?!


?
SHIT.

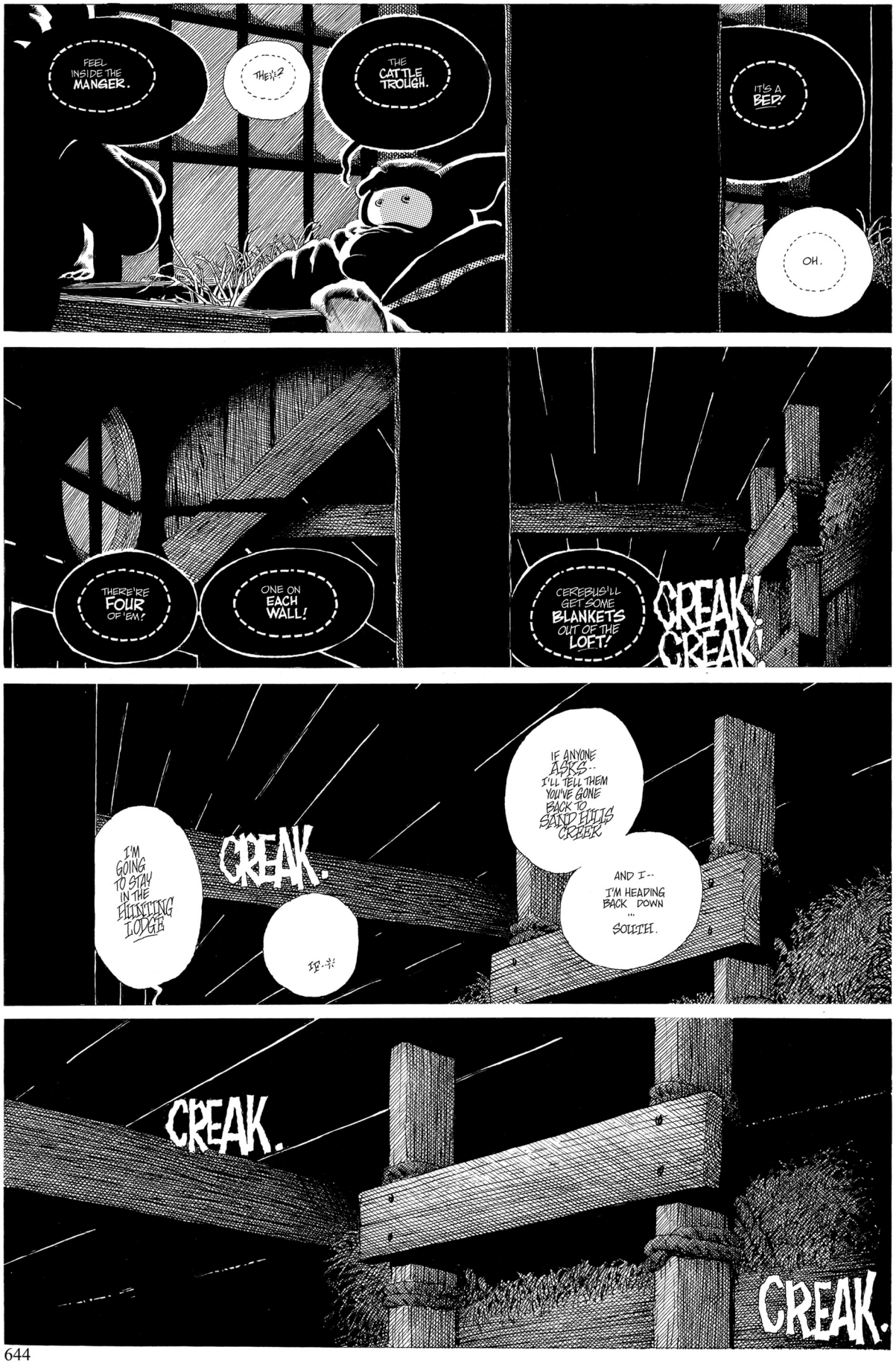

BAD NEWS.
OH.
SO...
SO THAT'S IT?
?
SAND HILLS CREEK HAS BEEN
"HAS BEEN..."
WHAT?
WASHED AWAY?
!?!!
NAY!
HEH-HEH
NAY NAY NAY

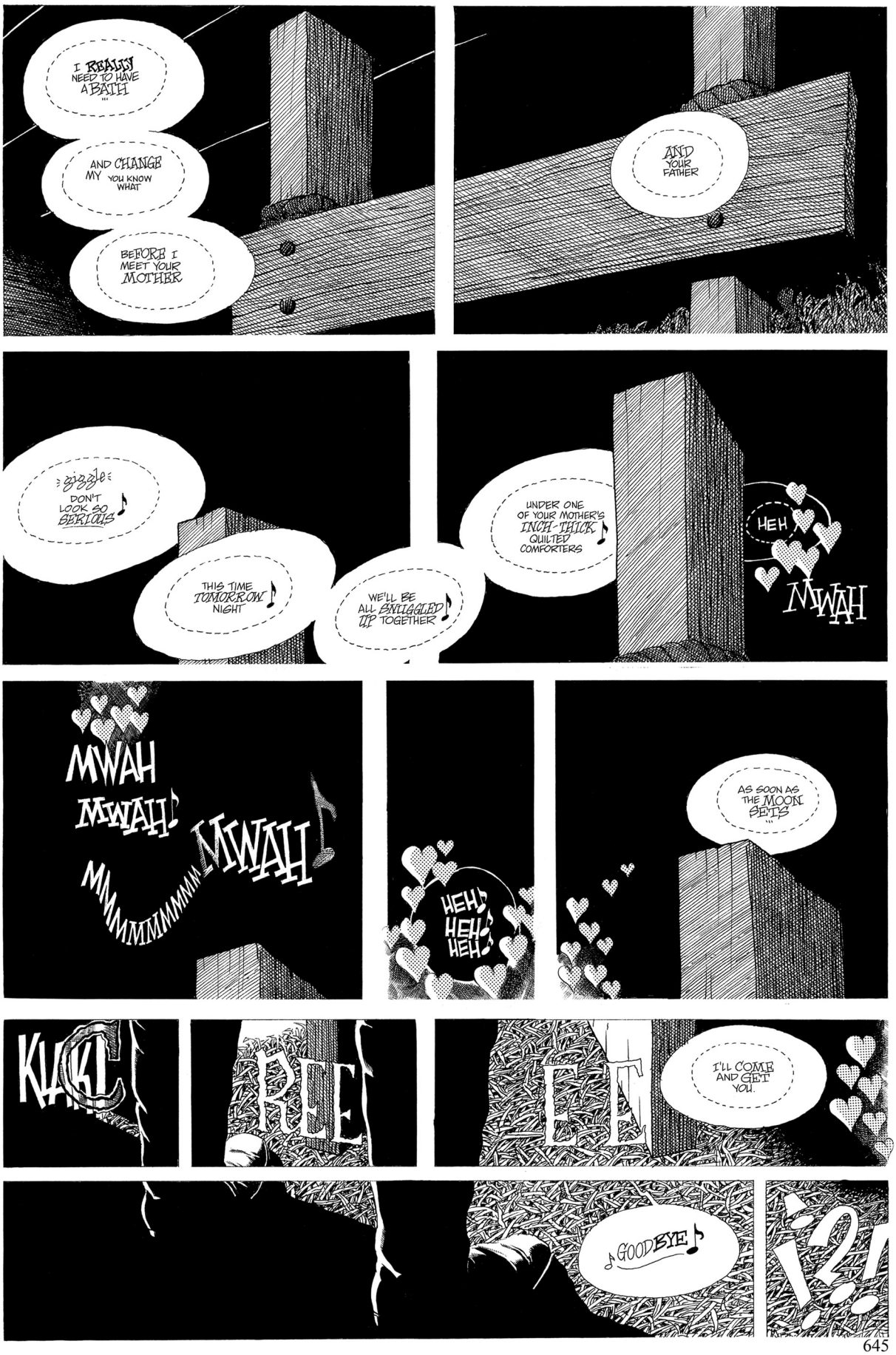
IT'S JUST THE SHORTCUT CEREBUS TOLD YOU ABOUT.
MUST'VE BEEN MORE RAIN THAN USUAL ON THE BAY OVER THE PAST SUMMER.
THE BAD NEWS IS ...
YES?
THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN MAKE IT TO CEREBUS' PARENTS' PLACE BEFORE NIGHTFALL.
OH! ♪
ER...
I MEAN
OH, DARN IT.


FORWARD.
CRUNCH
SH.
CRUNCH
CRUNCH

ANOTHER HUNTING LODGE ... SO WE ARE STILL INSIDE CIRINIST TERRITORY
MOON'LL BE FULL TONIGHT.
MM. SO. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
MEANS IT'S ALL FLATLAND BETWEEN HERE AND SAND HILLS CREEK
MM. SO. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
MEANS IF THEY'RE WATCHING FOR US ... THEY'LL BE WATCHING THE FLATLAND
MM. SO. WHAT DOES THAT
MEANS WE BETTER LAY UP 'TIL THE MOON SETS ...
... OR WE'LL BE SITTING DUCKS
"LAY." "UP"?
NOW.

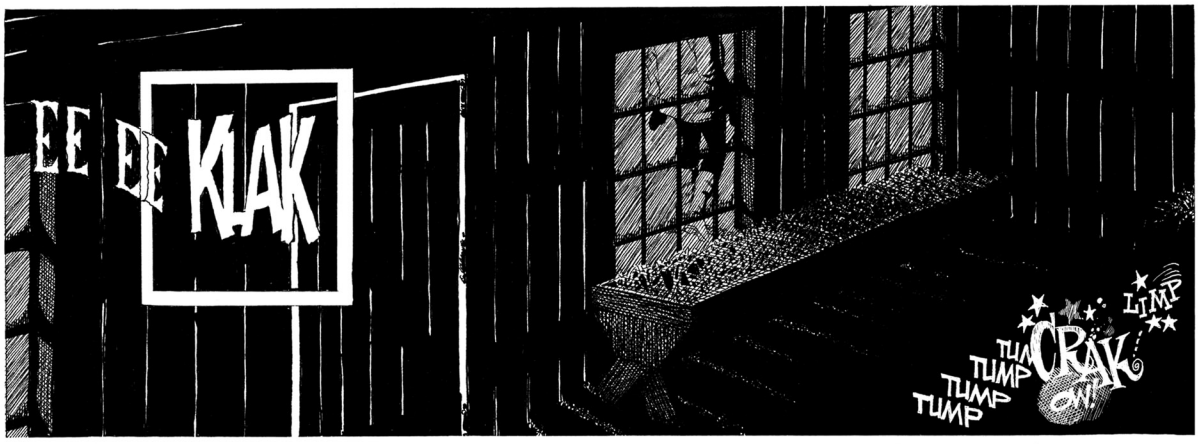
giggle
SH.
KLAK
CREE
EE
EEE
KLAK
PSST.
?
AYE?
giggle
WHAT ARE WE DOING IN HERE?
ISSHURIAN MERCENARIES HAVE BEEN USING THIS STABLE AS A SAFE HOUSE FOR CENTURIES
HERE.
FLUMP
FLUMP
FLUMP

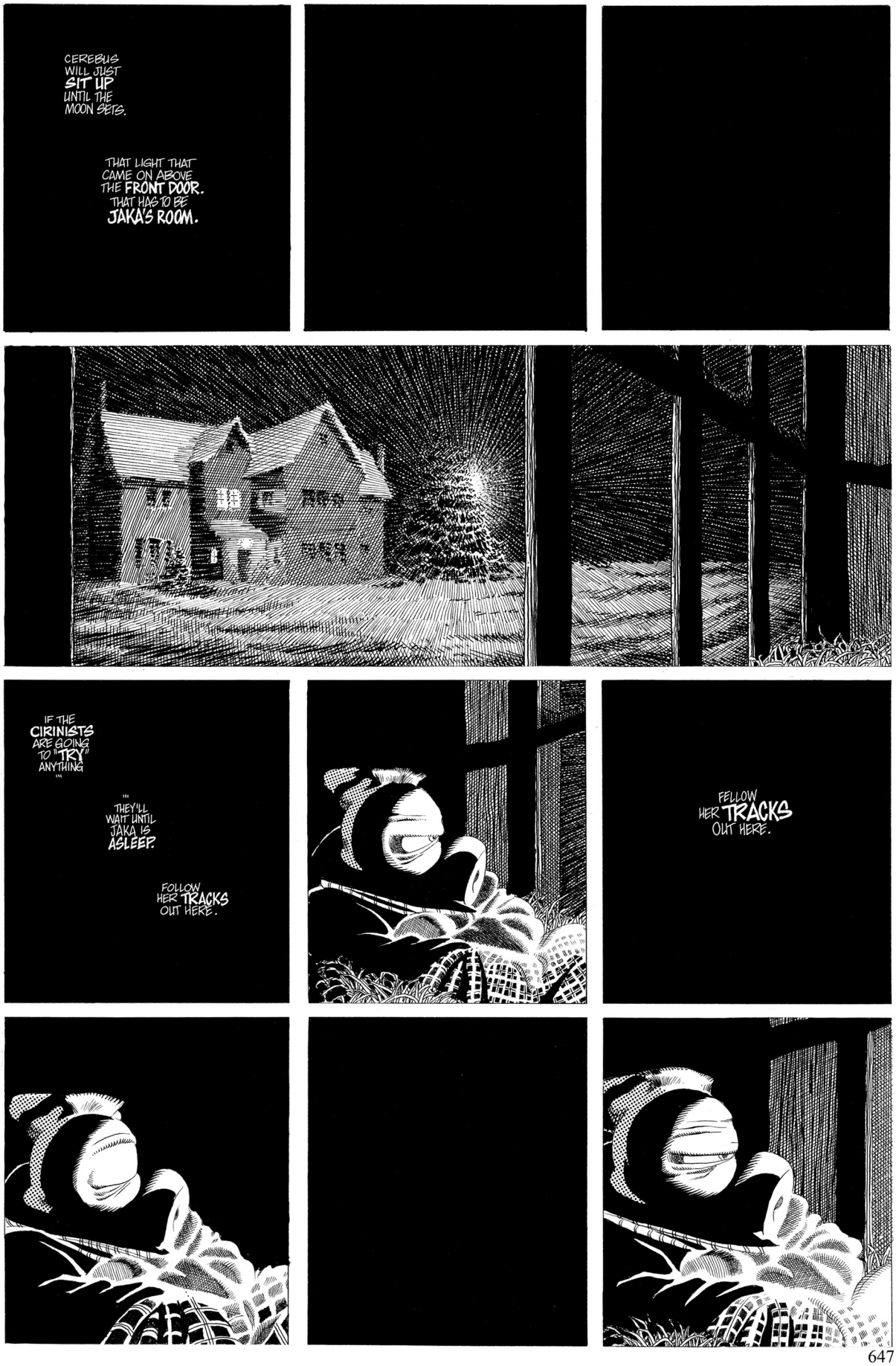

FEEL INSIDE THE MANGER.
THE?
THE CATTLE TROUGH.
IT'S A BED!
OH.
THERE'RE FOUR OF 'EM!
ONE ON EACH WALL!
CEREBUS'LL GET SOME BLANKETS OUT OF THE LOFT!
CREAK! CREAK!
I'M GOING TO STAY IN THE HUNTING LODGE
CREAK.
IF ANYONE ASKS... I'LL TELL THEM YOU'VE GONE BACK TO SAND HILLS CREEK
AND I-- I'M HEADING BACK DOWN ... SOUTH.
CREAK.
CREAK.


I REALLY NEED TO HAVE A BATH
AND CHANGE MY YOU KNOW WHAT
BEFORE I MEET YOUR MOTHER
AND YOUR FATHER
giggle DON'T LOOK SO SERIOUS
THIS TIME TOMORROW NIGHT
WE'LL BE ALL SNUGGLED UP TOGETHER
UNDER ONE OF YOUR MOTHER'S INCH-THICK QUILTED COMFORTERS
HEH
MWAH
MWAH
MWAH
MMMMMMMMMMMWAH
HEH HEH HEH
AS SOON AS THE MOON SETS
KLICK
RLE
I'LL COME AND GET YOU.
GOODBYE

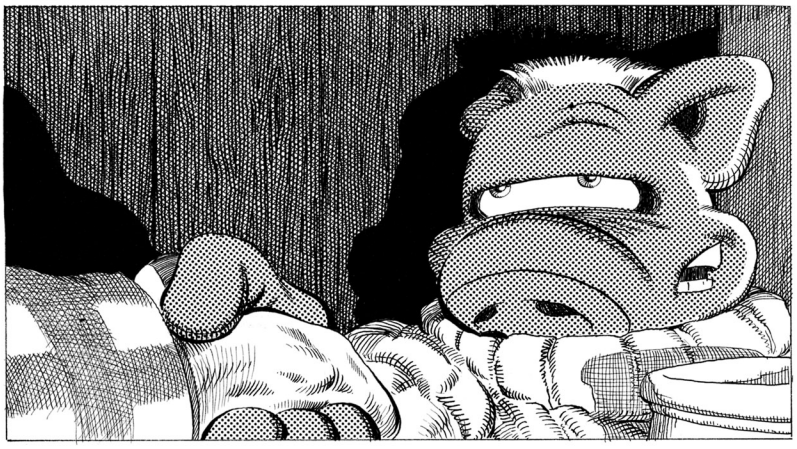
YOU MEAN: GOOD NIGHT!
?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID..
NAY!
YOU SAID-- GOODBYE!
YOU
HA-HAHA♪

NOW YOU'RE HEARING THINGS.
I'LL SEE YOU AFTER THE MOON SETS
MWAH♪
CREE


EE EE KLAK
TUMP TUMP TUMP TUMP
CRAK
CW!
LIMP
LIMP
LIMP
LIMP
LIMP
LIMP
LIM
LI


CEREBUS WILL JUST SIT UP UNTIL THE MOON SETS.
THAT LIGHT THAT CAME ON ABOVE THE FRONT DOOR. THAT HAS TO BE JAKA'S ROOM.
IF THE CIRINISTS ARE GOING TO "TRY" ANYTHING "
" THEY'LL WAIT UNTIL JAKA IS ASLEEP.
FOLLOW HER TRACKS OUT HERE.
FELLOW HER TRACKS OUT HERE.

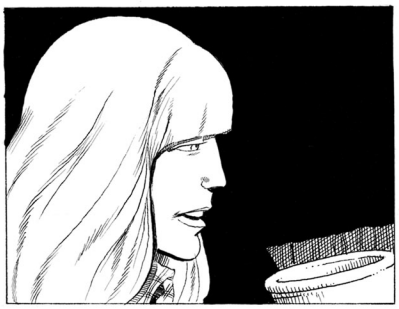
SIT UP. UNTIL THE FELLOW TRACKS OUT
EAR
BIGGEST CELEBRATION THE OLD SAWMILL CLUB HAS EVER SEEN!
FRONT DOORS WIDE OPEN! NO NIGHT SHIFT AT THE SAWMILL TONIGHT!
EVERYBODY'S HERE!



ZEKE NEVER THOUGHT HE'D BE SHAKIN' HANDS WITH A FOR REAL POPE!

HA-HA-- FORMER POPE

CEREBUS IS JUST GLAD TO BE HOME AGAIN, MR. MORTON



JAKA TELLING CROTCH-FACE ABOUT THE BARGE

... OR ...

OH, SHIT! NO! SHE'S TELLING HIM ABOUT THE CATACOMBS!

CROTCH-FACE HAS HIS KNIFE OUT.

MAKE IT *QUICK*, CROTCH-FACE. DON'T LET JAKA SUFFER.

KLAK
REE
UNH
GOOD♪ MORNING.
JAKA!
DON'T EVER TELL ANYONE
YOU WERE DOWN IN THE CATACOMBS.
WEH?
BECAUSE WOMEN AREN'T "ALLOWED" DOWN THERE

THAT'S JUST PLAIN SILLY! I PROBABLY KNOW MORE ABOUT
JAKAAAA
THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE THAN ANY DOZEN MEN WHO
JAKA.
FINE.
SLAM
TIK
TAC
TAK
TAC
DOUBLE SLITTY-EYED "PALNU FACE" AND A DOOR SLAM.
NOT CEREBUS' FAVOURITE WAY TO START THE DAY.

CREE
KLAK
CREE
KLAK
JAKA?
CEREBUS IS ONLY THINKING ABOUT YOUR WELFARE...
IF ANYONE EVEN SUSPECTED THAT YOU HAD BEEN IN THE
I PROMISE I WILL NOT SO MUCH AS BREATHE ALOUD THE WORD "CATACOMBS"
IF YOU PROMISE TO STICK THAT "LORD AND MASTER" TONE OF YOURS "YOU-KNOW-WHERE"
UNTIL WE ARE ACTUALLY IN SAND HILLS CREEK.
MWAH.
MWAH.

!
HEY! IT'S MORNING!
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO COME AND GET CEREBUS
WHEN THE MOON SET.
I KNOW.
THE COUPLE WHO RUN THE HUNTING LODGE TOLD ME WE'RE TWO MILES TO THE NORTH OF
THE MOTHERS' TERRITORY.
THE MOTHERS ARE ALLOWED IN...
"BUT ONLY IN PAIRS"
"AND NOT WITH WEAPONS OF ANY KIND.
WHEN I HEARD THAT
I FIGURED WE BOTH MIGHT AS WELL GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.

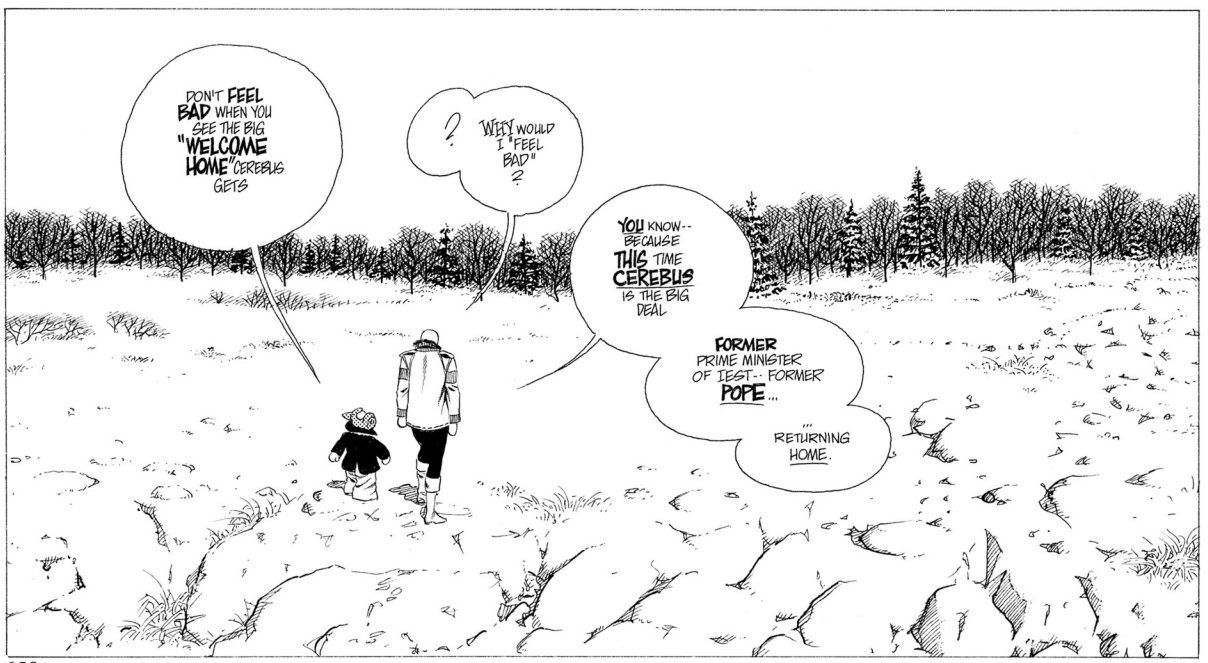
I HOPE THAT WAS ALL RIGHT.
OH, AYE. AS LONG AS "THE COUPLE" WEREN'T CIRINIST AGENTS -- AND AS LONG AS THE CIRINISTS HAVEN'T SMUGGLED A WHOLE DIVISION OVER THE UNDEFENDED PARTS OF THE BORDER, TWO AT A TIME -- AND AS LONG AS THEY HAVEN'T GOT A SECRET CACHE OF WEAPONS FROM THE
I SAID "
" I HOPE THAT WAS ALL RIGHT. "
OH AYE!
FINE.
OH GOOD. I WORRY ABOUT MY ABILITY TO MAKE THE RIGHT CHOICES IN THOSE SITUATIONS
SINCE I AM A MERE WOMAN

GETTING ALL THE SARCASM OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM BEFORE WE GET TO SAND HILLS CREEK?
SARCASM?
SARCASM?
DOESN'T SARCASM ORIGINATE IN THE MORE HIGHLY DEVELOPED PARTS OF THE BRAIN? I MEAN:
DOESN'T SARCASM REQUIRE A PENIS?!
UH-OH.
(UH-OH?)
BACK SPASM.
NONO! THIS ISN'T SARCASM! THIS IS VITRIOL. I'M GETTING OUT OF MY SYSTEM!
VITRIOL AND VAGINA
THEY BOTH START WITH "VEE"

SHIT SHIT SHIT
AND MAKE NO MISTAKE. WHEN WE DO GET TO SAND HILLS CREEK
C'MON-- CEREBUS KNOWS WHAT HE HAS TO DO.
(MAYBE IT'LL GO AWAY ON ITS OWN)
YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR PLENTY MORE OF THIS "BEHIND CLOSED DOORS," LITTLE MISTER
IT DOESN'T GO AWAY ON ITS OWN
(MAYBE THIS TIME IT WILL...)
ALSO! WHO'S TO SAY THAT SAND HILLS CREEK HASN'T CHANGED?
... OR THAT SAND HILLS CREEK ISN'T CAPABLE OF CHANGING?
C'MON-- JAKA IS GETTING WAY AHEAD AND CEREBUS STILL HAS TO TELL HER ABOUT "YOU-KNOW-WHAT"
BY GOLLY! MAYBE ALL THE WOMEN OF SAND HILLS CREEK NEED IS FOR SOMEONE TO OPEN THEIR EYES AND SHOW THEM
OKAY. THIS IS GOING TO HURT.
ON THREE.
ONE.
TWO.

YAGH!
I'M SORRY I'M SORRY
DON'T HIT ME
WHEW.
?
HEH.
BACK SPASM.
MWAH.
MWAH.

CEREBUS BETTER TELL HER SOON!
(DON'T WORRY-- CEREBUS IS JUST WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT)
CEREBUS HAS BEEN WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT SINCE THE WALL OF TSI
(SOON.)
(CEREBUS WILL TELL HER SOON.)
SAND HILLS CREEK IS JUST OVER THE NEXT RIDGE!
(OKAY! OKAY... CEREBUS WILL JUST BE REEEAL SUBTLE ABOUT IT)


DON'T FEEL BAD WHEN YOU SEE THE BIG "WELCOME HOME" CEREBUS GETS
? WHY WOULD I "FEEL BAD"?
YOU KNOW-- BECAUSE THIS TIME CEREBUS IS THE BIG DEAL
FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF IEST-- FORMER POPE...
...RETURNING HOME.

DON'T BE SILLY. I'M ALWAYS DELIGHTED WHEN SOMEONE ELSE IS FORCED TO BE THE CENTER OF
ALSO! WE HAVE TO TELL EVERYONE THAT WE'RE MARRIED.
PARDON ME?
SAND HILLS CREEK IS VERY STRICT "ORTHODOX TARIMITE."
? BUT...
NO "BUTS," JAKA!
WE'LL TELL EVERYONE THAT WE'RE MARRIED AND THAT'S FINAL!
BUT...!
JAKA? WHAT DID CEREBUS JUST

BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT RINGS!!
WHAT?
WE HAVEN'T GOT
WEDDING
RINGS
OH.
OH AYE.
WELL..
uh
WE'LL JUST TELL EVERYONE THAT WE LOST THEM.
LOST THEM.
AYE.
LOST THEM WHERE?
LOST THEM IN THE BIG HAIL STORM.

LOST THEM HOW IN THE BIG HAIL STORM?
WE LOST THEM IN THE TENT.
IN THE TENT?
HOW DO YOU LOSE TWO WEDDING RINGS IN A TENT?
WE ACCIDENTALLY LEFT THEM BEHIND.
LIKE YOU DID WITH MISSY
BECAUSE WE THOUGHT WE WERE COMING RIGHT BACK

WAIT WAIT WAIT
WHY DID WE TAKE OUR WEDDING RINGS OFF IN THE FIRST PLACE?
IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY
WHAT DID CEREBUS TELL YOU ABOUT "MOUTHING OFF"?
STOMP STOMP STOMP

STOMP
STOMP
STOMP
WAIT A SECOND.
I GET IT.
IT ISN'T MY JOB TO THINK ABOUT THOSE THINGS
IS IT?
?
NAY.

SO IF SOMEONE ASKS ME
"MRS. CEREBUS? WHERE'S YOUR WEDDING RING?"
I JUST SAY: "WHY -- I DON'T KNOW!"
"WHY DON'T YOU ASK MY HUSBAND?"
AYE.
AND IF THEY COME BACK AND SAY:
"CEREBUS SAYS YOU BOTH LOST YOUR WEDDING RINGS IN A TENT."
I JUST SAY: "WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS THEN THAT MUST BE WHAT HAPPENED!"
AYE.

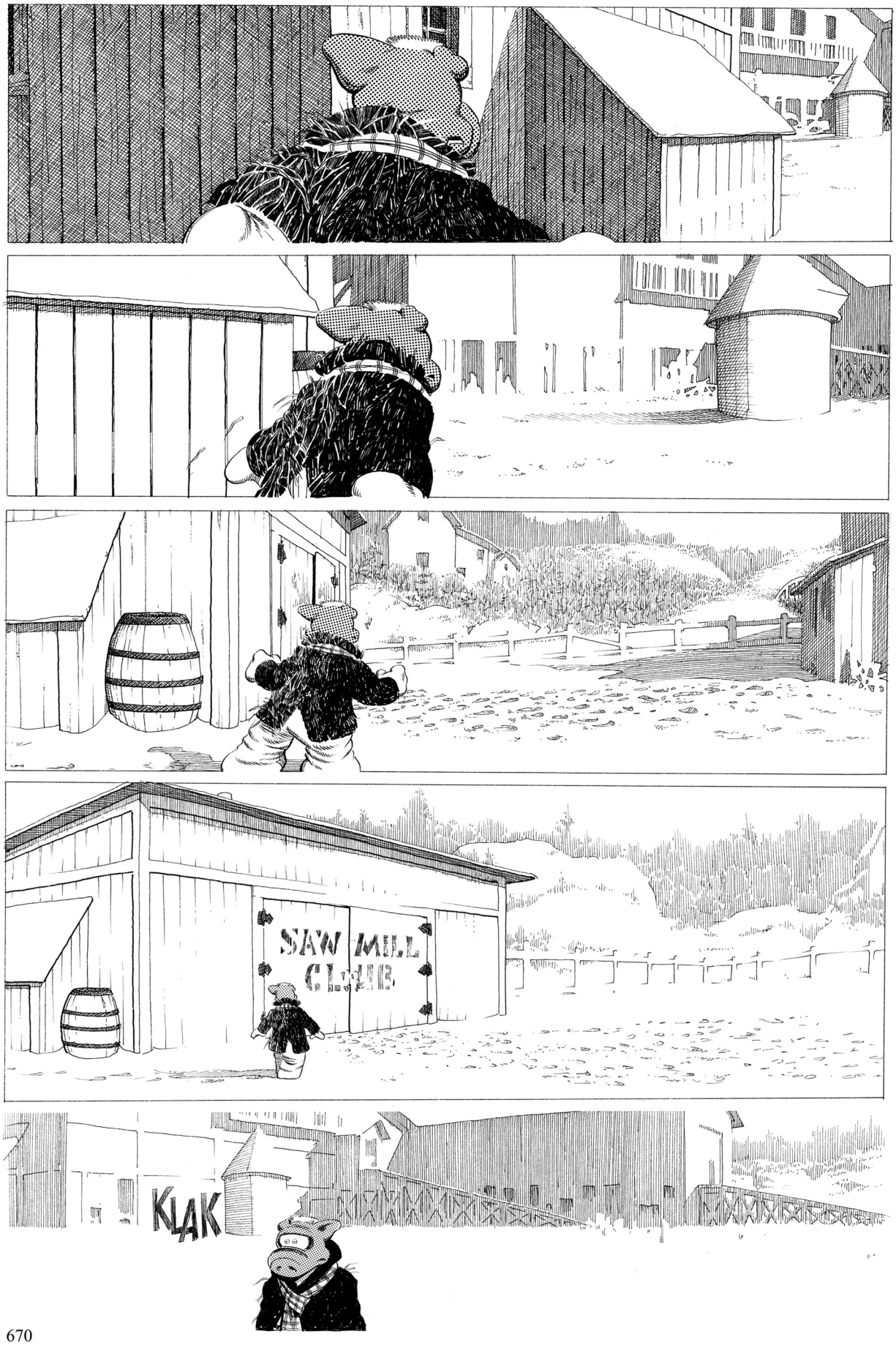
HA HAA HA!
SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE IN SAND HILLS CREEK
AYE. THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE
HERE.
HA. THIS MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE MORE FUN THAN I
THOUGHT

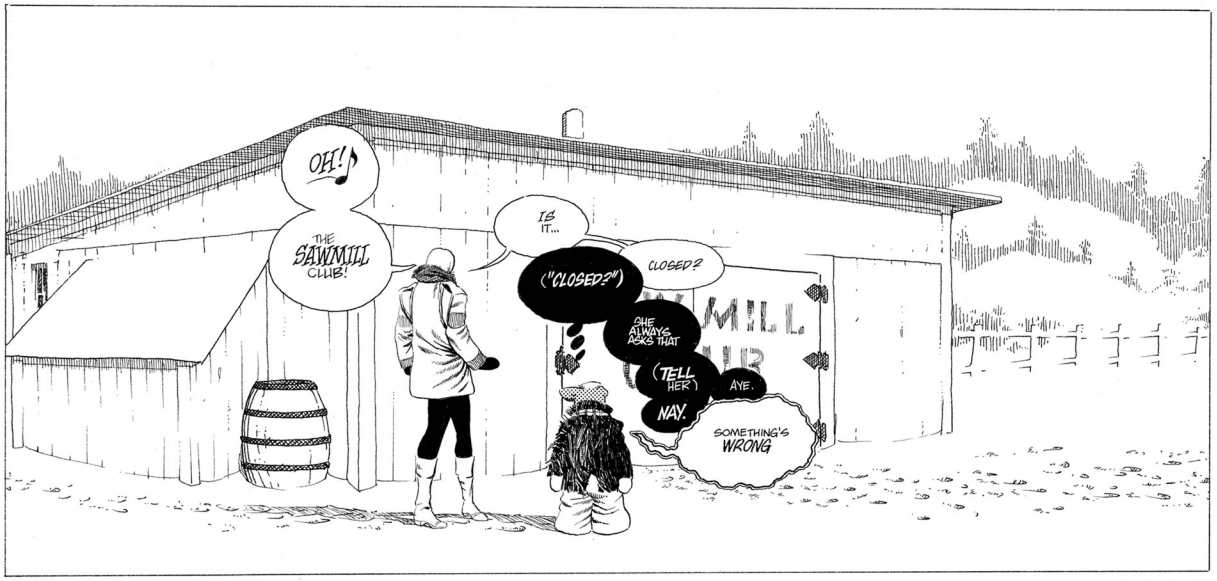
("PARDON?")
PARDON?
(HEH-HEH CEREBUS KNEW SHE WOULDN'T HEAR HIM THE FIRST TIME)
CEREBUS SAID: "IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE CANCELLED THE DAY SHIFT AT THE SAWMILL TOO."
("OH.")
("SO... WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?")
OH.
MEANING... ...WHAT?
MEANING THAT EVERYONE IS ALREADY AT THE SAWMILL CLUB
WAITING FOR US.
C'MON!

KLAK

KLAK
KLAK
CEREBUS?
THUMP
CEREBUS?

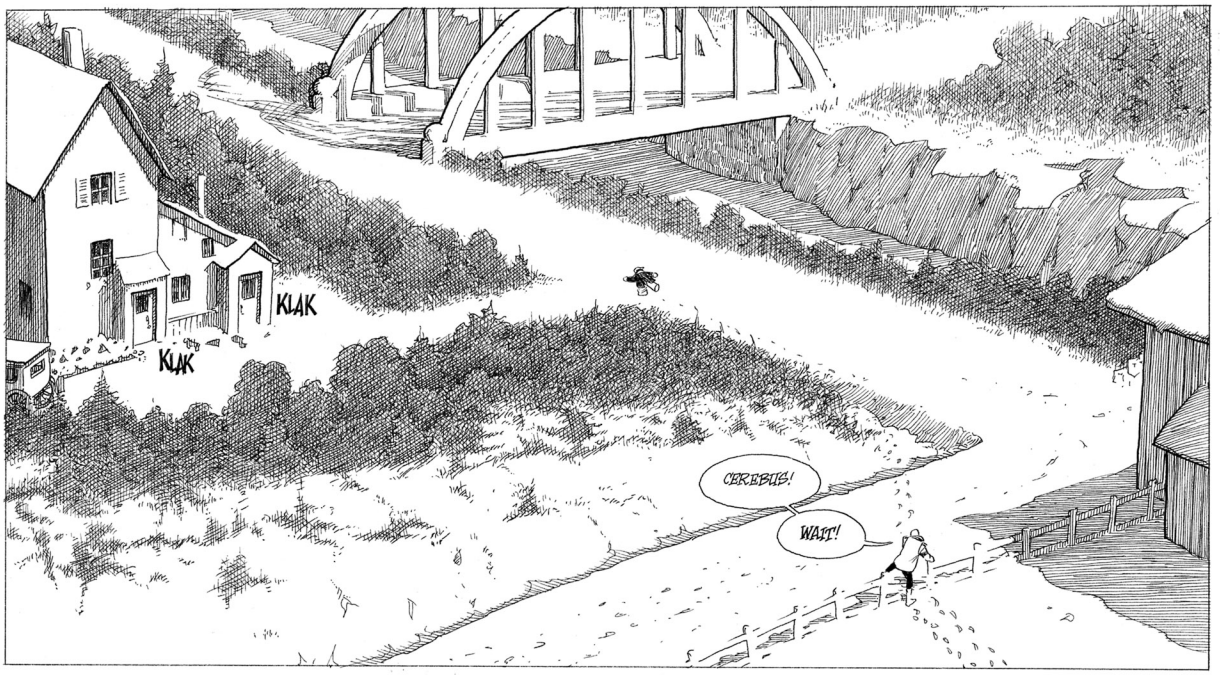
CEREBUS!!
THUMP
("WHAT'S WRONG?")
WHAT'S WRONG?
TELL HER
(CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW YET)
THE HELL CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW YE
SHUT UP
CEREBUS?
SHUT UP, JAKA... PLEASE. JUST SHUT UP.


SAW MILL
CLUB
KLAK

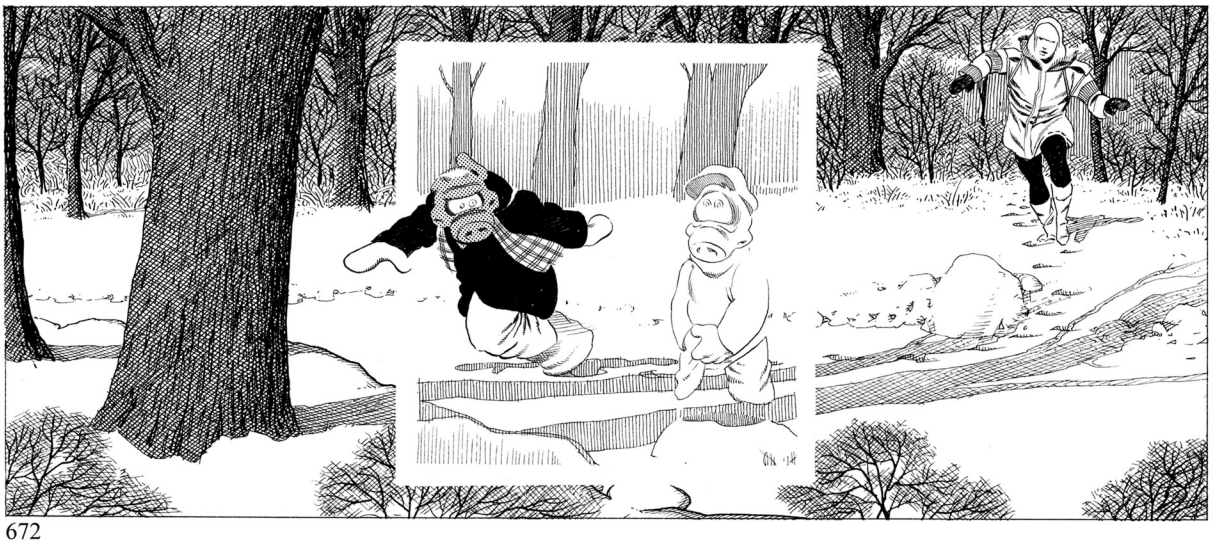

OH!♪
THE SAWMILL CLUB!
IS IT...
("CLOSED?")
CLOSED?
SHE ALWAYS ASKS THAT
(TELL HER)
AYE.
NAY.
SOMETHING'S WRONG

WRONG?
WHAT DO YOU

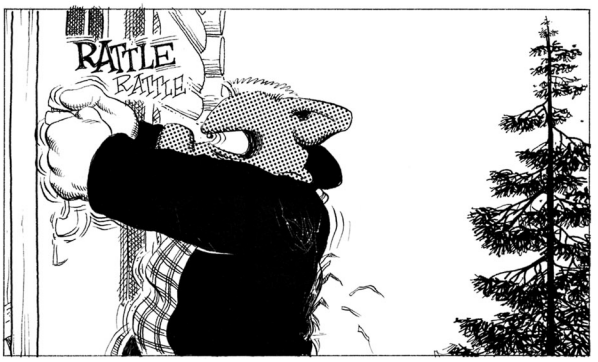
CEREBUS!

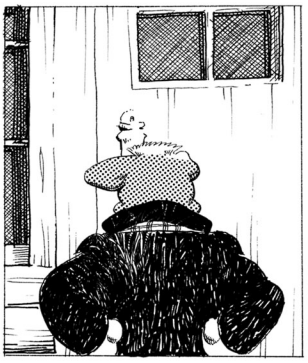

KLAK
KLAK
CEREBUS!
WAIT!

AND THEN CEREBUS REACHES THE CREEK AND THEN EVERYTHING SEEMS BACKWARDS AND UPSIDE DOWN AND CEREBUS IS STANDING OUTSIDE OF HIMSELF, WATCHING HIMSELF. "SEE THAT ROCK, JAKA? THAT'S THE ROCK CEREBUS WAS STANDING ON WHEN TREVOR STABBED HIM WITH MUM'S KITCHEN KNIFE..." IT'S AS IF THE WHOLE JOURNEY HAS LED TO HERE, HERE: SHOWING JAKA THE PLACE... AND THE NEXT SECOND CEREBUS CAN'T REMEMBER. IF HE EVER TOLD JAKA ABOUT TREVOR AND MUM'S KITCHEN KNIFE AND THEN HE REALIZES THAT HE NEVER DID AND NOW THERE'S NO TIME, JUST RUNNING, NO TIME, JUST RUNNIN

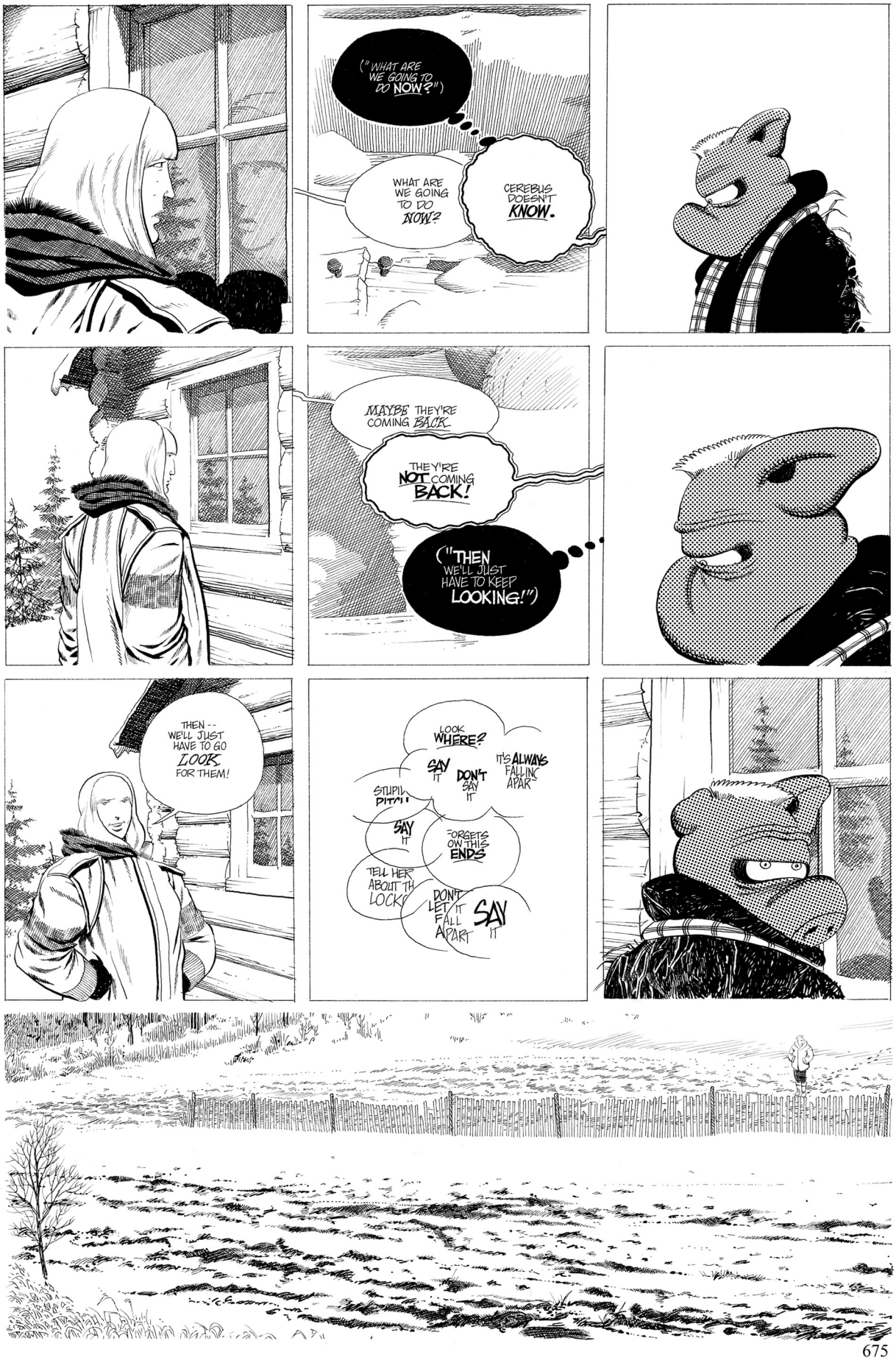


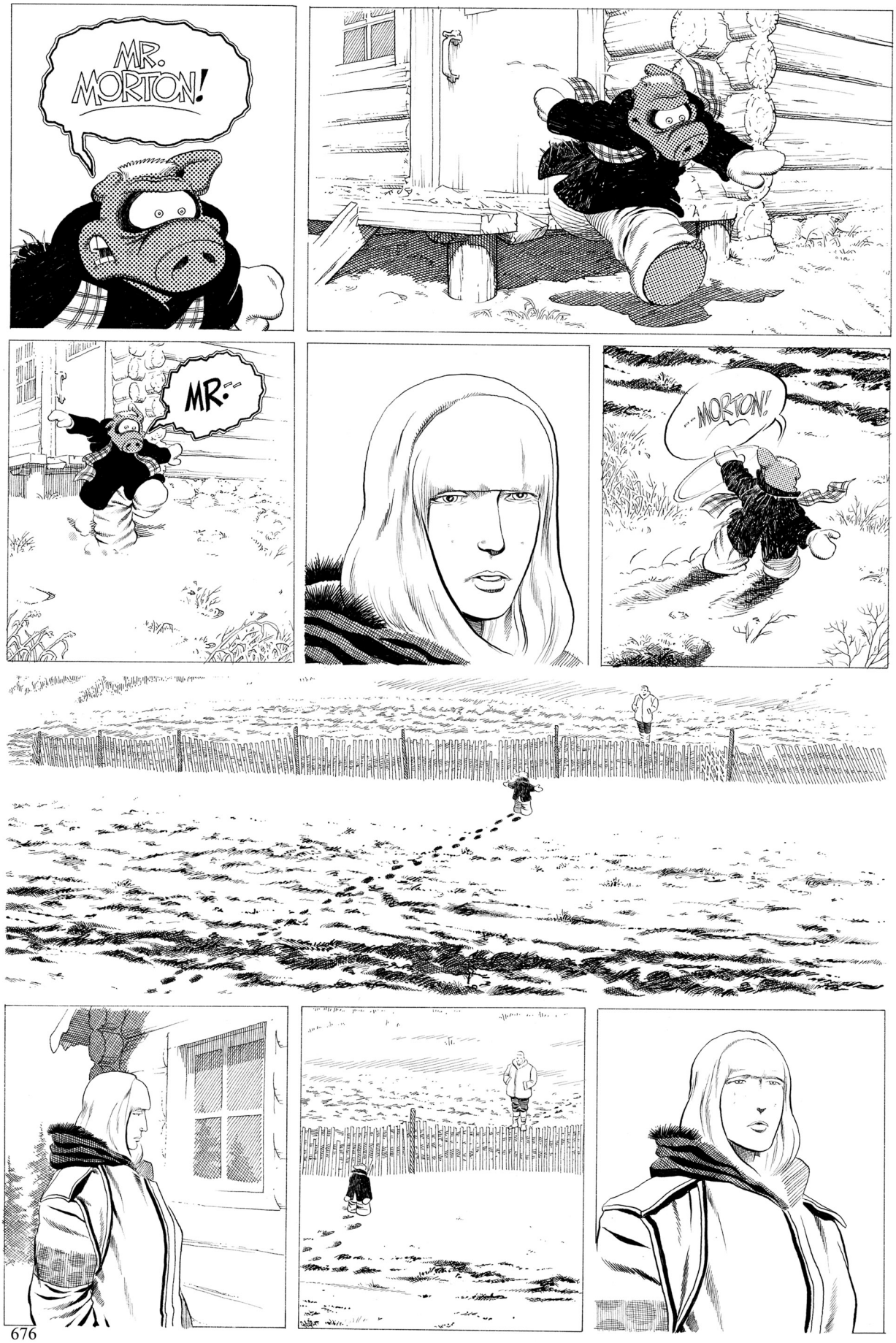
NOW CHERIE'S HOUSE, CHERIE WITH HER LONG, STRAIGHT, BLONDE HAIR, THAT JAKA'S HAIR ALWAYS REMINDED CEREBUS OF; AND THE SOUND FROM INSIDE: THE LATCH CLOSING **KLAK** AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, CEREBUS, OUTSIDE OF HIMSELF, WATCHING HIMSELF, THINKS THE WORD -- **LOCKOUT** -- AND KNOWS THAT SECOND THAT IT'S REAL AND IT'S TRUE AND HE PICTURES MR. HAYDEN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, CLOSING THE LATCH AND HE REMEMBERS THE ONLY LOCKOUT HE EVER SAW -- WITH CROTCH-FACE OR BEAR, AND CROTCH-FACE (OR WAS IT BEAR?) SAYING, "HE RAN STRAIGHT TO HIS BROTHER'S PLACE! NOW WHY IN HELL WOULD HE DO THAT?" AND CEREBUS COULD ANSWER CROTCH-FACE (OR WAS IT BEAR?) NOW AND TELL HIM, "IT'S WHAT YOU DO. IT'S JUST WHAT YOU... DO." AND THEN -- CEREBUS ISN'T OUTSIDE OF HIMSELF ANYMORE.





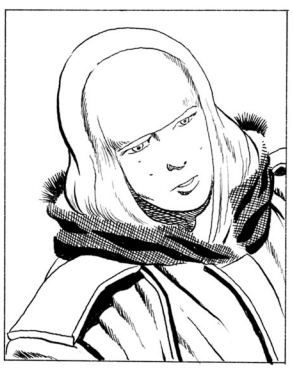
(IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM)
(THERE'S... SOMETHING THERE)
AYE.
ONE CHAIR.
ONE
EMPTY
CHAIR
A... WHAT?
(SHE NEVER HEARS CEREBUS WHEN HE SAYS THAT)
ONE. EMPTY. CHAIR.
OH.
WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE
(SHE HEARS CEREBUS WRONG)
WELL
OF COURSE YOU HAVE.
THIS IS
NAY.
NOT JUST CEREBUS
BOTH OF US


("WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?")
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?
CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW.
MAYBE THEY'RE COMING BACK.
THEY'RE NOT COMING BACK!
("THEN WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP LOOKING!")
THEN -- WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GO LOOK FOR THEM!
LOOK WHERE?
SAY IT
DON'T SAY IT
IT'S ALWAYS FALLING APART
STUPID PITCH!
SAY IT
FORGETS ON THIS ENDS
TELL HER ABOUT TH LOCK
DON'T LET IT FALL APART
SAY IT


MR. MORTON!
MR.--
MORTON!

SCUFF
BRUSH
BRUSH

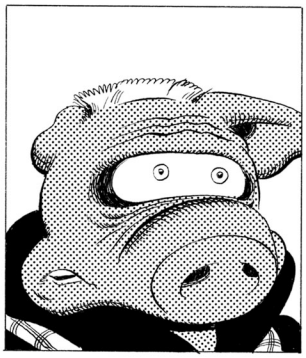
FINALLY.



JOSEPH COME OVER ONE DAY.

TOOK OFF HIS SHOES.

LAY DOWN ON ZEKE'S CHESTERFIELD AND SAID



"MIND IF I.

REST.

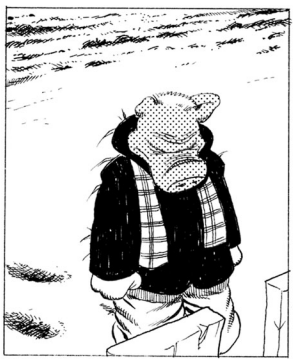
A WHILE."

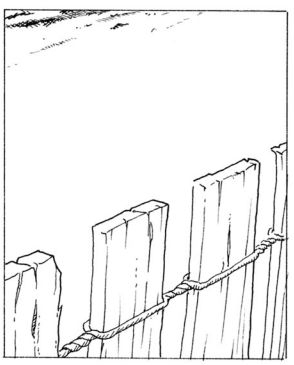
WHEN ZEKE COME IN...

ZEKE SAID.

IN JOSEPH'S ...GENERAL... DIRECTION

"LOOKS LIKE RAIN."



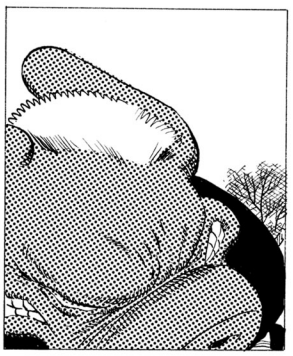


JOSEPH DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ...BACK...

SO...OF COURSE

JOSEPH AND ZEKE NEVER

SPOKE AGAIN.



JOSEPH NEVER ASKED FOR NOTHIN'.

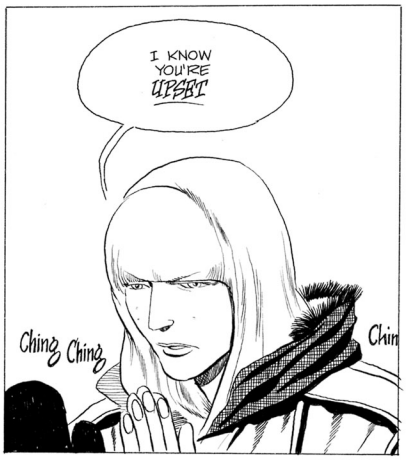
JUST LAY ON ZEKE'S CHESTERFIELD 'TIL HE STOPPED BREATHIN'.

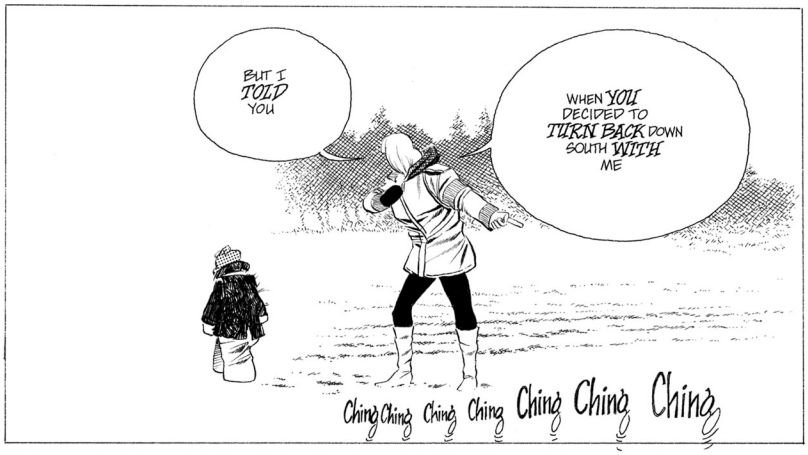
AND THEN ZEKE AND TWO OF JOSEPH'S

FRIENDS
SAW JOSEPH TO HIS FINAL
REST.
IT WASN'T RIGHT.
BUT IT WAS AS RIGHT
AS IT COULD BE.
TELL ZEKE.
DID JOSEPH DIE.
ALONE.
BECAUSE YOU WERE.
BUSY.
WITH THIS
HARLOT?
"HARLOT"?!
LISTEN HERE
MISTER... MISTER...
WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS!

SHUT
UP!
PLEASE, MR. MORTON
SHE'S JUST AN IGNORANT WOMAN.
SHE DOESN'T KNOW ANY BETTER
MR. MORTON
PLEASE
TELL CEREBUS
WHERE HIS DAD AND MUM ARE BURIED...
MR. MORTON!
PLEASE!
MR. MORTON

LISTEN...
Chin Ching Ching


I KNOW YOU'RE UPSET
Ching Ching
Chin


BUT I TOLD YOU
WHEN YOU DECIDED TO TURN BACK DOWN SOUTH WITH ME
Ching Ching Ching Ching Ching Ching Ching

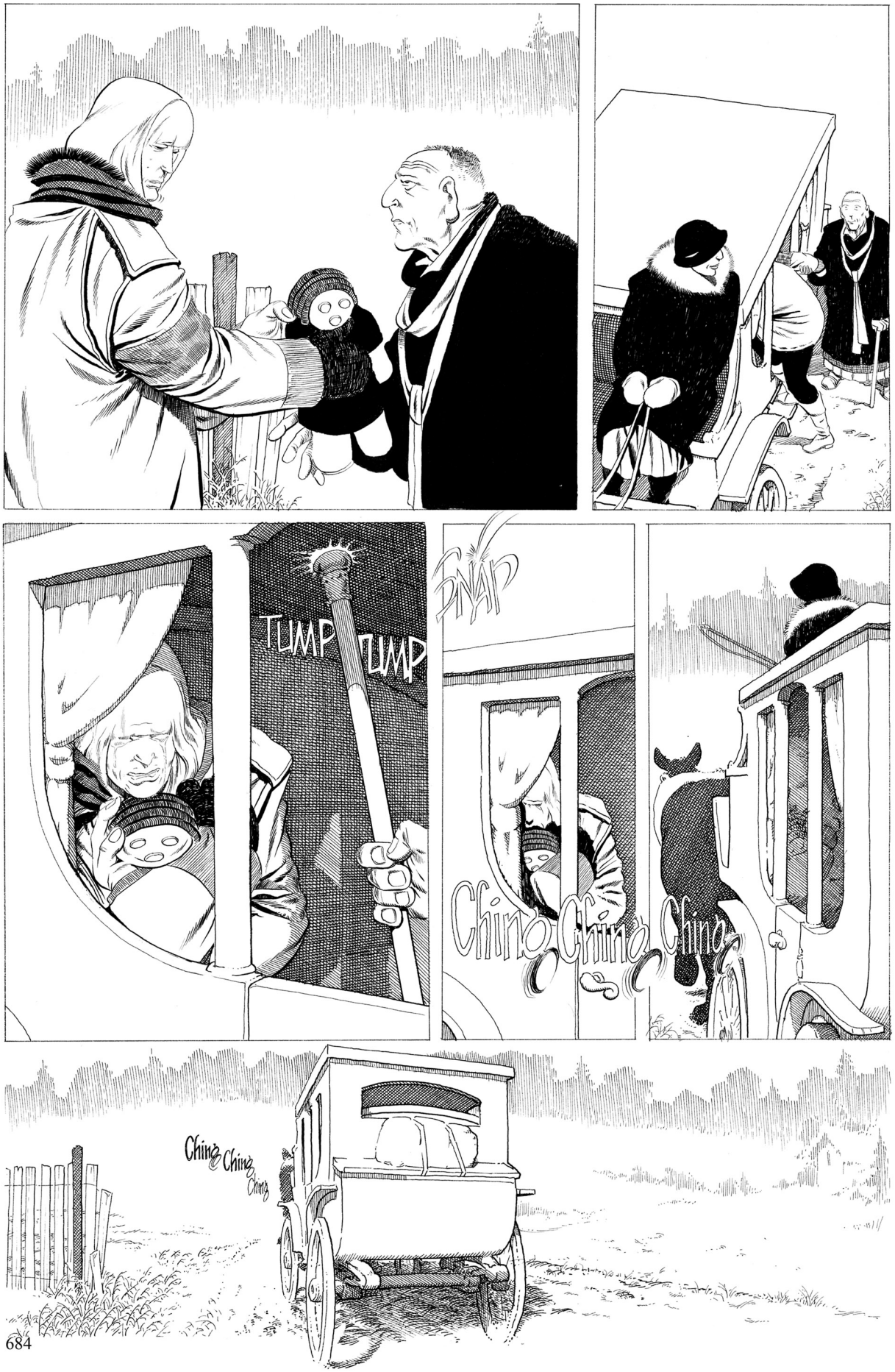
GO ON.

I SAID TO YOU
IN THE CARRIAGE
I SAID-- "JUST DON'T BLAME ME
IF YOU DECIDE LATER ON ..."

BEAT IT.

SCRAM
Chino

Chiro


TUMP TUMP
SNAP
Chink Chink Chink
Chink Chink Chink

RIP!

AAUAAA

TO HAM
&
HAM NOT

15 September 99 - And I read the introduction to *That Dangerous Summer.* And James Michener began to discuss bulls and bullfighting, and even James Michener began to sound like Papa, connecting his many simple sentences with "and" and writing as if translating his words from some romance language into English.

* * * * * * *

3 September 99 - The Hemingway voice in my head helps me to sleep well, for it is a voice with all the verve and the excitement of a metronome tick, tick, ticking, with its overlong sentences with too many "ands" in them and the sentences all strung together and making you think that you must be reading great literature because it always seems that there must be something just ahead of all the sentences with their too many "ands" and whatever it is when you get there will be like a large and ancient secret that will answer many questions. But then you get there and there is no ancient secret, just more simple sentences full of simple words, and every once in a while you stop and say, "This is Hemingway and Hemingway is considered to be the greatest writer of the 20th century" and you nod to yourself because that much, at least, is true.

* * * * * * *

20 August 99 - When I read Hemingway's work, I will run across a passage which in some way connects with another passage that I have read and because I know that I am doing research I will think to myself, I really must get up and make a note of this passage and how it applies to that other passage and sometimes I don't, saying to myself I will remember the passage so it is not necessary that I jump right up and make a note of it. Pretty soon I know I am lying because it is only a page or maybe two since I have read the passage, but already I cannot remember it or the other passage that it reminded me of because Hemingway's passages are like buses: there is another one along any minute and another one and another one. But I am trying to be a responsible Hemingway researcher so I finally forced myself to come in and write this even though I can't remember the passage that made me get up and come in here to my writing desk. But at least I have described how difficult it is to concentrate on researching Hemingway, so perhaps that is at least something.

* * * * * * *

2 November 99 - Write one true sentence, Ernest Hemingway told himself as he began his career; write the truest sentence you know.

It is raining today.

That sentence has four characteristics. One, it is a true sentence. Two, as my jeans I am wearing are still wet from walking to work this morning, if it is not the truest sentence I know it is very close to it. Three, it is a Hemingway sentence made truly and good. Four, it has the same relationship to literature that Picasso's "paintings" have to art. To call "It is raining today" writing is "The Emperor's New Clothes." As Truman Capote said of Kerouac's "writing": "That's not writing, that's just typing."

* * * * * * *

1 November 99 - I had saved Hemingway for my later years as I have saved many writers for my later years after my experience with Dostoyevsky where, in my early twenties, I went on a Dostoyevsky binge and read everything he wrote in a period of a few months, not realizing until I was done that now I would never read a Dostoyevsky novel for the first time again ever in my life.

I saved *War and Peace* until I was in my forties. I have not read *Anna Karenina*. I have not read many of the most celebrated authors because there are few of them, relatively speaking, that all or most agree are the Greats of Literature. There are others who are not considered Great *per se* but who are considered to have written a Great book or perhaps two.

One such author with his Great book that one hears much of is William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*. I remember the day that I bought a used copy of *Naked Lunch* and went eagerly to Victoria Park to enjoy William Burroughs' Great book. I read about a page and a half and said, "Oh. Typing" (in the Capotean sense). I threw the book in the trash. To call *Naked Lunch* literature is also the same as calling Picasso's paintings art. It is "The Emperor's New Clothes."

* * * * * * *

2 November 99 - To refresh everyone's memory including my own, I went to the library and photocopied the Hans Christian Andersen fable "The Emperor's New Clothes" and brought it back to the studio where I read it. It is the story of an Emperor who is only interested in clothing and how two swindlers come to town and announce that they make the most fabulous material in the world, so fine and rare that it cannot be seen by anyone who is unfit for his post or by those who are incredibly stupid. They begin to make a set of clothes for the Emperor, ostensibly using the finest silk and the finest gold but actually pocketing the silk and the gold and "weaving" on empty looms. So the Emperor sends his Chamberlain (oh, yes, Hans Christian Anderson remembers at this point, everyone has been told about the "unfit for his

post" and "incredibly stupid" part). So the Emperor sends his honest, old Chamberlain to see how the work is coming along, and the Chamberlain, seeing nothing on the looms and mindful of possibly being "unfit for his office" and "incredibly stupid," pretends to see the rich colours and the intricate designs described to him by the swindlers and relays their description verbatim to the Emperor, as do the next two officials the Emperor sends. Finally the New Clothes are ready and the Emperor himself comes with his courtiers, who all pretend to see the new glorious suit of clothes so as not to be thought unfit for their post or very stupid. Each "piece" is fitted onto the Emperor ("These are Your Imperial Majesty's knee-breeches. This is Your Imperial Majesty's robe. This is Your Imperial Majesty's mantle" and so forth) and he is reassured "It is all as light as a spider's web, one might fancy one had nothing on, but that is just the beauty of it!" It is only during the public procession to exhibit the magnificent set of New Clothes that a little child gasps:

"But he hasn't got any clothes on!"

"But he hasn't got any clothes on!" shouted the whole town at last. The Emperor had a creepy feeling down his spine, because it began to dawn upon him that the people were right. "All the same," he thought to himself, "I've got to go through with it as long as the procession lasts."

So he drew himself up and held his head higher than before, and the courtiers held on to the train that wasn't there at all.

* * * * * * *

It is the "whole town" assertion which robs the story of much potential meaning to me and makes the story either inadequate or incomplete. What of the courtiers who were "holding" the Emperor's imaginary train? Did *they* cry out "But he hasn't any clothes on"? What about the townsfolk whose interest in the procession extended only to its value as a test to reveal who is unfit for his (or her—updating Mr. Andersen in good 20th-century politically correct fashion) post and who is incredibly stupid? Would they not cry with triumphant zeal "Aha! You are unfit for your post and incredibly stupid! You cannot see how magnificent the Emperor's New Clothes are!" instead of "But he hasn't got any clothes on"? When the procession ended, did the Emperor have the two swindlers arrested? Or did he order another even more magnificent set of "clothes"?

* * * * * * *

Incomplete and inadequate as "The Emperor's New Clothes" is, to me, I would still rate it, as literature, a good deal higher than Ernest Hemingway's "Big Two-Hearted River" which it resembles very truly when it comes to using very simple declarative sentences. "The Emperor's New Clothes" is at least about something and it expresses an idea. Although the idea is simplified or incomplete or inadequately developed, it is, at least, self-evidently there. There is no idea expressed, adequately or otherwise, in "Big Two-Hearted River." To me, it is not writing. It is typing.

* * * * * * *

Ho, ho, ho. Did you read what that foolish misogynist and evil person Dave Sim is writing in *Cerebus* now?! He says that Ernest Hemingway's legendary short story "Big Two-Hearted River" expresses no idea. How can that be, when Ernest Hemingway is the greatest writer of the 20th century as everyone knows and Ernest Hemingway won the Pulitzer Prize and the Nobel Prize and "Big Two-Hearted River" as everyone knows has been acknowledged by Great Writers everywhere as one of the Greatest Short Stories Ever Written?! No wonder everyone knows Dave Sim is a foolish misogynist and an evil person. He even says that Picasso's paintings are not art when everyone knows that Picasso is the Greatest Painter of the 20th century and his paintings hang in museums and sell for millions and millions of dollars and books and movies are made about him!

* * * * * * *

Soon we will all say goodbye to the 20th century. The century of the Emperor's New Art.

* * * * * * *

I had decided that I would end the millennium in *Cerebus* with a one-two punch: F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. Several times as I worked on my F. Scott Fitzgerald character, F. Stop Kennedy, and as I worked on F. Stop Kennedy's book, *Pleasure's Simple Life*, many times I thought: this is almost too hard, working on these word rhythms and polishing each phrase, trying to polish it truly and good so as not to lose the spontaneity of expression but to polish it nonetheless. Many times I thought: imagine how hard it will be to write like Ernest Hemingway who everyone knows won the Pulitzer and Nobel Prizes! It will be, I would think to myself, like trying to write like Norman Mailer as I did in "Pilgrimage to Provincetown" and the sequence in *Guys* and like trying to write like Oscar Wilde in *Jaka's Story* and like trying to write like F. Scott Fitzgerald in "Fall and the River" and in "Chasing Scott" only it will be like trying to write like all of them at once, rolled together and maybe even it will be harder still than that! And as issue 251 loomed up towards me and I was only two months ahead on the book, even writing issue 249 so Gerhard would have to do most of the drawing so I would have another two weeks to add to my two months that I was ahead, even so, I thought to myself, this is impossible. I studied Scott Fitzgerald's writing for more than a year before I thought and felt that I was only a little up to the task of imitating his *The Beautiful and Damned* voice. I began my hard study of Ernest Hemingway's writing only a few hours after

I had finished my part of "Fall and the River."

* * * * * * *

See the old man.
See the sea.
See the old man chase the big fish in his little boat.
Chase the big fish, old man, chase the big fish.

* * * * * * *

As I have said, truly it was a good joke on me.
Ho, ho, ho.

* * * * * * *

In a way, studying Ernest Hemingway's writing was as hard to do as I thought it was going to be, but only because it is very hard to read "See Dick run. Run, Dick, run" for any length of time once you are past the age of seven. It is not hard to see, I thought to myself, how Hemingway could disbelieve Scott Fitzgerald when Fitzgerald told Hemingway about Fitzgerald's marathon writing sessions of eight hours or more. Hemingway called Fitzgerald a liar and told him no one could write for longer than four hours or so. When I read that, during my Fitzgerald research, I thought it was very "untruly" and "ungood" for me, because I have written for longer than four hours at a stretch and there are many writers who do so and have done so. Like so many others I thought Hemingway must be right and I must be wrong, for was not Hemingway the winner of both the Nobel *and* Pulitzer Prize (er—the Pulitzer *and* Nobel Prize?) ?

Once I read Hemingway's writing I understood. It *is* possible to write for eight hours or more. It is *not* possible to *type* for nine hours.

Put another way, an infinite number of monkeys with an infinite number of typewriters writing simple declarative sentences will from time to time type a particularly engaging simple, declarative sentence or two and sometimes three. But after four hours they are going to be through for the day and they will need to drink a pitcher of margaritas each.

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2 November 99 - It came as a surprise to me when I bought a copy of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* that it felt like a reasonably thick book and when I flipped to the back I found that it was 471 pages long and, not only that, I found it was in what appeared to be normal-sized type for a novel. What obtains here, I queried myself, for I had come to expect that a Hemingway book seldom clocked in at much over two hundred pages and that the two hundred pages were only accomplished through the use of font sizes seldom seen outside of the third-from-the-bottom lines on eye charts such as are used by optometrists who can be both professional and good and not-so-professional and sometimes bad.

I was about fifty pages into *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—perhaps it was seventy-five pages and perhaps it was forty pages, but I am sure it was less than a hundred—when I came to the sickening realization that Hemingway thought he was writing his own version of *War and Peace* and he thought how one did such a thing was to type and type and type and type as if one were a stadium full of monkeys, each with two or maybe three typewriters all typing truly and good and maybe they even had a *dozen* typewriters each which were Smith-Coronas and they had solved the problem of how they could type on a *dozen* typewriters at once by perhaps growing twenty more hands each and all typing and typing truly and good and good and truly and the earth would move which it only does two or maybe three times in the lifetime of a stadium full of monkeys and that's one.

The discourteous reader will perhaps now be thinking that foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist who was not so much as listed on *The Comics Journal*'s Top 100 list let alone ever at all winning the Nobel *or* Pulitzer—er, make that the Pulitzer *or* the Nobel—Prize is making *For Whom the Bell Tolls* sound worse than it is. For that reader, foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist now directs your attention to Hemingway's "Old Newsman Writes: A Letter from Cuba" (*Esquire*, December 1934, reprinted in *By-Line: Ernest Hemingway*).

> *In the meantime, since it is Christmas, if you want to read a book by a man who knows exactly what he is writing about and has written it marvellously well, read* Appointment in Samarra *by John O'Hara.*
>
> *Then when you have more time read another book called* War and Peace *by Tolstoi and see how you will have to skip the big Political Thought passages, that he undoubtedly thought were the best things in the book when he wrote it, because they are no longer either true or important, if they ever were more than topical, and see how true and lasting and important the people and the action are. Do not let them deceive you about what a book should be because of what is in the fashion now. All good books are alike in that they are truer than if they had really happened and after you are finished reading one you will feel that all that happened to you and afterwards it all belongs to you; the good and the bad, the ecstasy, the remorse and sorrow, the people and the places and how the weather was. If you can get so that you can give that to people, then you are a writer. Because that is the hardest thing of all to do. If, after that, you want to abandon your trade and get into politics, go ahead, but it is a sign that you are afraid to go on and do the other, because it is getting too hard and you have to do it alone and so you want to do something where you can have friends and well wishers, and be part of a company engaged in doing something worth doing instead of working all your life at something that will only be worth doing if you do it better than it has ever been done.*

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Well, maybe foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist is amazed because the *War and Peace* that *he* read was about the War of 1812 and it was thought about truly and good not only when Leo Tolstoy was scratch, scratch, scratching with his pen because they did not yet have Smith-Coronas but thought about and researched by Leo Tolstoy extensively until he came to the conclusion that everything *else* which had been written to that time about Napoleon's Russian campaign and occupation of Moscow and subsequent retreat was just so much French and Russian twaddle and in addition to writing truly and good about the people and the action and the weather, Leo Tolstoy made such an irrefutable case for his version of events that the reputation of Napoleon as a military genius suffered a mortal blow so that to this day the consensus which has emerged favours Tolstoy's view of Napoleon far more than the French Chauvinistic view which prevailed across all of the civilized world at the time of the writing of *War and Peace.* While there is value in Hemingway's advice on writing to "quit when you are going good" each day, to stop when you know exactly what will happen next (at least for the kind of writing Hemingway did where each of his novels began as a short story which basically just—type, type, type—kept going), that is *not* how you write *War and Peace*. While it is true that Tolstoy had his own military experience and brought that to bear on the writing of *War and Peace,* he was wise enough not to write about the campaigns in which he had

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3 November 99 - fought himself, knowing that a novelist/historian needs not only to read many books on his subject but that he has to wait a long enough time so that source materials come available and there exist books which contain many eyewitness accounts and assessments and counter-assessments and counter-counter-assessments. It seems to foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist worth pointing out that when Leo Tolstoy heard that there was a Civil War beginning between the American Union States and Confederate States, he did not choose to abandon *War and Peace* and sign a lucrative contract with a fashionable Russian magazine to write journalist dispatches from Appomattox with a canteen full of gin on one hip and a canteen full of cognac on the other. Nor did he return home a year later to write the "definitive" war novel of the American Civil War. Sufficient time had passed between the American Civil War and the time of Hemingway's writing *For Whom the Bell Tolls* for *Hemingway* to have done so, but it is impossible to read and annotate and cross-reference many, many books when you make it a rule that after typing for four hours every morning (except Sunday because it is bad luck to type on Sunday), it is time then to stop thinking and have a gin and tonic or two or three before you head out for the Floridita for your first margarita of the day where you can have friends and well wishers, and be part of a company engaged in doing…something…

Uh.

But when you wake up the next morning still a little groggy perhaps from the *last* margarita and begin again to type, type, type if you have left off when you were going good and you know what happens next in your typing, if you are going truly and good you should be able to write truly and good about people and action, the good and the bad, the ecstasy, the remorse and sorrow, the people (again) and the places and how the weather was, because while it is impossible to *write* under those conditions it is, at least, possible to *type* truly and good about all those things, as Hemingway proved page after page after page after page, day after day after day after day, type, type, type, type.

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And if you are a very lucky, great careerist (as Gore Vidal described you) and when people read your typing like the example above and the part where you talk about "All good books are alike in that they are truer than if they had really happened and after you are finished reading one you will feel that all that happened to you and afterwards it all belongs to you," everyone who reads it will stumble over the "all that happened to you" and go back several times thinking, "I must be unfit for my office or incredibly stupid because I think there are words missing here" and even when you realize that "all that happened to you" *should* be "all that *you just read* happened to you" and you are Arnold Gingrich the legendary *Esquire* editor you don't change it because you are *only* Arnold Gingrich and who are you to tell Papa that there are words missing from his typing?

Okay, first you were Hemingway and then you were suddenly Arnold Gingrich at the end there, but you know what foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist means.

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22 November 99 - In his column "Monologue to the Maestro: A High Seas Letter" (first printed in *Esquire*, October 1935, and reprinted in *By-Line Ernest Hemingway*, Scribners) Hemingway informs us that there are two absolute necessities in regard to writing. One is seriousness about writing. The other is talent. Several paragraphs later, we are informed that imagination is the one thing besides honesty that a writer must have. I did not think often of the Monty Python Spanish Inquisition sketch in the course of my Hemingway research, but on this occasion I did.

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The Torrents of Spring, when I finally read it, was indeed a hatchet job, but perhaps more surgical than that, but only a little more, as if Ernest had used a too-large knife to clarify the line which separated his own work from that of Sherwood Anderson, occasion-

ally making a clean incision and occasionally following some imaginary curve so that something which was Anderson's became Hemingway's and where mutilation occurred and was inevitable, cutting carefully so that the mutilation always took place on Anderson's side of the cutting. If a butcher could be described as surgical then *The Torrents of Spring* was both.

When Scribner associated Morley Callaghan with Hemingway in its publicity as Hemingway had been associated with Sherwood Anderson, it was fortunate for Hemingway's self-inflated reputation that Callaghan was a Canadian gentleman and not an American butcher-surgeon, for Hemingway had shown all would-be butcher-surgeons how it was done if anyone cared to try. Hemingway showed how to cut so that you could take something that belonged to someone else and make it your own and mutilate much of what you left behind so it was no good anymore.

Where did Hemingway give up on Anderson's *Dark Laughter*? The part with the journalist who wants to be a writer, to have the deft touch with words that the man did with varnish—not too much, not too little? Anderson was like an old dog trying to teach himself new tricks. He was trying to use what he saw in *Ulysses* to tell his own stories and to take Joyce's stream-of-consciousness and free associations and put them into his own work. It is as if Hemingway felt betrayed when he found something in Anderson's work that he did not want to steal. If Hemingway did not want to steal it or if Hemingway had not stolen it already, to Hemingway it did not belong there and if Hemingway thought it did not belong there, then to Hemingway it was bad writing. It seems to me that they were all looking for something—Anderson, Hemingway, Joyce, Gertrude Stein—looking for a way to do for, or rather *to*, literature what Picasso had done for, or rather *to*, painting. To strip it down to its bare essentials which is a nice way of saying to find a way to do it which is not so difficult and so time-consuming as actual writing and actual painting so that there is more time to sit around pontificating about art and Art and literature and Literature and getting into feuds with each other and eating very good peasant food and drinking very good peasant wine and living like any bourgeois office manager while regarding one's self as something finer than that, for obscure manufactured reasons. But the important part is eliminating work or confining it to three or four hours a day, tops. Hemingway found what they were looking for and is warmly remembered by those who would never otherwise have been considered anything but amateur writers just as Picasso is warmly remembered by those who would never otherwise have been considered anything but amateur painters. In a way, what Hemingway did was very democratic in that it allowed anyone who wished to be a writer to be a writer. All that was required was to have some experiences and to write about them using very simple one-syllable words one after another and lying about the parts that you wanted to be more interesting than your actual experiences had been.

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Page 388 - The paragraph which closes the published version of *A Moveable Feast*, Ernest Hemingway's unfinished memoirs of Paris in the 1920s and '30s. "It will always be" is my own addition as is the substitution of "Beduin" for "Paris." It was the first Hemingway book that I read, as two of the chapters deal with his memories of F. Scott Fitzgerald, so I read it as part of my research for "Fall and the River." At the time, I explained to myself that it was so badly written because Hemingway's literary powers were failing him by that time. According to one of Hemingway's biographers, he first began to think of writing about his memories of F. Scott Fitzgerald the month that I was born, May of 1956.

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Page 389 - Ham Ernestway's wife, Mary, is based on Hemingway's fourth wife, also named Mary. In 1976 she published her memoirs, *How It Was,* making free use of Hemingway's letters to her, in violation of his written and signed instructions that none of his letters were to be printed—instructions which she used to keep anyone else from using Hemingway's letters besides herself. Unlike Hemingway's work, Mary's prose is at least readable (she was a correspondent for *Time* magazine during the Second World War). It is her "just one of the boys" tough talk that is the foundation for much of the humour in "Form and Void." If you do not find a woman pretending to be "just one of the boys" funny, then much of the humour in "Form and Void" will be lost on you. Mary Hemingway's "just one of the boys" tone extends even to the index of her book, thus making it the only book in my experience to have a funny index. I was interested in providing a particular excerpt of her tough talk but found myself unable to locate it by skimming. Knowing that the incident had taken place at their house in Cuba, the Finca Vigia, I looked up in the index: *Cuba (Finca Vigia), privacy, intrusion on.* Although the episode I was seeking was not to be found under *privacy, intrusion on,* but rather under *thievery*, I confess that I find *privacy, intrusion on* very, very funny when it appears in the index of a woman's book. The episode in question:

> *They had not touched our pictures, or, as far as I could discover, any of our bibelots—old English and French silver jugs, Venetian figurines, first editions, the flat silver in the pantry. While we voiced thanks for their ignorance, Ernest set up a series of booby-traps involving a bell, a Mauser pistol and a stack of shotguns which should both surprise intruders and alert us. But for weeks afterward I slept more lightly than usual and got up in the nights to investigate noises. Having heard unlikely sounds from the direction of the pool, I was padding down the front steps in my nightie one 2 a.m. when Ernest yelled at me from my bedroom window. He had me covered with the*

revolver from his night table.

"Come back here."

"I thought I heard something."

"Come in here, you crazy kitten. You're not even armed." I had thought that a short conversation was the only weapon I needed. But the Boss of our place was now prepared to shoot in the general direction of any sound he did not like. He advised me to keep out of his possible lines of fire and thereafter I did.

"He advised me to keep out of his possible lines of fire and thereafter I did" juxtaposed with "nightie" just cracks foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist up. Perhaps in a few decades there will be readers of foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist's work who will also find such things funny or perhaps when their wives or girlfriends are not watching there are some who already do. Who is to say for certain? Certainly not I, thinks foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist, typing gleefully away to himself.

15 September '99 - "How are you doing these days?"

"Not much," he replied, mishearing the question.

"It hasn't been very long."

"No. Not long."

"But sometimes it seems like it has been."

"Has been what?"

"Long."

"Oh."

"I forget which one of us is speaking now, it has been so long since the last pronoun."

"Yes," one of us said, "it has." It didn't seem to matter which one of us it was who said it. It was getting dark out.

28 December '99 - I had just about given up hope of finding anything in the Hemingway oeuvre that I liked. I had only three Hemingway works left to read, having endured all of his novels and short stories. These three were: *Green Hills of Africa*, *Death in the Afternoon,* and his 1938 play *The Fifth Column.* I had spent fifty-two dollars of my own money to buy *Death in the Afternoon* in hardcover at Chapters in Waterloo. This represented the most amount of money I had ever spent on a book that I was reasonably certain I would not like. I was impressed that it was almost four hundred pages long, close to the same length as *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* and the font size of the type was even smaller than the font used on *For Whom...* such as one would find in a real book. I remained impressed until the book came to an abrupt end on page 218 and was immediately followed by one hundred pages of photographs and one hundred pages of glossary. I am an optimist by nature and had kept assuring myself that Papa was saving the best stuff for the last half of his book. *Green Hills of Africa* had a very interesting design concept for the beginning of each chapter, which I decided to incorporate into the second half of "Form & Void." I do not know if the designs were in the original printing or if they were peculiar to this edition with its stamp on the front cover that reads: "The Hemingway Century" (a sentiment which, apart from a moment of interest here or there, is hard to refute in retrospect). Unless Papa had something to do with the design of the chapter headings, I have very little to say about his work on this particular book.

I began reading *The Fifth Column* on a Friday night, before going out to have several beers. I was very surprised to find that I liked it. It had been written as war propaganda, and war propaganda is very seldom interesting even at the time, let alone sixty years later. It was war propaganda for the Spanish Civil War, which was a war between communists and fascists. The war was more complicated than that but not *much* more complicated than that, which is why you do not hear very much about it apart from how complicated it was. Certainly by the time the Second World War ended, you would be very hard pressed to find anyone who was willing to brag that he had been a good communist or a good fascist in the Spanish Civil War. For the record, Papa was a good communist in the Spanish Civil War, although he would have preferred the term "anti-fascist," and pretty much everyone agreed very quickly that Papa was totally non-political and had only raised money for ambulances in the Spanish Civil War. The nice thing about ambulances is that they tend not to have political loyalties but are still very close to the heart of the action, which means that an ambulance—like a journalist—that survives a war has certain bragging rights which a taxi or a bus that was nowhere near the action doesn't tend to have.

I finished the first act of *The Fifth Column* and went out for my several beers looking forward to reading the second act and pleased that I had found something of Papa's that I could read which did not affect me like fingernails scraping on a chalkboard.

By the end of the next day, I had a complete inventory of Hemingway works which I liked:

"The Snows of Kilimanjaro," "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and the first act of his play *The Fifth Column.*

I

All of these were written in a very short time between 1936 and 1938. The first two, which are short stories, were written in 1936, around the time that EH was on his first safari to Africa with his second wife, Pauline (not to be confused with "The Christmas Gift" or *True at First Light*, which were written about his *second* safari to Africa with his *fourth* wife, Mary, and which we will be getting to later in "Form & Void"). I think that these two short stories were reactions to three different realities in Papa's life at the time: one, his marriage to Pauline was almost over; two, word had spread that F. Scott Fitzgerald was finished as a writer; and three, Papa was travelling in much wealthier circles. At various points in the late 1930s a new voice entered Papa's work, the voice of the very rich. Which allows me to abandon temporarily the flat midwestern voice, which Papa stole from Gertrude Stein, and Sherwood

Anderson's flat New England voice. I am very happy about that.

II

This new voice could, perhaps, best be described as *Aristocraticus* and *Bitcha Aristocratica* in its respective gender forms. It was the voice of those Americans possessed of scads of cash but, alas, no genuinely blue blood. It was freely adapted from the voices of actors and actresses in plays written by Englishmen like Noel Coward (who, if they were not *of* the upper classes, they had at least had occasion to *hear* the real article from time to time—and were thus capable of producing a serviceable imitation sufficient to fool the *lower* classes and social-climbing colonials, at any rate). Pauline had *come* from that environment, heiress to some dreary floor wax or department store fortune or other, who caught Hem's amorous attentions. (*Hem* he became for a time with Pauline—a name which would not sound out of place in the pseudo-aristocratic environs of the Harvard yard or Yale's better social clubs. As in: "Good Old Hem".)

Now "Good Old Hem" had had a rather easy go of it when the time had come to dismiss his first wife, Hadley, who was of the same midwestern peasant stock as himself. Pauline had been one of Hadley's closest and dearest friends (*dah*-ling) and had, with the pseudo-aristocrat's aptitudes for such villainy, insinuated herself into the Hemingways' marriage and then just let nature take its course until she became something of an...inevitability? So. Much of Good Old Hem's dirty work was done *for* him, and it was only left to him to take up separate residence from his wife and vow to her that he would not see or in any way contact Pauline for some respectable interim period or other (which I'm sure Pauline, the pseudo-aristocrat, found *most* endearing in its own little midwestern peasant kind of way).

Well. Ten years down the road when "Good Old Hem" (soon to be simply "Ernie" or "Papa" again) felt the urge growing to give *Pauline* the old heave-ho, he was to find that *Bitcha Aristocratica* was an entirely different kettle of fish from the midwestern peasant (heave-ho-wise). Unlike Hadley—who had accepted a modest stipend and royalties from *A Farewell to Arms*—Pauline would get a substantial alimony, child support, and the house in Key West, Florida. This despite the fact that the total amounted to chump change placed alongside her share in her own family's fortune (you remember—the floor wax or the department store or whatever it was).

Anyway, the first safari to Africa took place against the backdrop of the "imminent heave-ho," and, reading between the lines, I'm sure Good Old Hem was finding out just how much the eternal verity "how sharper than a serpent's tooth..." underscored the temperament of *Bitcha Aristocratica* scorned. Nor was Pauline his sole experience with the breed. There was also Jane Mason, a socialite who would one day marry Arnold Gingrich (I mean, *dah*-ling, of *all* people...) but who was at the time married to a cartoonist (I mean, *dah*-ling, of *all* occupations!) named Grant Mason. Mr. Mason was the heir to some dreary Wall Street financier fortune or other, so the "cartoonist thing" could be overlooked by the temporary Mrs. Mason (one rather supposes). Anyway, the much-copulated-with Jane was something of a pioneer in the "wives running around loose with chums of the opposite gender with a certain amount of discreet and not-so-discreet bed-hopping involved" business, which undoubtedly rubbed Good Old Hem's midwestern peasant nature the wrong way even as he was enjoying its carnal benefits. He decided the cartoonist was a twerp, a straight line representing the shortest distance between two unethical positions (as it were). It is not completely out of the realm of possibility that Jane Mason married Arnold Gingrich to punish Hemingway for not succumbing more fully to her pseudo-aristocratic charms. "I can't believe she married that little turd," opined Papa on the occasion of his (hitherto ferociously loyal) *Esquire* editor's nuptials. Bulls eye for the former Mrs. Mason. The Hemingway/Jane Mason/Grant Mason triangle is one of the models for the Ham/Jaka/Cerebus "triangle." In later life Hemingway alluded pretty specifically to Jane Mason as the model for Margot Macomber, which I'm sure she was. Partly. But many of Hemingway's characters were pastiches of many people he had known. To say that Margot Macomber was modeled *solely* on Jane Mason is, I think, to drastically underrate the extent to which F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Crack-Up" series was preying on Hemingway after the first instalment appeared in February of 1936. Not to be too psychologically glib about it, but I think Good Old Hem's ego—in the midst of taking an awful *Bitcha Aristocratica* beating from Pauline—found small refuge in projecting itself onto F. Scott Fitzgerald and in Hem's growing conviction *cum* obsession that Poor Old Scott's Problem was that he lacked Good Old Hem's aptitude for picking the Right Significant Other. Yes, even as his marriage to Pauline was collapsing, Hemingway took great pride at his ability to "pick 'em."

III

That Bitch Zelda just ran roughshod over the poor guy. That was the problem. Scott had more talent than any five living writers you could name. *Scott's* problem was that he just couldn't see that *Zelda* was his problem. Maybe old Ernie could write a story that would help his pal Scott to see the light. Maybe Ernie and "Good Old Hem" would write it together. And maybe they would call it: "The Short Happy Life of *Francis* (as in Francis Scott Fitzgerald) Macomber."

IV

It's a very good story. It's a very good story on many different levels. It is about a husband and wife on safari in Africa, Francis and Margot Macomber. At the beginning of the story, we find out that Francis has proven to be a coward on the hunt, turning tail and

running from danger. The story is narrated by the white hunter who is in charge of the expedition.

V

The white hunter is English, you see. So he has that authentic aristocratic voice of which Francis' and Margot's are just a pale imitation. He's very much a man's man in that way which was vanishing quickly by 1936. Not all puffed up and swaggering, but a good lad. You know? Someone who knows what's what. When to speak up and when to keep your own counsel. Some of the best things in the story are the contrasts between Wilson's internal assessments and the reactions of the Americans before him. Francis and Wilson get onto the topic of Francis' cowardice:

"…I'm awfully sorry about that lion business. It doesn't have to go any further does it? I mean no one will hear about it, will they?"

"You mean will I tell it at the Mathaiga Club?" Wilson looked at him now coldly. He had not expected this. So he's a bloody four-letter man as well as a bloody coward, he thought. I rather liked him too until today. But how is one to know about an American?

"No," said Wilson. "I'm a professional hunter. We never talk about our clients. You can be quite easy on that. It's supposed to be bad form to ask us not to talk though."

He had decided now that to break would be much easier. He would eat then, by himself and could read a book with his meals. They would eat by themselves. He would see them through the safari on a very formal basis—what was it the French called it? Distinguished consideration—and it would be a damn sight easier than having to go through this emotional trash. He'd insult him and make a good clean break. Then he could read a book with his meals and he'd still be drinking their whisky. That was the phrase for it when a safari went bad. You ran into another white hunter and you asked, "How is everything going?" and he answered, "Oh, I'm still drinking their whisky," and you knew everything had gone to pot.

"I'm sorry," Macomber said and looked at him with his American face that would stay adolescent until it became middle-aged, and Wilson noted his crew-cropped hair, fine eyes only faintly shifty, good nose, thin lips and handsome jaw. "I'm sorry I didn't realize that. There are lots of things I don't know."

So what could he do, Wilson thought. He was all ready to break it off quickly and neatly and here the beggar was apologizing after he had just insulted him. He made one more attempt. "Don't worry about me talking," he said. "I have a living to make. You know in Africa no woman ever misses her lion and no white man ever bolts."

"I bolted like a rabbit," Macomber said.

Now what in hell were you going to do about a man who talked like that, Wilson wondered.

Wilson looked at Macomber with his flat, blue, machine-gunner's eyes and the other smiled back at him. He had a pleasant smile if you did not notice how his eyes showed when he was hurt.

"Maybe I can fix it up on buffalo," he said. "We're after them next, aren't we?"

"In the morning if you like," Wilson told him. Perhaps he had been wrong. This was certainly the way to take it. You most certainly could not tell a damned thing about an American. He was all for Macomber again. If you could forget the morning. But, of course, you couldn't. The morning had been about as bad as they come.

And now here comes Margot and Hemingway manages to distil everything he has to say about Scott and Zelda, Pauline, Jane Mason, *Bitcha Aristocrata,* and Americans in general with a lucidity which would never again be evidenced in his work:

"Are you feeling better, Francis, my pearl?"

"Oh, much," said Macomber.

"I've dropped the whole thing," she said, sitting down at the table. "What importance is there to whether Francis is any good at killing lions? That's not his trade. That's Mr. Wilson's trade. Mr. Wilson is really very impressive killing anything. You do kill anything, don't you?"

"Oh, anything," said Wilson. "Simply anything." They are, he thought, the hardest in the world; the hardest, the cruellest, the most predatory and the most attractive and their men have softened or gone to pieces nervously as they have hardened. Or is it that they pick men they can handle? They can't know that much at the age they marry, he thought. He was grateful that he had gone through his education on American women before now because this was a very attractive one.

"We're going after buff in the morning," he told her.

"I'm coming," she said.

"No, you're not."

"Oh, yes, I am. Mayn't I, Francis?"

"Why not stay in camp?"

"Not for anything," she said. "I wouldn't miss something like today for anything."

When she left, Wilson was thinking, when she went off to cry, she seemed a hell of a fine woman. She seemed to understand, to realize, to be hurt for him and for herself and to know how things really stood. She is away for twenty minutes and now she is back, simply enamelled in that American female cruelty. They are the damnedest women. Really the damnedest.

"We'll put on another show for you tomorrow," Francis Macomber said.

"You're not coming," Wilson said.

"You're very mistaken," she told him. "And I want so to see you perform again. You were lovely this morning. That is if blowing things' heads off is lovely."

"Here's the lunch," said Wilson. "You're very merry, aren't you?"

"Why not? I didn't come out here to be dull."

"Well, it hasn't been dull," Wilson said. He could see the boulders in the river and the high bank beyond with the trees and he remembered the morning.

"Oh, no," she said. "It's been charming. And tomorrow. You don't know how I look forward to tomorrow."

"That's eland he's offering you," Wilson said.

"They're the big cowy things that jump like hares, aren't they?"

"I suppose that describes them," Wilson said.

"It's very good meat," Macomber said.

"Did you shoot it, Francis?" she asked.

"Yes."

"They're not dangerous, are they?"

"Only if they fall on you," Wilson told her.

"I'm so glad."

"Why not let up on the bitchery just a little, Margot," Macomber said, cutting the eland steak and putting some mashed potato, gravy and carrot on the down-turned fork that tined through the piece of meat.

"I suppose I could," she said, "since you put it so prettily."

"Tonight we'll have champagne for the lion," Wilson said. "It's a bit too hot at noon."

"Oh, the lion," Margot said. "I'd forgotten the lion!"

So, Robert Wilson thought to himself, she is giving him a ride, isn't she? Or do you suppose that's her idea of putting up a good show? How should a woman act when she discovers her husband is a bloody coward? She's damn cruel but they're all cruel. They govern, of course, and to govern one has to be cruel sometimes. Still, I've seen enough of their damn terrorism.

"Have some more eland," he said to her politely.

Hemingway is saying something valuable here. Something valuable about life and about men and about women. He is saying something valuable about what happens when masculinity erodes and women begin crossing established thresholds. I believe it is only because Hemingway thought he was addressing Scott regarding Zelda—that Hemingway thought him*self* to be an Americanized Robert Wilson—that he was able to address what was going on between himself and Pauline and so cut close to the bone of what was going on between American men and American women. Francis redeems himself on the hunt the next day, exhibiting courage where he had exhibited cowardice, shaking free of Margot's dominion over him, and arriving at a real understanding of what it is to be a man in the sense that Wilson understands the term. The transformation is remarkable and leads to a remarkable piece of writing:

The great American boy-men. Damned strange people. But he liked this Macomber now. Damned strange fellow…

…Beggar had probably been afraid all his life. Don't know what started it. But over now…

Be a damn fire eater now. He'd seen it in the war work the same way. More of a change than any loss of virginity. Fear gone like an operation. Something else grew in its place. Main thing a man had. Made him into a man. Women knew it too. No bloody fear.

From the far corner of the seat Margaret Macomber looked at the two of them. There was no change in Wilson. She saw Wilson as she had seen him the day before when she had first realized what his great talent was. But she saw the change in Francis Macomber now.

"Do you have that feeling of happiness about what's going to happen?" Macomber asked, still exploring his new wealth.

"You're not supposed to mention it," Wilson said, looking in the other's face. "Much more fashionable to say you're scared. Mind you, you'll be scared too, plenty of times."

"But you have a feeling of happiness about action to come?"

"Yes," said Wilson. "There's that. Doesn't do to talk too much about all this. Talk the whole thing away. No pleasure in anything if you mouth it up too much."

"You're both talking rot," said Margot. "Just because you've chased some helpless animals in a motor car you talk like heroes."

"Sorry," said Wilson. "I have been gassing too much." She's worried about it already, he thought.

"If you don't know what we're talking about why not keep out of it?" Macomber asked his wife.

"You've gotten awfully brave, awfully suddenly," his wife said contemptuously, but her contempt was not secure. She was very afraid of something.

Macomber laughed, a very natural hearty laugh. "You know I have," he said. "I really have."

"Isn't it sort of late?" Margot said bitterly. Because she had done the best she could for many years back and the way they were together now was no one person's fault.

"Not for me," said Macomber.

Margot said nothing but sat back in the corner of the seat.

There is a great validity to what Hemingway is saying here, relative to Scott Fitzgerald. Of course by 1936—the time period when Fitzgerald was writing his "The Crack-Up" articles in the same magazine where "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" would appear, Arnold Gingrich's *Esquire*—it was far too late for Fitzgerald to discover genuine bravery or experience any burst of decisiveness strong enough to compel him to reassess Zelda's role in his life. Even Hemingway lacked that sort of bravery. Pauline

would not get the heave-ho until her replacement—Martha Gellhorn— arrived on the scene and had been approved for her role as wife #3. Later in the year, Good Old Hem would try giving Scott Fitzgerald a different wake-up call—this time in a story called "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." Hemingway made much of the fact that he had loaded the story with a prodigious number of story ideas (the title character is a writer dying of gangrene poisoning, and much of his interior monologue concerns the stories he would never get to write). Personally, I don't see many ideas—as I would describe them—on the list at all. Neil Gaiman did the same thing in his "Calliope" story in *Sandman: Dream Country*—and came up with actual story *ideas*—without making such a fuss about it.

One paragraph read:

> *The rich were dull and they drank too much or they played too much backgammon. They were dull and they were repetitious. He remembered poor Scott Fitzgerald and his romantic awe of them and how he had started a story once that began, "The very rich are different from you and me." And how someone had said to Scott, Yes they have more money. But that was not humorous to Scott. He thought they were a special glamorous race and when he found they weren't it wrecked him just as much as any other thing that wrecked him.*

The lucidity that old Hem had exhibited in "The Short Happy Life…" excerpt above had fled, and Hemingway was left accusing Scott Fitzgerald of an inclination which—by 1936—was more Hemingway's problem than Fitzgerald's. Fitzgerald responded, almost immediately after the story's appearance, on July 16 (I can't resist adding: in 1936, 63 years, to the day, before John F. Kennedy Jr.'s plane went into the drink off Martha's Vineyard):

> *Dear Ernest:*
> *Please lay off me in print. If I choose to write de profundis sometimes it doesn't mean I want friends praying aloud over my corpse. No doubt you meant it kindly but it cost me a night's sleep. And when you incorporate it (the story) in a book would you mind cutting my name?*
> *It's a fine story—one of your best—even though the "Poor Scott Fitzgerald ect"* [sic] *rather spoiled it for me.*
> *Ever Your Friend*
> *Scott*
> *Riches have never facinated* [sic] *me, unless combined with the greatest charm or distinction.*

With a certain level of his *own* cowardice, Max Perkins weighed in on the debate (Perkins was Hemingway and Fitzgerald's editor at Scribners) in a letter addressed—alas—not to Papa or Scott, but to Perkins' cousin, Elizabeth Lemmon, wherein he described Hemingway's reference to Scott in "Snows…" as "contemptible" and explained the true circumstances of the incident described in the paragraph: During lunch with Perkins and critic Mary Colum, *Hemingway* had said, "I am getting to know the rich," to which *Mrs. Colum* had responded, "The only difference between the rich and other people is that the rich have more money" (A. Scott Berg, *Max Perkins: Editor of Genius*, p. 305).

VI

Anyway, meanwhile back at "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," the story approaches its climax. So, if you want to read it, do go and read it now because I'm about to give away the ending.

One of the buffalo that Francis has shot is wounded and has escaped into the undergrowth, and Francis and Wilson prepare to go in after him, uncertain if the animal has one good charge left in him or is pushing up daisies. Oh, hell. Here's the rest of it. I've already printed enough for Jack, Patrick, and Gregory (Hemingway's sons and literary executors) to sue me back into commercial art:

> *"You might as well shoot the Springfield," Wilson said. "You're used to it. We'll leave the Mannlicher in the car with the Memsahib. Your gun-bearer can carry your heavy gun. I've this damned cannon. Now let me tell you about them." He had saved this until the last because he did not want to worry Macomber. "When a buff comes he comes with his head high and thrust straight out. The boss of the horns covers any sort of a brain shot. The only shot is straight into the nose. The only other shot is into his chest or, if you're to one side, into the neck or the shoulders. After they've been hit once they take a hell of a lot of killing. Don't try anything fancy. Take the easiest shot there is. They've finished skinning out that head now. Should we get started?"*
>
> *He called to the gun-bearers, who came wiping their hands, and the older one got into the back.*
>
> *"I'll only take Kongoni," Wilson said. "The other can watch to keep the birds away."*
>
> *As the car moved slowly across the open space toward the island of brushy trees that ran in a tongue of foliage along a dry water course that cut the open swale, Macomber felt his heart pounding and his mouth was dry again, but it was excitement, not fear.*
>
> *"Here's where he went in," Wilson said. Then to the gun-bearer in Swahili, "Take the blood spoor." The car was parallel to the patch of bush. Macomber, Wilson and the gun-bearer got down. Macomber, looking back, saw his wife, with the rifle by her side, looking at him. He waved to her and she did not wave back.*
>
> *The bush was very thick ahead and the ground was dry. The middle-aged gun-bearer was sweating heavily and Wilson had his hat down over his eyes and his red neck showed just ahead of Macomber. Suddenly the gun-bearer said something in Swahili to Wilson and ran forward.*

"He's dead in there," Wilson said. "Good work," and he turned to grip Macomber's hand and as they shook hands, grinning at each other, the gun-bearer shouted wildly and they saw him coming out of the bush sideways, fast as a crab, and the bull coming, nose out, mouth tight closed, blood dripping, massive head straight out, coming in a charge, his little pig eyes bloodshot as he looked at them. Wilson, who was ahead, was kneeling shooting, and Macomber, as he fired, unhearing his shot in the roaring of Wilson's gun, saw fragments like slate burst from the huge boss of the horns, and the head jerked, he shot again at the wide nostrils and saw the horns jolt again and fragments fly, and he did not see Wilson now and, aiming carefully, shot again with the buffalo's huge bulk almost on him and his rifle almost level with the on-coming head, nose out, and he could see the little wicked eyes and the head started to lower and he felt a sudden white-hot, blinding flash explode inside his head and that was all he ever felt.

Wilson had ducked to one side to get in a shoulder shot. Macomber had stood solid and shot for the nose, shooting a touch high each time and hitting the heavy horns, splintering and chipping them like hitting a slate roof, and Mrs. Macomber, in the car, had shot at the buffalo with the 6.5 Mannlicher as it seemed about to gore Macomber and had hit her husband about two inches up and a little to one side of the base of his skull.

Francis Macomber lay now, face down, not two yards from where the buffalo lay on his side and his wife knelt over him with Wilson beside her.

"I wouldn't turn him over," Wilson said.

The woman was crying hysterically.

"I'd get back in the car," Wilson said. "Where's the rifle?"

She shook her head, her face contorted. The gun-bearer picked up the rifle.

"Leave it as it is," said Wilson. Then, "Go get Abdulla so that he may witness the manner of the accident."

He knelt down, took a handkerchief from his pocket, and spread it over Francis Macomber's crew-cropped head where it lay. The blood sank into the dry, loose earth.

Wilson stood up and saw the buffalo on his side, his legs out, his thinly haired belly crawling with ticks. "Hell of a good bull," his brain registered automatically. "A good fifty inches, or better. Better." He called to the driver and told him to spread a blanket over the body and stay by it. Then he walked over to the motor car where the woman sat crying in the corner.

"That was a pretty thing to do." he said in a toneless voice. "He would *have left you too."*

"Stop it," she said.

"Of course it's an accident," he said. "I know that."

"Stop it," she said.

"Don't worry," he said. "There will be a certain amount of unpleasantness but I will have some photographs taken that will be very useful at the inquest. There's the testimony of the gun-bearers and the driver too. You're perfectly all right."

"Stop it," she said.

"There's a hell of a lot to be done," he said. "And I'll have to send a truck off to the lake to wireless for a plane to take the three of us into Nairobi. Why didn't you poison him? That's what they do in England."

"Stop it. Stop it. Stop it," the woman cried.

Wilson looked at her with his flat blue eyes.

"I'm through now," he said. "I was a little angry. I'd begun to like your husband."

"Oh, please stop it," she said. "Please stop it."

"That's better," Wilson said. "Please is much better. Now I'll stop."

I really do allow of the possibility that it's just me, but having seen a handful of Kennedy Zeitgeist connections come tumbling out at me from Scott Fitzgerald's Pat Hobby stories and elsewhere, I did find it (literally) breathtaking to read "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and find—what seems to me to be—a jumbled-up description of November 22, 1963: "The only shot is straight into the nose. The only other shot is into his chest or, if you're to one side, into the neck or the shoulders" (that is, from the grassy knoll and the mysterious entry wound marked by the Parkland Hospital doctors just above the right shoulder blade which was nowhere mentioned in the Bethesda Naval Hospital autopsy); "the Mannlicher" (the same brand of rifle found in the School Book Depository); "They've finished skinning out that head now" (where *is* JFK's brain?); "As the car moved slowly across the open space toward the island of brushy trees" (Dealy Plaza and the trees on the grassy knoll); "saw fragments like slate burst" "and the head jerked" "and the head started to lower" (seen the Zapruder film lately?); "a sudden white-hot, blinding flash explode[d] inside his head and that was all he ever felt" (I would imagine) "and had hit her husband about two inches up and a little to one side of the base of his skull" (the right occipital region, marked as an exit wound by the Parkland Hospital doctors and not mentioned in the Bethesda Naval Hospital autopsy report); "I'd get back in the car" (Secret Service agent Clint Hill to Mrs. Kennedy on the rear hood of the car?); "There will be a certain amount of unpleasantness but I will have some photographs taken that will be very useful at the inquest" (the faked autopsy photos that caused such a stir a few years back?).

1936? 1963?

What does it all mean?

Well, I'm not sure.

Just thought I'd mention it.

VII

Since there's really only one other Hemingway

Zeitgeist connection with Kennedy that jumped out at me, I thought I'd put it here a little out of place for those who are interested. After Hemingway's death in 1961, there was a dinner at the White House for the American Nobel laureates. Papa was dead, but Mary got an invitation. Nice gesture, if you think about it. Here is her account from *How It Was* (pg. 651—which puts Mary a good 200 pages past Papa's longest book):

> *President Kennedy had seated Mrs. Marshall on his right, me on his left and Dr. Carl Anderson, a winner in physics from California, on my left. After preliminary niceties I suggested to our host that the U.S. government's position toward Cuba was stupid, unrealistic and worse, ineffective, especially*—sotto voce—*since the Bay of Pigs fiasco.*
>
> *President Kennedy was looking irked and impatient. As the dinner courses were changed, he turned to Mrs. Marshall. I turned to Dr. Anderson and asked, "If an enemy were to bomb this room at this moment, how much, do you think, of our technological knowledge would be lost?"*
>
> *"Not very much," Dr. Anderson said. "As you may have observed, most of us fellows here are elders. All those young scientists, working away in our laboratories, already know what we learned; they'll go forward with their research."*
>
> *I was pinching salt from the President's salt dish, and when he turned away for a moment from Mrs. Marshall, I said, "I could jump into Cuba, you know. The Cubans liked my husband, and I know Fidel."*
>
> *"Have you read Katherine Anne Porter's* Ship of Fools*?" the President asked.*
>
> *"No. I'm sorry. If I talked to Fidel..."*
>
> *"You are rated as politically unreliable," said the President.*
>
> *"You haven't checked M.I. 5* [sic]*," said I, and subsided. I had never been a knee-deep member of any political party. The Robert Kennedys drove me to Bill Walton's house, where I was staying.*

I can't remember the last time that I laughed *so* long and *so* hard. Can you imagine *any*one having a more disproportionate sense of self? *"President Kennedy was looking irked and impatient."* Well, surprise, surprise, *surprise*! He chivalrously seats Hemingway's little blonde widow next to himself at dinner and finds out he's sitting next to James Bond. *"I could jump into Cuba"*?! To be stupid and fatuous enough to say such a thing to the President of the United States at a dinner where you have been invited *only* because you are someone's widow... Well, that's one thing. But then to relate the conversation—deadpan—in a *book*! What insolence! What temerity! What a gender! *"You haven't checked M.I.5* [sic]*."* Gosh, Mrs. Hemingway, that's true. I just have the resources of the National Security Council, the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. to draw on. I really *should've* called 10 Downing Street and asked if, as a special favour to me, they could dig up their *security clearances for* Time *magazine correspondents from 1944!*"

"Bobby? Get her out of here. You and Ethel drive her to wherever she's staying."

"Sure, Jack. What's up?"

"I'll tell you when you get back. Otherwise you'll lock her in the trunk and drive her into the Potomac, and we don't need the bad publicity right now."

Pages 409-413 - The two largest files in my Hemingway research are those labelled "Lying" and "Garden of Eden." The latter we will be getting to later in "Form & Void." The former is like a virus which spreads from figure to figure in Papa's entourage or court or whatever you want to call it. The dialogue here is from A. E. Hotchner's *Papa Hemingway* (Random House, New York, 1966, pgs. 285-286), recounting a phone conversation between "Hotch" and Hemingway on April 18, 1961. To emphasize that Ham is actually thinking to himself here, I have eliminated Hotchner's rejoinder after "...but I can't get it down": *I said some terrible inanity like, "Well, it's good that you're that far*" and after "...but I had to scratch it": "*Then they'll do it in the spring.*" The subject, again, is the never-completed manuscript for *A Moveable Feast*.

As the aggrieved Widow Queen, Mary caused Hotchner (whose place in the entourage or court originated in his role as the primary adapter of Hemingway's works for television and movies) no end of legal trouble over his book, venturing the opinion that, had Papa known that Hotchner was working on a book, "he would've killed him." That is as it may be. Along the same line of hyperbole, I think it safe to say that if Papa suspected Mary intended to write *How It Was*, he would've held *her* over for torture. Everyone accuses Hotchner of lying in his book. A Hemingway researcher gets very used to reading the accusation directed against everyone except Papa for whose compulsive lying everyone in his former entourage or court makes excuses.

Page 411 - Ham's belt buckle here requires a little explanation. One of Hemingway's proudest possessions was a belt buckle looted from a dead German soldier during World War II. Papa claimed that he killed the soldier himself. Those who were in his proximity during the war dispute the idea that Papa killed *anyone,* let alone the twenty or fifty Germans he claimed to have killed. Aside from the fact that journalists are *forbidden* to take an active role in combat under the terms of the Geneva Convention, the only possible "kill" Papa *might* have been in on was throwing a hand grenade into a basement where some German soldiers were hiding when they refused to surrender. It is a remote possibility, at best.

Anyway, the legend inscribed on the looted belt read: "Gott Mit Uns"—God With Us.

The Hebrew for God With Us—*Immanu El*, or *Immanuel*—appears only three times in the Bible. In Isaiah 7:14 it is part of Isaiah's warning to Ahaz, the king of Judah who is being pressured to join Israel and Syria against Assyria:

Therefore the Lord himselfe shal giue you a signe: Behold, a Virgine shall conceiue and beare a Sonne and thou, O Virgin shall call his name Immanuel.

At least that's how the King James Bible translates it. In fact the Hebrew word used, *alma*, means "an unmarried woman." Had Isaiah intended to say "virgin," he would've used *b^{e}tula* and accompanied it with "and a man had not known her" (as in Genesis 24:16) or by itself if he intended "betrothed virgin" (Deuteronomy 22:23). It's pretty widely accepted that he would *avoid* the term since—after Joel 1:8—a tradition had arisen that *b^{e}tula* could also refer to a married woman (a very, very *specific* kind of married woman, right, "ladies"?). It seems to me, from the context, that the Lord is telling Ahaz through Isaiah that if Judah chooses to "go it alone," God will be on his side. Ahaz takes it to mean that he should side with Assyria instead. Which leads to Isaiah 8:8:

And hee (Assyria) shall passe through Judah, he shall ouerflow and goe ouer, he shall reach euen to the necke; and the fulnesse of the breadth of thy land shall be the stretching out of his wings, O Immanuel.

D'OH! (With Homer Simpson as Ahaz.)

For some reason Matthew picked up on this for his Gospel (Matthew 1:23), which made me wonder (as I'm sure it's made many a rabbi wonder for twenty centuries now) why no one said to Matthew, "Uh, Matthew? Mary called him Jesus. She didn't call him Immanuel." (Or "Emmanuel," as Matthew would have it.)

Sorry for the digression, but it gets unattractive from here. Given Hemingway's status as an avowed atheist (which everyone seemed to be in public life in the middle part of the 20th century), I thought the belt buckle inappropriate to Ham, so I replaced it with "cotsies," Papa's "too-cute-for-words" euphemism for cats (which he encouraged to infest his house in Key West and the Finca Vigia as they infest both locations to this day). Without further comment (allowing the reader to draw his or her own unattractive conclusions) let me quote from Carlos Baker's *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* (The Literary Guild, London, 1969, pages 515-516):

His lifelong scorn of 'head doctors' reappeared in his maltreatment of a divisional psychiatrist named Major Maskin. One night the doctor invited himself into Ernest's billet and began to ask his probing, subtle questions. Ernest put on a sober face, saying that he needed Maskin's advice. He was troubled about his cats at Finca Vigia. He had twenty or thirty and kept getting more. 'The little bastard was fascinated,' said Ernest. 'His eyes were bugging out.' Many people liked cats, said the doctor. That was no problem. 'With me it is,' said Hemingway. 'My problem is that I can't seem to stop having intercourse with them.'

And then this from Hemingway's own unfinished manuscript published posthumously as *Islands in the Stream* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1970, pp. 224-225):

Boise [Boise was the name of Hemingway's favourite "cotsie" at Finca Vigia] *came into the room and jumped up onto his lap. He jumped beautifully and could leap, without effort showing, to the top of the high chest of drawers in the big bedroom. Now having leaped moderately and neatly, he settled down on Thomas Hudson's lap and made loving pushes with his forepaws.*

"I'm looking at the pictures, Boy. You'd be better off if you liked pictures."

Who knows though he may get as much from leaping and from night hunting as I get from the pictures, Thomas Hudson thought. It is a damned shame he can't see them though. You can't tell. He might have frightful taste in pictures.

"I wonder who you'd like, Boy. Probably the Dutch period when they painted such wonderful still lifes of fish and oysters and game. Hey, lay off me there. This is the day time. You're not supposed to do that sort of thing in the day time."

Boise continued with his lovemaking and Thomas Hardy pushed him onto his side to quiet him.

"You have to observe a few decencies, Boy," he said. "I haven't even gone out to see the other cats, to please you."

Boise was happy and Thomas Hudson felt the purr in his throat with his fingers.

"Gott Mit Uns"? Mmm. I don't think so. How about "Cotsies Mit Uns"?

Pages 413-420 - In my experience, atheists tend to replace their more natural faith in God with faith in medicine and psychiatry. If I thought that Hemingway was any great loss to the world of literature, his last days would be a source of sombre contemplation for me. As it is, it just seems like a very conventional story of the natural comeuppance of a compulsive liar, boozer, husband, and…

There must be a word for it. Not "hypochondriac" or "death wish" or "accident prone," but a word which encompasses all three? From the time of his wounding in World War I (his leg was hit by shrapnel as he delivered candy and cigarettes to the Italian troops at the front), Ernest discovered that he could milk a lot of attention and admiration out of getting wounded. And so he spent much of the rest of his life getting wounded. On the back of *Death in the Afternoon*, a flinty-eyed Hem squints out at the reader with a large and recent gash on his forehead. It is nowhere stated that he sustained this wound while sitting on the toilet in the middle of the night, sleepily trying to pull the flush chain and instead pulling a chain attached to the skylight in the bathroom, bringing a shower of broken glass and metal down on his head. That sort of thing. Someone ventured the opinion that Papa spent more

time in his sick bed than any other equally healthy person the individual had known. Papa, of course, shrugged everything off and carried on no matter what current injury he had most recently welcomed into his life. In the case of the many concussions he suffered over the years, his…mental instability?… in his later years might be attributable to excessive drinking in a concussed state. A medical no-no known to cause permanent brain damage. His inability to distinguish between reality and fantasy, his compulsive lying, would be a bad supplement to such brain damage. To whatever extent a compulsive liar is capable of distinguishing (inwardly) between his own lies and the truth, even marginal brain damage could hurl that individual into a world of terrifying paranoia, which is what seems to have happened to Hemingway after January 1954—which I'm getting to, I promise.

The genuinely amusing thing for someone like myself who finds almost everything about marriage amusing, is that: sixty years old and with his mind deteriorating, ravaged by paranoid fantasies of persecution, and fried by a couple of dozen (seriously, a couple of *dozen*) electroshock treatments, Papa was left contemplating his fourth wife Mary. Mary, with whom he had had and was having a tumultuous marriage. Mary, with whom he had screaming arguments and battles of varying shapes, sizes, and duration. Mary, who was, herself, being ravaged by a severe menopause which caused her moods to soar across spectrums of giddiness to unreasoning rage—without her being consciously aware of any change in herself either at the time or in retrospect.

Even through his own ravaged perceptions, I believe Papa recognized that—if the doctors were, at some point, to decide that he was unfit to be responsible for his own welfare—it was Mary who would decide the circumstances under which he would live the rest of his natural life. Medicated to the eyeballs, institutionalized, electro shocked until his brain melted into grey Jell-O, whatever. The doctors and Mary would decide.

Sorry, I find that incredibly funny. Maybe if you were divorced or single, you would too.

Page 426 - Hemingway's trademark non sequitur which he addressed to no one in particular apropos nothing. "How do you like it now, gentlemen?" was unveiled by Lillian Ross in her 1950 *New Yorker* profile of Hemingway, which has just been reprinted as a booklet by Modern Library in New York, including a new afterword by the authoress. It's really the best Hemingway portrait by far, to me, burying his official and unofficial biographers. Norman Mailer prefers Gregory Hemingway's *Papa*. I seldom disagree with Norman Mailer about literary matters, but this time I do.

I believe "How do you like it now, gentlemen?" has its origin in a vitriolic response to the critic Max Eastman in 1933. From Carlos Baker's biography, pg. 295:

> *What he (Eastman) and his friends couldn't abide was the fact that Ernest was an indubitable man, that he could "beat the shit out of any of them," and finally, that he could write. That last was the hardest fact for them to swallow. But "old Papa"* would make them like it...(emphasis mine)

I think, from 1933 on, "How do you like it now, gentlemen?" was Hemingway's way of keeping his vitriolic loathing of all reviewers and critics uppermost in his mind.

Tangentially, there was this girl named Sue that I slept with for a period of time—Little Sue I called her (never could remember her last name). Little Sue had the same body type as Mary Hemingway. Va-va-va-voom curves, but miniaturized, an overly large head in proportion to the rest of her and somewhat dwarfish legs. Well, these are the sorts of things you dredge up when you're drawing a new character and all you have to work with are a handful of photographs from various books. I was picturing Little Sue naked while I was drawing Mary the first few times when I suddenly remembered Little Sue's trademark "line" which she threw in here, there, and everywhere—especially when she had been drinking:

"How do you like me now?"

Creepy, eh?

> [*Perhaps even creepier: much later in my research I ran across Mary Welsh Hemingway's birthday: April 5—a birthday she shared with* Sharyn *Mary Martin, the woman who introduced me to Little Sue!*]

16 February 00 - I have just tonight spoken with Eddie Campbell, the marvellous cartoonist and fellow self-publisher who has scored such a great success with the collected *From Hell* trade paperback. He told me that he has rated *Going Home* part one as one of the greatest comic-book stories of all time, which is a very nice thing for him to say. However, he says that he is now having second thoughts, having read the first instalment of "Form & Void." "You leave Hemingway alone," warned Eddie speaking to me from his home in Australia, which is a country which is far away. "Hemingway is all right." He then quoted to me a wonderful bit of dialogue from *The Sun Also Rises* which Eddie had printed as one of his "Thoughts for the Day," which is a marvellous feature which is on the inside front cover of each issue of his wonderful comic book, *Bacchus*. I laughed because I remembered the exchange, which was very funny. However, I must point out, as I did not when I was talking with Eddie, but as I am doing now: I did not say that Hemingway did not recognize a good and a funny line when he heard it and I did not say that Hemingway did not know enough to put a good and a funny line which he had heard in a bar in one of his stories. But there is a large difference between doing that, to me, and being an actual writer instead of a glorified typist. I do, however, now owe my good friend Eddie Campbell one for accidentally reminding me to return to using Hemingway's flat midwestern voice which he stole

from Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson's flat New England voice and to stop writing these notes and instead to just type them as if I were recovering from having several too many margaritas at the Floridita last night.

Eddie told me that he can live with me being a misogynist, but he cannot abide the thought of my being a philistine. I gathered from that that Eddie did not understand that I meant all references to "foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist" ironically and that I consider myself neither foolish nor evil nor a misogynist. I am a non-feminist, which only in the pussy-whipped world of the very late-20th century can be construed as misogyny. I don't hate women. I don't even hate feminists. I am disgusted by feminists as I am by people who, for example, drink way too much and try to persuade you of their viewpoint by repeating it over and over and over and over until you want to say to them as I want to say to feminists, "It is *not* that I do not *understand* what you are saying. I *understand* what you are saying, but I think you are *wrong* and I will *continue* to think you are wrong no matter *how many times* you repeat the *same* stupid things that you *keep* repeating," except in the case of *drunks* it is usually a matter of twenty minutes or an hour and it is confined to the corner of a room at a party or a section of a bar, but with *feminists* it has now been going on for thirty years and no one else is allowed to say anything *except* feminists in the newspaper, on the radio, on the television, in the classroom, and everywhere else except, as an example, in a self-published comic book where they are unable to stop you or in this case me, God willing, so far.

When I told Eddie I do not consider myself a philistine either, Eddie told me that I should also as well not pick on Picasso and that Picasso is a great artist, and I told Eddie the same story that I have told my friend Tim Williams, the painter, several times: Let's say someone is holding a gun to your head and he tells you that you have to do an exact copy of one of these paintings in a week. And one of the paintings is a Norman Rockwell *Saturday Evening Post* cover and one of the paintings is a Picasso. It does not matter which one, as long as the Picasso is one of the ones that is just a geometric patchwork of painted shapes. So, any Picasso from Cubism onward. The Rockwell can be any *Saturday Evening Post* cover. Now, with a gun at your head and your life on the line, which one are you going to copy? Exactly. Why? Because pretty much anyone can do it. It takes no talent. It is the Emperor's New Clothes.

Before my good friend Eddie Campbell could interrupt, I met him halfway as I always meet my good friend Tim Williams, the painter, halfway. I told him that I have no problem with people who like what Picasso did and who call them paintings or art with a straight face. Some people eat peanut butter on pizza. What I do have a problem with is equating what Picasso did with what (as a fine example) Norman Rockwell did, since what the one did was easy and stupid and what the other did was difficult and admirable.

Before my good friend Eddie Campbell could interrupt again, I added, as I add with my good friend Tim Williams, the painter: I have an even *bigger* problem with those people who try to *equate* Norman Rockwell with Picasso-from-Cubism-onward as if there is any foundation for discussion for anyone with two eyes to see; a still *bigger* problem with those people who take the *concession* that Picasso-from-Cubism-onward *might* be creativity as *well* (albeit on a much lower plane of creativity) and who then reciprocate by claiming that Rockwell was a "mere commercial illustrator" and who attempt to elevate whatever it is that Picasso did not only *above* its sensible place in the artistic pecking order, but also and as well *above* Norman Rockwell; and *a still even yet bigger* problem with those who attempt to elevate a floor-to-ceiling canvas consisting of nothing but a giant orange rectangle with a white dot in the middle *also* as *well* above Norman Rockwell's pictures. To me, anyone who is that stupid is not worth discussing art or Art with. When you are willing to talk sensibly (as my good friend Eddie Campbell and I proceeded to do) about the finer distinctions between the British Academy's idea in the Victorian era of what constituted a good painting and how they were foolish to reject the Impressionists' paintings out of hand as "unfinished colour sketches" and "ideas for paintings" and to discuss Ruskin's "libel" or libel or Libel in accusing Whistler with his Nocturnes of "flinging a paint pot in the face of the public," then I am willing to see where and what you place higher or lower than I do as to what constitutes art and what constitutes Art in the world of painting. However, if you want to talk to me about Cubism and floor-to-ceiling canvases that are one big orange rectangle with a white dot in the middle of it, then, excuse me, but all I can do is laugh and turn away after telling you to go and waste someone *else's* time, because, to me, you are like a drunk in a bar or a feminist: "It is *not* that I do not *understand* what you are saying. I *understand* what you are saying. But I think you are *wrong* and I will *continue* to think you are wrong no matter *how many times* you repeat the *same* stupid things that you *keep* repeating."

From Denis Brian's introduction to his book *The True Gen:*

Why have I tried to free him from his legend, when his authorized biographer—the widow at his side, Princeton at his back, and all documents to hand—had admitted failure; and Hotchner, with recordings of Hemingway's intoxicated and intoxicating monologues, an eyewitness to much of his life from the 1950s on, hadn't made the attempt?

A dummy run in the early 1970s encouraged me. In my book Murderers and Other Friendly People, *I interviewed outstanding interviewers to discover how they persuaded the reluctant to come out of hiding and the tongue-tied to talk. One chapter was about Hemingway's interviewers and intimates.*

The result amused Esquire *publisher Arnold Gingrich, who wrote: "All Denis Brian had to do,*

seemingly, to be the wittiest fellow around, was just to get everybody who ever interviewed Hemingway to talk about everybody else who had interviewed Hemingway. He really didn't have to say a thing himself, once he had got that great idea, to come off as the most sardonic satirist since Mark Twain...Hemingway's interviewers do seem to show an astonishing resemblance to the proverbial blind Hindus describing an elephant from firsthand acquaintance with the subject."

Gingrich failed to mention that I had also interviewed him, and that Mary Hemingway had ridiculed his opinion of her husband as uninformed.

Page 427 - I first thought that I would write out all of the translations of the conversations between Ngui and Charo as an oversized appendix to "Form & Void." I thought to do this to torture my long-suffering audience who, already having to defend me against charges of being a foolish, evil misogynist—both to others and, I suspect, to themselves—would as a result have to languish on tenterhooks of suspicion that the translations might prove me to also as well be a foolish, evil racist. Since the sort of knee-jerk liberalism (or "political correctness," as it has mutated its own terminology) which wrings its hands over such possibilities is inherently funny to me, this seemed a very funny thing to do. After I'd completed this first instalment, it seemed less funny, if only because $2.25 seems like an exorbitant amount of money for an ever-diminishing crowd of people to shell out for twenty pages of story and five pages of typing as if I had had a few too many margaritas at the Floridita the night before. To publish four of the pages of the story in a language, Swahili, with which I am sure most of my audience is unfamiliar, seemed needlessly abusive. All of the dialogue is taken from the "lonely planet" Swahili phrase book which the severely critical reader is warned is in "survival Swahili," which is to say a "pidgin version of a pidgin language" which is a variation of Bantu with many contributions from English, French, German, and other mother and father tongues that made said contributions before, during, and after the heyday of the slave trade, whose loss to European culture is nothing that anyone can mourn or desire to see a return to, myself included, and if stating that unequivocally can assure *any* of my readers that I am *not* a foolish, evil racist, then I can for myself count that a good thing even as I remind myself that in the year 2000 "racism" is neck and neck with "feminism" as "Most Ill-Defined Term" and that 90% of all human exertion seems to be expended on making sure that *others* are *not* racist and *are* feminist and that the purity demanded by those who have entrusted themselves with deciding who is "in" and who is "out" in either assessment is an exacting one. For those so self-entrusted, I can only say, "Watch closely," knowing that such advice is unnecessary, for the self-entrusted arbiters of "racism" and "feminism" seem to do nothing else, becoming in the process experts on individual trees while seeming to know little or nothing about forests.

Despite having only a modest aptitude for learning languages, I had resolved to really attempt to learn Swahili for the sake of these conversations. I maintained that resolution until I reached the part in my Swahili phrase book about "Nouns" and the way that the "class of Noun" determines the prefix of the verb in a given sentence. "Put simply," (haha) "you have one set of rules for how the classes act on nouns, and associated but dissimilar sets of rules for how they act on verbs, pronouns, adjectives, and adverbs. Swahili learners often receive(d) a big chart that lays out all the transformations on a grid, but it takes months to understand the chart and years to use it effectively."

So, "survival Swahili" it is:

Ngui: Where are we going?
Charo: North.
Ngui: We're going…?
Charo: North. [*Sand. Hills. Creek.*]
Ngui: Say again?
Charo: Hahaha. [*Sand*?] Sand. [*Hills*?] Hill. [*Creek*?] Creek.
Ngui: Ah! Sand Hill Creek! Wonderful! Let's go.
Charo: Hahahaa.
Ngui: How far?
Charo: Mmmm.
Ngui: How many kilometres is it from here?
Charo: Sixty? Seventy, maybe?
Ngui: Really?
Charo: Really.
(pause)
Ngui: Can I stay here? I've changed my mind.
Charo: Hahahaha.

The word "Poa" on the shoulders of Ngui's jacket, my Swahili phrase book assures me, is Swahili for "cool" (in the "hip" sense of the term). Interesting that, phonetically, the word resembles both "poor" and "power."

Page 431 - One of Papa Hemingway's great affectations was to ask just about every woman that he met if he might call her "daughter." In all of the Hemingway biographies that I read, the only one who demurred was, reportedly, the actress Ingrid Bergman, voicing the same objection that I have Jaka using here—that she didn't think of Hemingway "that way." It seems to me that this trait alone should have some sort of psychiatric designation. "Zeus complex"? One of the reasons that I admire Lillian Ross's *New Yorker* profile is that it answered for me a number of questions as to how Hemingway "got away" with these kinds of behaviour affectations. The answer would seem to be that he lived in a fantasy world of his own creation and most of his interaction with the citizens of *this* world was in the form of non-sequiturs which allowed him to maintain his own perception of reality while ignoring the one going on around him. Ross documents this exchange with Marlene Dietrich, whom Papa called "the Kraut" as well as "daughter." Dietrich is talking about baby-sitting her grandchildren when her daugh-

ter and son-in-law go out:

> *DIETRICH:* Papa, you should see me when they go out. I'm the baby-sitter. As soon as they leave the house, I go around and look in all the corners and straighten the drawers and clean up. I can't stand a house that isn't neat and clean. I go around in all the corners with the towels I bring with me from the Plaza (Hotel) and I clean up the whole house. Then they come in at one or two in the morning, and I take the dirty towels and some of the baby's things that need washing and, with my bundle over my shoulder, I go out and get a taxi, and the driver, he thinks I am this old washerwoman from Third Avenue, and he takes me in the taxi and talks to me with sympathy so I am afraid to let him take me to the Plaza. I get out a block away from the Plaza and I walk home with my bundle and I wash the baby's things, and then I go to sleep.
> *HEMINGWAY:* Daughter, you're hitting them with the bases loaded.

Never underestimate the value of a non-sequitur in answering an unanswerable anecdote. No wonder the man had so many "daughters."

Pages 433-435 - Mary's sanctioning or "sanctioning" of Hemingway's affairs or "affairs" was considered to be an off-limits subject while the Widow Queen was still alive. Carlos Baker's Widow-Queen-sanctioned biography is well-nigh to mute on the subject, which makes the treatment of Adriana Ivancich and Debba (Papa's African native fiancée or "fiancée") in the book—just two notable examples—so contorted as to represent a new branch of literature: Widow-Queen-Sanctioned Biography. There was, reportedly, an incident at Finca Vigia where Hemingway *did* hurl a full glass of wine in Mary's face and, according to Denis Brian in his book *The True Gen* (roughly translated, The Whole Truth, an old RAF term which was a favourite of Papa's, although he seemed to have a very casual acquaintanceship with it), threw Mary's typewriter to the floor in a fit of pique triggered by Adriana's arrival at Finca Vigia and by Mary's accusation that he was "mooning over Adriana like a pimply teenager." There are a couple of really good pictures of Papa doing exactly that, so bullseye for Mary. Adriana was a teen-to-early-twenties "daughter" upon whom Papa showered many gifts, including wads of cash, and whom he entertained at Finca Vigia, again, according to *The True Gen* and a person identified only as A Friend (with friends like this…):

> *…He sent Mary away from the house for several months and made her stay in a hotel in Havana. He said, "You must stay there. I demand my privacy. I am going to have house guests here. That's how it's going to be. Get used to it." She absolutely took it. She wanted so badly to keep on being his wife, to have the status of being the wife of a great writer, that she'd do anything.*

One of the more interesting stories in *How It Was*, Mary's book, was of Adriana's mother asking Mary if she and Ernest had been married in a church. Bullseye for Mama Ivancich. Back at *The True Gen*, Nancy Dyer chimes in with:

> *In Cuba, Adriana fell in love with Juan Verona, not Papa. She complained to me that Papa pursued her all the time and she couldn't stand it. She had great affection for him, but didn't love him. I had this from my friend Juan who was very interested in Adriana at the time and knew what was in her head probably more than anyone.*

"Buck" Lanham and Hemingway's sister then discuss whether Papa could have "gotten it up" with Adriana, Nancy Dryer mentions that Papa was considered "an ogre by mothers of daughters in Cuba," and then it's A Friend's turn again:

> *…Mary is her own best publicity agent and in her book she's talking about situations nobody else but Ernest is party to, where she can say, "He was magnanimous. He not only forgave me, he begged me to hang on." And* [in *How It Was*] *she was telling him, "You're so abominable I can't stand you any more." And he'd say, "Stand me just a little longer. You know I have these difficult days. I'm a writer, after all. You must understand." And it's not true that when he was sober he never asked her to leave. Because this thing that happened in Havana he didn't say when he was drunk.*
> *DENIS BRIAN: Yet she claimed to have loved him.*
> *A FRIEND: Maybe in the beginning, but not when he put her up at that hotel and moved that babe from Italy in.*

Bullseye for A Friend. (You know, I get this creepy feeling that A Friend was actually Mary setting the record straight or "straight" or…nah, couldn't be. Could it?)

Hemingway fictionalized Adriana as Renata in *Across the River and Into the Trees* (which one reviewer aptly rechristened: *Across the Street and Into the Grill*). Back at the Widow-Queen-Sanctioned Carlos Biography, Debba, a native girl of the Wakamba tribe, is dispensed with in a few spliced and mangled paragraphs on a single page (misattributed in the index). She plays an altogether more prominent role in the last of Papa's posthumous works, *True at First Light*, which was released to correspond with the Hemingway centenary in 1999. Parts of the manuscript had previously been Widow-Queen-Sanctioned for serialization in two issues of (you'll think I'm kidding, but I'm not) *Sports Illustrated*, that noted purveyor of Nobel-laureate-authored literature. I'm willing to bet that neither instalment mentioned Debba.

Mary was in severe denial about the 40,000 words Papa wrote about their 1953-54 safari, characterizing it in *How It Was* as "fiction based on fact, more fun than my facts," seeing fiction (I would guess) in all of

the sections where Hemingway went a-courting to Debba's shamba when Mary was away on a shopping expedition or sightseeing. In a letter written from Magadi, Kenya, January 3, 1954, to Harvey Breit, Papa wrote about N'gui (the real N'gui, Hemingway's gun-bearer—not my completely fictional Ngui):

> *He and I are in love with 2 girls here in the Wakamba Shamba…our girls are heiresses, sort of like Brenda Frazier in the old days, only black and very beautiful. Every day they bring us presents; sweet corn and beer they make (very good) and today I gave them a pound of lard and the haunch of a warthog Miss Mary shot. Also some salt and a copy of* Life. *Yesterday I met my girl's mother and her brother and two sisters…Miss Mary just stays the hell away from it and is understanding and wonderful. I got to know my fiancée while she [Mary] was away.…Have my head shaved because this is the way my fiancée likes it. She likes to feel all the holes in my head and the wealts* [sic]. *It is sort of fun too. I never knew about it before. I thought they were a kind of disgrace. But not here. Harvey, African girls, Kamba and Masai anyway, are really wonderful and all that nonsense about that they can't love you is not true. It is just that they are more cheerful than girls at home. My girl is completely impudent, her face is impudent in repose, but absolutely loving and delicate rough. I better quit writing about it because I want to write it really and I mustn't spoil it. Anyway it gives me too bad a hardon* [sic].
>
> *N'gui is about 30 he thinks and he has five wives and with the money from this trip he will get maybe 2 more. Maybe only one, the sister of my girl. Maybe he will marry my girl because he and I are brothers so it is OK. But my girl wants to go to N.Y. where she will see me kill all those animals in that prehistoric animal number of* Life. *She thinks they have all those brontosauruses and Pterodactyls where I live along with the Mammoth, the Sabre-toothed tigers and Irish Elk and the Giant Sloth because she saw the pictures.*
>
> *At night I tell them how we killed George Armstrong Custer and the 7th Calvary and they think we are wasting our time here and should get the hell to America.*

I am not sure if words fail me or if I fail words, but I find myself unable to think of anything suitable to add to that. Was Mary aware of Debba? Oh, yes. From Mary's typescript of her East African Journal, December 1st, 1953 (John F. Kennedy Library):

> *Last night at dinner, Papa mentioned that I was depriving him of his new wife* [sic]. *This morning when I suggested we could arrange everything, Muindi giving her a bath, me moving into Mouse's* [Hemingway's second oldest son Patrick, who had joined them on safari] *tent for the night, Papa evaded, said "not the time to talk about it" as I well knew.*

Mary, on at least one other occasion, indulged in this "taboo one-upmanship." According to Gregory Hemingway's *Papa* she threatened to sleep with *him* (son number three) one drunken night on Pilar, Hemingway's beloved fishing boat. Hemingway said go ahead, so she did. *Sleep* with him, that is, side by side. Poor Gregory, by his own admission, didn't sleep much at *all* that night.

Mary, like most women, was no strategist but quite a tactician, relying to a great extent on "reverse psychology" in pushing Papa in the direction of any woman who caught his attention. If the ensuing spectacle of her aplomb in the face of Papa's intention to enter into a bigamous marriage with a woman characterized by Denis Zaphiro as (please don't kill the messenger, folks) an "evil-smelling piece of camp trash" seems—well, let's just say "odd"—it does not seem to me to be either "unique" or unique. On the contrary, it seems endemic to the "Woman Behind the Great Man" (in this case, "Women Behind the Great Man" #4, collect them all!) role, "role," or Role. Is she expressing her own autonomy, adulthood, and independence by "looking the other way" while "holding her head high," or is it just a metaphorical and spiritual "neck sprain"? Or even worse, is she accepting any level of humiliation whatsoever just to—as A Friend points out—keep that ring on her finger and her name on the joint account? Feminism and the matriarchy seem to favour the former interpretation, but it seems to me that it is more often, more realistically, and more unhappily the latter.

And it's made me forget to stick to my Hemingway "Hollywood Indian" voice. Damn:

Worst thing for "holding head high" and "looking other way" is when Great Man grounds out to short as Papa did with Adriana. Great Man must take it out on someone. Miss Mary elected.

Hemingway really did talk like that, according to Lillian Ross and his son Gregory. Again, please don't kill the messenger.

Page 438 - "Beat to the wide" was a phrase that Hemingway picked up from Duff Twysden in the mid-'20s while the Great Man was grounding out to short with *her*, a failure which he immortalized in *The Sun Also Rises*.

Page 439 - Feel free to kill the messenger:

Charo: What do you think of Memsahib Mary?

(For those who find gender interchangeability a mighty cause for celebration, even a cursory study of Swahili should have you running for the party hats and the confetti: there is almost no distinction between male and female in the language: "Sahib" and "Memsahib" being translated, roughly, as "Mr." and "Mrs." Of course, the "Mem" is a "loan word" from the French, "même", meaning "the same." So Sahib and Memsahib more accurately translate as "Mister" and "Same as Mister." Don't you just *looove* it? Oooh! I *knew* you *would*, darling).

Ngui: Mm. A lion and her cubs. Cubs, Ham, Jaka,

and...and...
Ngui: Grey donkey-face...the small person...what is...?
Charo: Zeberus.
Ngui: *Zeberus*! Thank you. Yes. A lion and her cubs. A lesbian lion.
Charo: LESBIAN? I. DON'T. THINK. SO.
Ngui: No?
Charo: No! Memsahib Mary a homosexual? PLEASE!
Ngui: Not yet?
Charo: NEVER!

Page 446 - Jaka refers to Hemingway's "comb-over," which he was known to belittle in others when he was still in his thirties and forties and which became less of a joke in his fifties. In fact it was a centrepiece of one of his least exemplary moments with Colonel Charles Trueman (Buck) Lanham—later (at the time of the story in question) *General* "Buck" Lanham, whom Hemingway had met during the war when Lanham was commanding the 22nd Regiment. At one of Hemingway's last birthday parties, Lanham accidentally bumped Papa's head with his elbow and was the recipient of a severe tongue-lashing as a result. Later Hemingway had to come crawling ("tearfully" by some reports) and admit that he had blown up because he was concerned that Lanham's elbow had disarranged his carefully combed-over hair. Sad.

Page 447 - The last page that I finished as 1999 was about to become 2000. Picturing birdsong in my head, I ended up spending most of the day with "Blackbird" from the Beatles' *White Album* stuck in my head. Which in turn led to my having "Piggies" (the song which follows it) running through my head as well, with several attendant questions as to what George Harrison was thinking about, writing such a song at the same time that he was (at least theoretically) exploring East Indian spirituality. The next day the Quiet Beatle was in the headlines with his stab wound. Having noted some time ago that John Lennon was shot 17 years and 16 days after JFK, I noted that the assault on George Harrison took place 19 years and 21 days after the Lennon shooting. I would take it as a good sign that we are, at least, counting forward and not backward and that this attack was not fatal.

Sorry, corrupt residue from my former existence as an amateur "observer of times." God's will be done.

Page 449 - I am indebted to Mr. Steve Kane of Braintree, Massachussetts, a long-time Cerebus fan who wrote to me during the course of "Fall and the River" and who (evidently inspired by my extensive, blathering notes about F. Scott Fitzgerald) surprised me with a massive package of photocopies and a 20-page letter about one of his *own* obsessions: pirates. This was no small thing, arriving when it did, since I was apprehensive that "Chasing Scott" was boring everyone senseless and that, at the very least, it required an extensive "minutiae-ectomy." Having absolutely no interest in pirates to that point, I spent a wonderful couple of days devouring every morsel of Mr. Kane's package, his own enthusiasm and distillation of key points more than making up for the voice in my head that was going, "Pirates? You mean, like, 'yo-ho-ho-and-a-bottle-of-rum' pirates?" So I wrote him back a long, enthusiastic letter asking a few questions about points he had raised that I hadn't understood, and, lo, back comes another fifteen-page letter and two hardcover books. Anyway, one of the hardcover books was *A Worldwide Illustrated History of Pirates* (David Cordingly, consulting editor, JG Press Inc., 1998, North Dighton, MA), which happened to contain a 17th-century "shootin' ir'n" which I glommed onto right away—knowing that guns would be making their debut in Cerebus' world in "Form & Void." Here it is, and thank you, again, Steve.

Page 450 - Great anecdote from Lillian Ross's *New Yorker* profile of Hemingway. The actual boxers in question are Jack Briton and Benny Leonard. This was followed by:

> *The anecdote, he told me, had been in the original version of his short story "Fifty Grand," but Scott Fitzgerald had persuaded him to take it out. "Scott thought everybody knew about it, when only Jack Briton and I knew about it, because Jack told it to me," he said. "So Scott told me to take it out. I didn't want to, but Scott was a successful writer and a writer I respected, so I listened to him and took it out."*

One of those times when I wished I had a little more "breathing room" for "Form & Void," since this would have made a nice F. Stop Kennedy tie-in. I couldn't picture Cerebus—star-struck as I am depicting him here—missing a chance to throw in a "*Jaka and Cerebus* just got off a *barge* with F. Stop Kennedy!" which would take at least a page or two to close off. Since Fitzgerald's indisputable role as one of Hemingway's mentors is often disputed in the Hemingway camp (Fitzgerald also persuaded him to amputate the original opening chapter of *The Sun Also Rises*), I wonder that the Ross piece isn't introduced as contradictory evidence from time to time.

From there Hemingway goes on to explain that it is harder to have heroes as you get older and then talks about his cat, Boise, who wants to be a human being (presumably idolizing Hemingway who, to one degree or another, *was* one).

Yes, well.

Pages 453-454 - Mary's pose here is taken from a shot of her used in the photo section of *How It Was*. I laughed when closer examination revealed the earrings. How *does* one coordinate jewellery and firearms?

Page 454 - Personal experience with the "let's all be adults about this" approach to adultery: women tend to be better at faking "doesn't bother *me*" than are men, but in the female case, while the seams tend to rupture

less frequently, and more briefly, they do tend to rupture more *explosively,* as I've shown in the first panel. I remember Deni greeting a girl she thought I was sleeping with (I wasn't, but sure wanted to) at the front door of the apartment with: "*Traipse* right in", instead of "Come *on* in."

Page 455 - Only medical science could get away with prescribing electroshock therapy as a cure for depression while cautioning that it can lead to temporary severe depression. All of Papa's firearms were locked up in the gun cabinet at their house in Ketcham, Idaho, when he was released from the clinic.

Page 459 - More with our old buddies Ngui and Charo.

Ngui: I hate travelling.
Charo: I know.
Ngui: *Do* you know? We're travelling too slowly.
Charo: I agree.
(pause)
Ngui: We've been here two days already.
Charo: Listen.
Cerebus (off-panel): Jakaaaa?
Ngui: Her companion.
Ngui: Her lover.
Ngui: Her donkey.
Charo: Hahahaha. Hunh. Hunh.
Ngui: Her *little* donkey.
Charo: Hahahahahaha.

Page 467 - When I was collaborating with other artists on short back-up stories in *Swords of Cerebus*, I wanted to do one with Barry Windsor-Smith, who was and is a big influence on my work. (I would discuss Barry's work here, but Barry—to me—is a great artist and so deserves better than to be "typed about" by someone who is pretending that he had a few too many margaritas at the Floridita last night).

I called Barry on the telephone and suggested that we work "Marvel-style," that is, that he would pencil the story and I would write and letter it from his pencils. The idea that I gave to him came from a story which I had heard about Leonardo da Vinci. The story was that, in his old age, Leonardo used to terrify his nurses by inflating sheep's bladders as one would inflate a balloon, blowing them up until they filled his bedroom and crowded out his nurses. I told Barry that it was interesting to me that Leonardo, who was all of his life obsessed with the possibility of "manned flight" (this taking place in the Renaissance and, thus, well before our own time, it is permissible to call it "manned flight" instead of "personned flight" or "manned and womynned flight"), would have missed so completely the obvious—hot-air balloons—even when he was holding the idea in the form of a sheep-bladder-metaphor in the palm of his hand. I sketched out very roughly and verbally a story idea where Cerebus would encounter a Leonardo-like figure assembling his own hot-air balloon, which he had just invented.

When next I spoke with Barry, he was chagrined (being a verb which can only be used accurately when you are describing an English person). Barry was chagrined with his efforts on the story in that it was already many pages long (!!!!) and it did not, in his view, appear to be going anywhere. To *Barry* it did not appear to be going anywhere. To *me*, it was an unpublished Barry Windsor-Smith-pencilled Cerebus story and so it was just fine as it was and should be sent to me as soon as possible while Barry finished it. Barry demurred (a verb which also is a verb which can only be used accurately when you are describing what an English person does when he is completely and definitively chagrined). Instead, Barry came up with the wonderful and delightful "Cerebus Dreams" short story, which is in the back of *Swords of Cerebus* volume five and which has nothing to do with even *dream* hot-air balloons.

Many years later, when Barry's *Storyteller* anthology came out, featuring his "The Freebooters" serial (*Storyteller* in general and "Freebooters" in particular being too wonderful to describe in "margarita-speak"), I thought that I recognized, from my memory of it, his description of parts of the stillborn Cerebus backup story in the first few pages. Among many delightful details, these pages featured two scantily clad young women in a very imaginative "airship" that appeared to be part boat and part dirigible (this, possibly, being a veiled reference to a night when I and two young women—later characterized as "floozies" by Barry—actually dragged Barry to the famous New York City disco Danceteria during its heyday, and, again, possibly not) (possibly not a veiled reference; the young women were definitely "floozies").

Anyway, having decided that the time was right for primitive "manned flight" to make its debut in Cerebus's world, I have chosen to *repossess* Barry's airship concept (and have Gerhard reconfigure the whole thing with steam power added truly and good into the bargain as well), since said debut would have been prefigured by many, many years if Barry had just stuck to my original idea. If the first few pages of "The Freebooters" did *not* originate with the stillborn *Swords* back-up story, then using Barry's airships constitutes outright thievery on my part, and I beg Barry's indulgence in the matter (which is something that also as well you do only with English people).

* * * * * * *

Pages 471-472 - Ngui and Charo dialogue:
Charo: The weather's nice tonight.
Ngui: ?
Charo: I'm joking. The weather isn't good. It's very cold.
Ngui: Are you hungry?
Charo: Is there food?
Ngui: This.
Charo: Feh. I don't eat pig meat.
Ngui: No?
Charo: No. Prohibited. Because of my religion.
Ngui: What religion are you?
Charo: I'm a Muslim.

24 April 00 - As I approach the crux of "Form & Void," it seems time to clear out the last of my Hemingway loose ends. I gather all my scraps of paper and photocopies and my first Hemingway notebook. I begin to sift through them for the points that I wish to make, truly and good. One of the first that I come across is from *The True Gen*, where Denis Brian asks John Hemingway, the eldest son, if his father had been eager to hear of John Hemingway's adventures during World War II (John Hemingway had been a prisoner in a German POW camp):

Oh, yes. They were coming out in bits and pieces. I think partly because of the starvation diet as a prisoner, details were very hard to remember then and even now aren't all that clear. We had an Australian lieutenant-colonel with us, a surgeon, who had been captured at Tobruk. He was a very fine old fellow and made sure the Geneva Convention was adhered to. He used to tell us, "I say, you chaps, you may have a bit of trouble with your memory as the diet is rather short on phosphorous. You may find yourselves repeating things. Don't let it worry you. As soon as you get back on a decent diet you won't have any problems." Then he'd go out and come back about half an hour later and repeat the whole thing.

The wit of such a story seems lost in the morass of tedious anecdotes which make up any biographical work about Hemingway.

* * * * * * *

The uncompleted work which was released posthumously as *Islands in the Stream* contains an extended sequence where Roger falls in love with a woman with whom he travels across country. Certain details indicate that she is based on Mary Welsh before she became Mary Hemingway. Small wonder that the sequence did not make it into the "finished" Widow-Queen-sanctioned *Islands in the Stream,* with Hemingway/Roger's introspections such as this:

Then later she said, "Roger."
"Yes, daughter."
"Are you sure?"
"Yes, daughter."
"And you're not disappointed because of anything?"
"No, daughter."
"Do you think you'll get to love me?"
"I love you," he lied. I love what we did [having sex] *he meant.*
"Say it again."
"I love you," he lied again.
"Say it once more."
"I love you," he lied.
"That's three times," she said, in the dark. "I'll try to make it come true."

The sequence was eventually published as "The Strange Country" in the "Finca Vigia" collection of Hemingway's short stories after the death of the Widow Queen when the rights to Hemingway's stories passed to his sons (where the rights belonged in the first place, if you ask me).

* * * * * * *

From Carlos Baker's biography, discussing the same time period before Mary Welsh became Mary Hemingway:

He was too gregarious or too haunted, or both, to enjoy being alone unless he was writing, as he was still unable to do. He told Mary that he was planning to read Thoreau, who always revelled in solitude. His own problem, however, was that he did not wish to live by himself. He was not impatient for Mary's arrival, said he: he was merely desperate.

No further questions, your honour.

* * * * * * *

The full "great careerist" quote from Gore Vidal's essay, "F. Scott Fitzgerald's Case":

...midway through the thirties, the Spanish Civil War politicized most of the new writers, and many of the old. Predictably, Ernest Hemingway rode out the storm, going triumphantly from the bad play The Fifth Column *to the bad novel* For Whom the Bell Tolls *(Fitzgerald's comment: "a thoroughly superficial book with all the profundity of* Rebecca*"). Nevertheless, with characteristic panache, the great careerist managed to keep himself atop the heap at whose roomy bottom Fitzgerald had now taken up permanent residence.*

The designation of Hemingway as a careerist came to Vidal by way of Gertrude Stein, who will be dealt with in due course. Patience, dear reader, patience.

* * * * * * *

Also from Carlos Baker's biography:

The old war was so much in his mind that he made a special trip to the site of his wounding thirty years before. From the much rebuilt, redestroyed, and dingy town of Fossalta, he drove out along the sunken road that gave the place its name. The miles of old earthworks along the riverbank had long since been filled in and grassed over in a complex of protective dykes. Reeds rustled in the wind along the edges of the river. In the valley behind one of the dykes stood a long, low, yellow house that had been there in 1918—perhaps the same that Ernest had recalled and used in 'A Way You'll Never Be.' He came upon what he took to be the very crater ('like a designed depression in a

golf-course') which was all that remained of the dugout where the trench-mortar projectile had exploded. He would have liked to accomplish a ceremonious defaecation. Finding this impossible, he dug a small hole with a stick and inserted a 1,000-lire note. This home-made symbolism was meant to indicate that he had contributed both blood and money to the Italian soil. That evening he returned to Venice, as Mary said, 'wiser and jubilant.'

There are times when my head fairly throbs with the strain of trying to understand how defaecation can be described as "ceremonious" (according to my dictionary, "Given to ceremony; *studiously or overly polite*") or how—granting the oxymoron (which I don't)—either a ceremonious defaecation or burying a 1,000-lire note could make one either "wiser" or "jubilant." Who *are* these people? *What* are these people?

* * * * * * *

I am not a hunter myself. I am not *opposed* to hunting (in the sense that I would not, you know, hurl myself bodily between someone with a rifle and his Bambi du jour), but I tend to agree with those who see hunting as being too one-sided to actually be called hunting. If the animal has antlers and I have a rifle, I call that "hunting." Until some way is devised of outfitting game animals with rifles or handguns, anything more lethal than a spear or a javelin or a knife strikes me as strange play-acting. "Hunting" rather than hunting or Hunting. Hemingway's view, which he gave in *Death in the Afternoon*:

When a man is still in rebellion against death he has pleasure in taking to himself one of the God-like attributes: that of giving it.

An honest difference of opinion, I suppose, although I would consider any notion of a man taking on *any* "God-like attributes" as being so foolish as to be beyond the pale of intellectual opinion and well into the realm of malignant self-exaltation. This entry from Baker's biography (page 354) on the subject of Hemingway's first bear hunt in 1936 still makes my gorge rise, starting with:

The other two grizzlies ran back towards the forest and Ernest killed one of them with a slug behind the shoulder. The first now scrambled up, bleeding and bawling, *and made for cover. Ernest ran to intercept it and killed it with a shot to the neck just as it lumbered up the bank of a stream.* [emphasis mine]

Followed by:

He (Hemingway) insisted on a lunch of bear steaks. Tom and young Patrick never afterwards forgot that meal. The meat was rank and stringy, cooked middling rare, and eaten in the form of sandwiches made from sour-dough pancakes spread with orange marmalade. But Ernest consumed his portion with evident gusto, chewing long and appreciatively, his black beard glossy with bear fat.

* * * * * * *

Then, there are these two fragments—the first from Carlos Baker's biography with Marlene Dietrich (pre-Grandma the Babysitter days), waxing enthusiastic about a poem that Papa wrote about the deaths of sixty-seven members of Buck Lanham's 22nd Infantry Regiment on September 13 and 14, 1944:

"Papa," she would say, gazing at him with her large and melancholy eyes, "I don't care what you do *since you wrote that poem*." [emphasis mine]

The second is from Hotchner's *Papa Hemingway*, as Hemingway gives Hotchner the manuscript for *The Old Man and the Sea* to read during one of Hotchner's visits to Finca Vigia:

"Wanted you to read something," he said. "Mary read it all one night and in the morning said she forgave me for anything I'd ever done *and showed me the real goose flesh on her arms. So have been granted a sort of general amnesty as a writer."* [again, emphasis mine]

Palpitated another woman on another occasion: "Forgive him everything. He writes like an angel." There is something both peculiar and prescient in this, anticipating our own degraded Feminist Age where the President of the United States is reduced to sending female cabinet members out to a Rose Garden press conference to vouch for him at the height of a sex scandal. How did it come to this? I have been moved to wonder on more than one occasion. I see the seeds of it in Hemingway. Women forgiving men on some fantastic and mythical grand scale. Women vouching for men, as if any woman's opinion of any man should mean anything to anyone.

Hemingway, it seems to me, was a kind of mascot—the literal ass which misguided womanhood intended riding through the streets and alleyways of a 20th century they intended to—and ultimately *did*—turn upside down to their own selfish advantage and to the disadvantage of men and civilization in general. How else to explain the raising up of a semi-literate drunkard typist to the heady plateau of a Nobel Prize in literature?

How else, indeed?

I am reasonably certain that Hemingway's reputation as one of the greatest—if not *the* greatest—writers of the 20th century came to us, like Gore Vidal's "great careerist" characterization, by way of the lesbian Gertrude Stein.

A frisson of horror ripples through the crowd.

One does not cojoin the adjective to the name (or The Name, as the feminists would have it) without

interposing "writer" between "lesbian" and "Gertrude Stein." To do so, presumably, is to call down upon one's head a great and grave destruction, at the very least the birth of two-headed calves and babies with six fingers and six toes, the bathing of earth's lunar satellite in menstrual hues, a blight upon the crops.

The lesbian Gertrude Stein, the lesbian Gertrude Stein, the lesbian Gertrude Stein.

Better still: the Lesbian gertrude stein.

See? Nothing. Be of good cheer, feminist males and feminist females. You have nothing to fear but your own willful stupidity.

But I *am* getting ahead of myself.

ORIGINS

I had become concerned as I devoured several hundreds of pages of Papa's moronic short stories, all of his novels, his *Selected Letters,* biographies, magazine articles. Concerned because it was getting on for the time when I was supposed to start drawing "Form & Void," and—apart from the Cerebus and Jaka elements which had been in place for some years—I could find nothing to interest me as I began to sculpt, mentally, Ham Ernestway.

Having sex with his cat?

A good sight gag—a GREAT sight gag, actually—but hardly worth the damage that would be done to the story in deflecting the readers' attention from what I was and am trying to say.

No, "Bedtime with Boise" would have to be left to the pseudo-scholarly confines of "To Ham & Ham Not."

I kept returning to the foundational structure of *Going Home*—the two "love" triangles.

The first, with Jaka as the central figure (the "Guinevere role," as I've come to name it) and Cerebus and F. Scott Fitzgerald as the "other two" (King Arthur and Lancelot, respectively). The second, with someone else as Lancelot, Cerebus as Guinevere, and Jaka as King Arthur.

I had trouble getting it to work.

Given the twenty years that I had devoted to establishing that there is no other woman for Cerebus if Jaka is around—whom could I introduce who would be capable of dividing his attentions the way that F. Stop Kennedy would divide Jaka's? The only answer was someone from Cerebus's solo masculine past—a good army buddy of some kind. Someone who represented a world near and dear to Cerebus's heart and yet as foreign to Jaka as the world of art and Art was near and dear to Jaka's heart and yet foreign to Cerebus.

The Answer was Bear. The Problem was, I had already *used* Bear.

After a certain amount of thought, another answer presented itself: "Bear's Bear," someone whom Bear looked up to the way Cerebus looked up to Bear. That would do it. And Hemingway seemed to fit the bill—Hemingway who had been lurking around the periphery of the role as I kept running across him in my Fitzgerald research. The only problem, then, was that I couldn't picture Cerebus and Hemingway interacting. Bear's Bear just put the individual on such a rarefied plateau in Cerebus's mental "pecking order" that I couldn't picture Cerebus doing much more than stammering and quaking and…

…and that was when I came up with Cerebus-the-Ham-Ernestway-Fanboy, which presented a lot of comedic possibilities and transformed the "love triangle" into the "broken triangle": Cerebus just wants to graft himself onto Ham Ernestway, Ham Ernestway just wants to get into Jaka's pants and can't stand Cerebus, Jaka can't stand Ham Ernestway and loves Cerebus. I have certainly had more than enough experience with each of those roles, both participating and observing, so that I could just put it on a mental backburner as I devoted myself to finishing "Fall and the River," secure that I now had the "Form & Void" surface story taken care of.

The surface story is the readily accessible, crowd-pleaser part of *Cerebus* which houses the sight gags, the puns, the "who gets the girl?" clichés and stereotypes, the Frank Capra moments. All the stuff that either makes you go "Hahaahaa" or "Awwww—that's so CUUuuuUUUte" or "boohoohoo, that's so sad" or "boohoohoo, that's so beautiful" or "boohoohoo, that's so touching." In addition to the *surface* story there is the *actual* story. You know, the part of every *Cerebus* book where you're sure that I've lost my mind because I was doing such a good job of making you go "hahaha" or ""awwww" or "boohoohoo I", "boohoohoo II" or "boohoohoo III" and all of a sudden everything just makes you go "Hunh?!" "Hmmm," if I'm lucky and we happen to be on the same wavelength—but, mostly, "Hunh!?" or "Whaaat?" or "WHAAT?" for pages and pages at a time. That—believe it or not, friends—is the actual story. And contained in the actual story is the core moment. As an example, in "Fall and the River," the *actual* story was the Maury Noble monologue on top of the stateroom, and the *core moment* was—well, it gets referred to again in the last *Cerebus* story line, so you'll know for sure, then, okay?

So, what I was looking for in my Hemingway research was something that I could use as the actual story—some Hemingway version of the Maury Noble monologue in Fitzgerald's *The Beautiful and Damned.*

Well, as I found in the course of my research, there is nothing in Hemingway's writing that matches that description. It is all *surface* story—a mile wide and a quarter of an inch deep. Those things that Hemingway clearly thinks are Great Literary Moments…

…you know that cliché about great sex, "the earth moved"? Hemingway came up with that in *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* That was the part of the book I was making fun of with the stadium full of monkeys all typing truly and good and good and truly. At the "spooey" moment, in *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* we are informed that "the earth moved" in such a reverential way that Hemingway clearly thinks that he is imparting one of the Great Secrets of the Universe. Even sillier, he had probably been carrying the thing around since it happened to him—an outdoor "piece" with first wife, Hadley?—knowing that it would be

installed on its velveteen pillow at the epicenter of *Papa's Answer to War and Peace* when The Time Was Right…

…well, I beg to differ, to say the least.

There is the very occasional vivid description that has real resonance to it. Like this (in Hemingway's case) rare gem from *To Have and Have Not,* as the bullet-riddled, corpse-strewn boat returns to port:

> *…from the long seat alongside the starboard gunwale, a man seemed to be leaning over to dip his hand into the sea. His head and arms were in the sun and at the point where his fingers almost touched the water, there was a school of small fish, about two inches long, oval-shaped, golden-colored, with faint purple stripes, that had deserted the gulf weed to take shelter in the shade the bottom of the drifting launch made in the water, and each time anything dripped down into the sea, these fish rushed at the drop and pushed and milled until it was gone. Two grey sucker fish about eighteen inches long, swam round and round the boat in the shadow in the water, their slit mouths on the tops of their flat heads opening and shutting; but they did not seem to comprehend the regularity of the drip the small fish fed on and were as likely to be on the far side of the launch when the drop fell, as near it. They had long since pulled away the ropy, carmine clots and threads that trailed in the water from the lowest splintered holes, shaking their ugly, sucker-topped heads and their elongated, tapering, thin-tailed bodies as they pulled. They were reluctant now to leave a place where they had fed so well and unexpectedly.*

I mean, yuccch. Indeed, yuccch. But there is more to it than that. It is a piece of imagery matching a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand naturally occurring events, uniting cannibalism and a nursing infant in a single keenly observed piece of imagery (it DOES?). Yes, trust me, it does.

But there wasn't enough there to make up a core moment in "Form & Void." It wouldn't bear "fluffing up." All you'd get would be "carmine clot souffle" (Everybody: YUCCCCHHHH!).

Well, I found the actual story in a most unexpected place—Mary Hemingway's *How It Was*.

As you can see from my previous references to *How It Was*, I did not have high expectations for the book, and in that I was not disappointed. This side of "nurse novels" there is no more cliché-ridden, trite, predictable, and tedious a branch of typing (make that "typing") than the "tell-all autobiography of the Woman Behind the Great Man." Like a "nurse novel," it is tailored to its audience who not only accepts but demands the clichés which take the place of genuine content: My Fascinating Ancestors (Men), My Fascinating Ancestors (Women), My Early Life With My Devoted Family, My Loving Mother and Father, My Fierce Streak of Independence, My Sidekick Girlfriends, I Strike Out On My Own, My Moments of Heartbreak and Fear, My Moments of Triumph and Joy (small, for I Am A Simple Girl At Heart and Small Joys Count For Much With Me). Well, I had the common sense to skip all that and flip through to And Then We Met, with all its attendant violin music and excruciating metaphors and palsied similes.

I will say that I found it less excruciating to read than Hemingway's work—the lesser of two abortions, you might say. There was enough unintentional comedy to keep me snickering every few pages, since Mary's My Fierce Streak of Independence tended to mutate into Why I've Always Been More of a Hardass Than Any Man I Ever Met Except My Beloved Lamb (HoCCChhh, THOO!), and since *How It Was* was being crafted even as the Feminist Malignancy (HoCCChhh, THOO!) was descending upon us, Hardass Mary really gets fer to chewin' the scenery up here and thar where she (HoCCChhh, THOO!) sees call fer it. Like the eternal amateur reporter (who else would write for Luce's Time magazine?) she brought all her best high-school essayist skills to bear on her task. There is the "who?" sentence, followed by the "what?" sentence, followed by the "where?" sentence, followed by the "when?" sentence, followed by the "why?" sentence, followed (frequently) by HoCCChhh, *THOOO!* Hard to sustain for nearly seven hundred pages, but she is in earnest, even as Ernest is in her (sorry). There is no interpretation of the who, what, where, and when. The why is always a separate entity, as it is in any woman's writing—restatement or a paraphrase of one of the four previous self-interrogations. Women, you won't see it—but, guys, you really should check it out. Pick up any woman's idea of non-fiction writing and look for anything having to do with "Why?" or "why?" They have no idea what the word means. I digress.

Almost two-thirds of the way through this self-constructed, self-dedicated monument to "The Woman (That's Me, Mary) Behind the Great Man," my pulse actually jumped. I had been skimming along trying not to "get any on me" but enjoying it where I could for what it was, and I stopped.

Did I just read what I thought I just read?

I skipped back a few pages. I had, indeed. I reread the same few pages two or three times, my heart rate definitely up above normal for (as I recall) eleven o'clock at night.

Where does this go? I wondered—for the first time in my Hemingway research—genuinely curious. Not "Where is *she* going with this?" I knew better than that. *She* hasn't gone anywhere with anything for well over four hundred pages. But even as I asked, "Where does this go?" I knew I was going to find out. Mary the High-School Essayist would give me all of the who, what, where, and when I needed.

The *why*, I was willing to bet, would present itself as a direct implication of the other four.

I underlined all of the relevant passages in *How It Was*, brought the book back to the studio, photocopied the underlined pages, put a couple of paper clips on them, moved them to one side, and started in on the first instalment of "Form & Void."

Five months later or so, I had completed the lead-in material, the "two happy couples" stuff (well, that's what "two happy couples" looks like to me—sorry about that, "happy couples"), and it was time to pull out the *How It Was* excerpts and examine them more closely for problems that needed fixing (before I had to draw and letter the pages in question).

I found a problem.

It was not a *huge* problem, but it was a problem in a passage which was central to the secondary or primary core moment (depending on your point of view: I'd say secondary, myself). I'll discuss the actual problem when I get to that page in these notes, but suffice to say I was now in "What to do?" mode. None of the books or articles on Hemingway—certainly not *True at First Light*—even made *reference* to that part of Mary's diary, let alone *quoted* it (a peculiar omission I'll be getting to as well).

That left me with the John F. Kennedy Library.

In the contorted and poisonous world of the Hemingway Story or story or "story," one of the strangest realities is that Mary Hemingway donated all of Hemingway's papers to the John F. Kennedy Library. Strange in light of her (HoCCChhh, THOOO!) contretemps with the President of the United States at the White House dinner for Nobel Prize laureates (American division). It seemed unlikely that she counted herself a devotee of the New Frontier or a Best and the Brightest wannabe. But there it was.

[*Later, this would seem a good deal less strange to me as I was assisted in tracing the history if Mary's donation back to a "just touching base" note written by Mary to Kennedy insider Arthur Schlesinger in the spring of 1964 seeking further information about plans for the proposed Kennedy Library with an eye towards finalizing her intention to donate Hemingway's papers to it. Considering that Kennedy had only been assassinated a few months before, the term "unseemly haste" leaps to mind. I think Mary's sudden willingness to let bygones-be-bygones (Kennedy-wise) can be attributed to the mystique which attached itself to the young president's widow: that is, I believe that Mary saw the donation of Hemingway's papers as a way of forging a link between herself and the rarefied social atmosphere in which Jackie-soon-to-be-O operated and which Mary, I suspect, envisioned turning into a select two-person Sisterhood of the Exploding Husbands (as it were). Small wonder that the imminent Mrs. Onassis kept the Widow Queen at a great remove even as she accepted the donation of Hemingway's papers.*]

While I was working on F. Scott Fitzgerald, I had had the unhappy experience of contacting the Princeton Library (the custodian of virtually all of Fitzgerald's papers) to see if it had anything I could use and was informed that all of Scott and Zelda's papers were sealed (like, Egyptian-tomb sealed) but that everything was available on Princeton's web site. Now, I have no problem reading four hundred pages. I have a *great* problem with watching four hundred pages on television. With a book, I can be forty pages past something that I read, or two books and forty pages past something that I read, or two months, three books, and forty pages past what I read, and I will know roughly where to find it and I can usually find it in a few minutes. I count myself lucky to have that skill, which I did not know I had until I started researching material for *Cerebus*. That skill, as I've discovered with the Kitchener Library's computerized card index, does not extend to video games which involve "clicking on" with "mice" (or "mouses"? What is the plural, someone-who-cares?). I elected to make do with what I had and left Scott and Zelda to their cybernetic rest (hopefully not eternal).

So, it was with trepidation that I called directory assistance in Boston for the number of the Kennedy Library.

"The Presidential Library or the Hemingway Archives?"

Things seldom go that smoothly for me in the "real" world. I dialled the Archives number.

"Hemingway Archives."

"I'm working on a book about Hemingway, and I've hit a snag with something. Do you have *Mary* Hemingway's papers, as well as Ernest's?"

"Yes, we do."

Two-for-two is usually the best that I can hope for.

"Do you have her East Africa diary?"

"Yes, we do."

Three-for-three. Unbelievable.

"Is there any way that I could find out about a particular entry for January 4, 1954? In *How It Was*…"

…and I explained the problem.

"Are you in town?"

Three-for-four.

"No, actually I'm in Canada."

"Mmm. That *is* out of town. Why don't you give me your name and number, and I'll look it up and get back to you later this afternoon."

What unheard-of professionalism! The John F. Kennedy Library was "my kind of people." With great confidence I set to work on my part of the double-page spread that opens the Africa sequence. An hour or so later, Steve Plotkin (the gentleman I had spoken to on the phone) faxed through the relevant passage. Which solved one problem, but presented another:

The page was typewritten.

I had been expecting a page from a *diary* diary. You know, handwritten. This led to a certain amount of confusion when I called back. So far as the John F. Kennedy Library was concerned, this *was* Mary's diary, designated as her East Africa Journal in the inventory list of her papers.

I was pretty sure that it wasn't, even at *that* point, but I was willing to let it go, temporarily, for the sake of the long distance charges if nothing else. If it wasn't Mary's diary, then what was it? That was the next question which occurred to me and which I approached tangentially:

"How many pages *is* the East Africa Journal?" I asked.

"Actually, the Library possesses *three* versions of the East Africa Journal," came the reply.

The urge to run away screaming—never far below the surface in my Hemingway research—came bubbling up. I was informed that one version was 261 pages, one was 225 pages, and one was 134 pages. In addition, they had a file of *rejected* pages from the Journal.

I looked, uneasily, at the half-completed page on my drawing board.

I made arrangements for them to photocopy all of the pages and FedEx them to the studio. I returned to work, instructing myself that I was *only* going to use the East Africa Journal to correct any discrepancies in the *How It Was* extracts. I had no time for anything else.

A couple of days later, as I was waiting for the FedEx delivery, I realized that that was stupid. You don't use a first generation source to "touch up" a second generation source. I confined myself to hoping that the original Journal didn't differ *too* widely from *How It Was*. When the FedEx package with fifteen pounds of documents arrived at around one o'clock on a Friday afternoon, I was inking my part of pages 494-495 (at *that* point in time, designated pages 492-493). I decided the first thing to do was to check the panel that I was working on:

Pages 494-495 - *How It Was*: "Ernest bent down and with his pocket-knife cut out a bit of the tenderloin beside the spine, chewed some and offered me a tidbit. We both thought the clean pink flesh delicious, steak tartar without the capers. Denis [Zaphiro, the deputy game warden] scoffed that it would make us sick and Philip [Percival, the white hunter] politely declined a taste."

East Africa Journal, (September 9, Wednesday; page 54): "Wonderful to watch the skinning. Papa and I had a tidbit of him, raw and D. [Denis Zaphiro] insisted I bring it back to the mess tent, then, watching me chew made some crack about he didn't believe it—hoped I wouldn't throw up. I ticked him off."

Uh, Houston? We have a problem.

I had picked Percival's reaction as the more relevant one. He was senior man, the veteran white hunter who had hunted Teddy Roosevelt and the Duke of Windsor on safari (the only English word which originates from Swahili—meaning "journey") earlier in the century and who had come out of retirement to hunt Hemingway*[as he had in 1936 (he's the model for the white hunter in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber")]. In the original Journal, there is no mention of his either being offered *or* declining a taste—which makes more sense. Likewise Denis and Mary going to the mess tent. It restores the obvious *illicitness* of eating lion, which skewed the anecdote by its omission in *How It Was* (or *Wasn't*, I was beginning to suspect).

I bowed to the inevitable and started reading the first file, marked *Papers of Mary Welsh Hemingway /Writings/Journals/East Africa Journals pp 1-7, 11-13, 16 & 24-140 9/10/53 - 10/24/53.*

MARY'S JOURNAL

I wasn't aware that the John F. Kennedy Library is—as *all* of the Presidential Libraries are—part of the United States Government's National Archives and Records Administration. So—as I found out—there are certain ground rules. Steve Plotkin could supply me with whatever documents I requested and answer any *factual* questions, but he was not allowed to interpret material or offer opinions or advice, since that could open him up to potential charges of conflict of interest. If I were to print, as an example, "according to Steve Plotkin of the Kennedy Library's Hemingway Archives…" and use whatever observation he might have made over the phone or in a letter to validate my own opinions or refute someone else's…well, the gov-'inment, she no work that way. So, I'm going to let you all know up front that these are all my *own* conclusions based on my own research and that they differ (oh, like *you're* surprised) from those official views held by the John F. Kennedy Library. A good example is my view that there had to be a written diary. For more than thirteen years (Mary died in 1986), the Kennedy Library has had this typescript as part of its collection, with no qualifier added. It is Mary's East Africa Journal. The only qualifier is that it is a carbon copy, not the original. It is and would be considered a primary source material.

Of course, no one *cares*. It's *Mary* Hemingway. If anyone besides me has read her East Africa Journal in the past fourteen years, I'll be happy to *eat* my copies of it. But from the standpoint of an official archive, a U.S. Government Archive, they have what they say they have and they are not going to change their minds overnight just because some comic-book artist from Canada tells them they're wrong. And I certainly accept that. The last thing I want carved on my tombstone is: "Here Lies Dave Sim—He Set The Record Straight About Mary Hemingway's East Africa Journal."

But let's start with the known facts:

Mary died in November 1986. Her will gave the Library first pick of all papers, as well as some designated paintings and other *objets d'art*. Joan O'Connor, then curator of the Hemingway Collection, went to New York to make the selection in April 1987. She chose some 35 linear feet out of an unknown amount. This was shipped to the Library to await "processing." Within a few days of O'Connor's departure, somebody came up with another 19 linear feet. This got hurriedly put up for auction and was sold to a consortium of lawyers. The consortium in turn had Glen Horowitz Booksellers put the material up for sale at an antiquarian book fair. It is unclear if

* *I know. I laughed picturing Percival* hunting *Teddy Roosevelt, the Duke of Windsor, and Hemingway, but evidently, that's the correct verb for what a white hunter does.*

Glen Horowitz was part of the consortium or if the consortium sold the entire lot to GHB. Even if the consortium did so, that would not prevent Glen Horowitz from being part of the consortium. Evidently, red herring sales are common as dirt in the rare books and manuscript business. In any case, all of the sales were done quickly and quietly.

At this point a Hemingway aficionado with connections in bookselling came across Glen Horowitz's description of the lots that were up for sale. She immediately sensed there was something fishy about it. She contacted the Hemingway Society and Foundation, which, because of a whole different can of worms (strong copyright interests in all Ernest Hemingway materials), obtained an injunction against the sale until copyright determinations could be made. Meanwhile, members of the Hemingway Society and Foundation were calling up the Library asking, with good reason, how the hell it had let this material get away. Joan O'Connor, in the meantime, had left. The new curator, Megan Desnoyers, the current curator, had to sort out the mess on her own. Desnoyers talked to O'Connor, who insisted she had never seen the new material in New York. Desnoyers then brought in the National Archives legal counsel, who took one look at the situation and told her that the Department of Justice needed to be consulted. The DOJ investigator did his investigating and came to the conclusion that the Library could make a case for ownership of the material, but it would be hard fought and by no means a shoo-in for the Library because there was no way of proving that O'Connor had not waived Library rights to it.

The decision was made to simply photocopy all of the Horowitz material and let the originals go on the market. Which, it seems to me, was pretty wise on the part of the current curator: better to have a complete set of facsimiles of the material than risk losing access to them in a court fight.

Anyway, the file that I started with was from the Glen Horowitz lot. Let's call it Horowitz-A—pages 1 to 140. I started reading in midafternoon, pausing at the end of each page to assess whether it had anything that I could use in the "Form & Void" Africa sequence. If it did, I folded down the upper right corner. If it didn't, I left it alone. I finished around 9 p.m. I went out that night and had several beers. The next day I finished the second file, which we'll call Horowitz-B—pages 141 to 261. Sunday is my Sabbath, so no work for Dave. Monday I tackled the third and fourth files. Horowitz-C and -D respectively—pages 24 to 140 and 141 to 225. C and D proved to be photocopies of A and B minus fifty-some-odd pages. Which was something of a relief. If I never read another word about Kimana Swamp or Fig Tree Camp, I will die a happy man. Just to be sure, I flipped through A and C and B and D one page at a time. A and B—the 261-page version—was marked with circled numbers (1, 2, and 3) and (largely indecipherable) marginal notes to indicate a tentative running order in *How It Was* (or some earlier version of Mary's memoirs) as well as featuring a limited number of embellishments (nice word for it, eh?). In addition there are minor corrections of spelling and grammar which had been made by someone semi-literate at best (who overlooked, as an example, such glaring errors as "a modester woman"), so probably Mary herself. These corrections are *duplicated* in C and D—the 225-page version—but not *exactly copied*. That is, the corrections are the same, but the pen strokes and letters *making* the corrections, while in the same hand, are different on B and D than they are on A and C.

With me so far?

Having finished the Horowitz files, I next looked at the file which contained a copy of Mary's original bequest to the Kennedy Library and which the Kennedy Library considers to be Mary's East Africa Journal—that is, her diary, which the Library claims she *typed* while on safari in 1953-54. Of the six file folders I received, it is the only one which is 8 1/2 x 11 in size. The other five are 8 1/2 x 17. It proved to be the original of Horowitz A, B, C, and D—at least pages 24 to 134. The Horowitz pages all had a strip of black at the bottom, which accounted for the difference in size. It is unmarked, and as could be seen from several visible watermarks, it was photocopied from carbon copies on onionskin paper.

So, even leaving aside my own view that there was originally a handwritten diary, this is not a first generation document. At best it is a photocopy of a carbon copy of a document *purporting to be* a first generation document—so third generation at best. Fourth generation at best if it is a *revised* typescript. Fifth generation if there was, originally, a handwritten diary. Again, at *best*.

So, I had a copy of Mary's original bequest: the onionskin carbon of pages 24 to 134 and the two Glen Horowitz lots, pages 24 to 225 and 1 to 261. In addition I had pages 1 to 7, 11 to 13, and 16, which (don't tell the John F. Kennedy Library I told you this) *aren't* part of Mary's African Journal at all, but are, rather, all that remains of a first draught of a precursor to *How It Was,* entitled *Our One and Only Life* (which, if a vote were taken, I would have to nominate as the most self-revealing title *ever* for a "Woman Behind the Great Man" memoir. In fact I think *all* "Woman Behind the Great Man" memoirs should be renamed *Our One and Only Life*). I'll be getting back to *Our One and Only Life* in a little while.

Finally, I had a file marked "Reject Pages from Diary." On top was a photocopy of a page torn from a small notebook which read (oddly enough) "Reject Pages from Diary." The rest of the file contained pages 226 to 259 of the East Africa Journal—obviously not *rejected* pages from the diary at all (much of the material on pages 226 to 259 made its way into *How It Was*) but, rather, an amputation of Horowitz-C and -D. An amputation made at a very early stage in correcting a photocopy of her carbon—and an amputation which Mary changed her mind about by the time she was doing the more extensive work evident in Horowitz-A and -B. I came to the conclusion that A and B—although I read them first (as the longest version)—actually came *after* C and D. Something spooked Mary on her first go-round with the material—spooked her

badly enough that she dumped a good portion of the typescript of her diary into a file marked "reject pages" and abandoned that section of her memoirs for…days? weeks? years? *How It Was* was published in 1976, but documents very little after 1966 or so. The Kennedy Library has—literally—boxes *full* of draughts of the various parts of *How It Was* (including *nine*—count 'em—*nine*) file folders of draughts A through I of the "My Father in Minnesota" chapter and *eight* file folders of draughts A through G of the And Then We Met chapter which only Mary could call (HoCCChhh, *THOOO*!) "Combined Operations". Oddly enough, what spooked her—I'm reasonably sure—was the passage that I originally contacted the Kennedy Library about. Page 228 in the typescript, as it turns out.

Don't worry, I'll let you know when we get there.

I do feel (yes, in *this* case, *feel*) it is necessary to mention that Scribners, Hemingway's long-time publishing house, had rejected *How It Was* because Mary refused to have the book edited in any way and that the book was snatched up by Alfred A. Knopf, who agreed to let the book stand in its unedited form. It made for a literary atrocity—all seven hundred pages of it—but, saying that, I have to thank providence—and Mary Welsh Hemingway's stubbornness—that it was so. Who knows what a "professional editor" would have cut out of the East Africa section of the book? Most of it, I would suppose—probably everything that caught my attention and gave me an actual story for "Form & Void."

The original East Africa Journal had more—much more—of what had caught my attention in *How It Was*. In the book, the safari takes up a little over sixty pages. Even the 261-page Horowitz version stops well before the end of the material covered in *How It Was*' sixty pages. So (rather comedically I think), we end up with this huge journal pruned and spliced and amputated by Mary down to a semi-manageable sixty pages now being pasted back together by me with much of Mary's cutting-room floor leavings grafted back on and most of her retained material now excised.

Why did Mary write her East Africa Journal?

A good question and one that Mary asked herself in the concluding pages of *How It Was* in a staged question-and-answer session where she envisioned "dear friends" asking about omissions from her book:

D.Fs.: "Why did you write the book, for instance?"

M.H.: "Who cares? Because I kept all those diaries, I suppose, and thought they were sometimes amusing."

D.Fs.: "So, why did you keep the diaries?"

M.H.: "A harmless eccentricity. Or, no. It was partly because I thought Ernest might find them useful—dates, places, people, weather. Which was ridiculous, because he had a tape recorder in his head. I don't remember his ever making a note in Africa, but after we got home he wrote 40,000 words or more about our safari. No dates, but places described and sharp characterizations of people, also dialogue. I found it entertaining."

D.Fs.: "You weren't disappointed that your work was wasted?"

M.H.: "No. Ernest wrote fiction mostly and the safari piece was fiction based on fact, more fun than my facts."

My own view, based on the—admittedly—circumstantial evidence of a June 1, 1953 Finca Vigia "in-house memo" from EH to Mary (see page 755), is that *Look* magazine indulged in a shady bit of corporate chicanery in order to get Hemingway to go to Africa on safari, allow himself to be photographed doing so, and write captions for the photos. The magazine promised to underwrite the expense of the safari (which was prohibitive—more than 15,000 *1953 dollars* for four months). My own view is that Hemingway was not especially tempted by the offer to commit one way or the other. Certainly, he could enjoy going on safari, but he could also enjoy staying home and going fishing on *Pilar* and drinking margaritas at the Floridita. But *Look* did not intend to take "no" or "maybe later" for an answer. In the fall of 1952, *Life* magazine had scored the greatest success of any weekly magazine with their serialization of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*—selling something in excess of five million copies in a matter of a few days. In knee-jerk corporate fashion (Hemingway=Big Bucks), *Look* and *Life* both started courting Hemingway for some sort of follow-up success. *Look*, I believe, was the more ardent suitor because of the long-time rivalry between the two magazines. Reading between the lines of the June 1st "in-house memo," it's not hard to see why Hemingway was perplexed. Evidently he and Mary had *discussed* the *Look* offer, and Mary was "tired of hearing about it"—I think they both had a "maybe later" attitude towards a *Look*-sponsored safari.

Something changed.

Suddenly, Papa couldn't do anything right. Suddenly, Mary was picking fights ("You want to hog everything. You get angry if anybody even writes anything about the same country you are in. Look at that man who wrote that book about Spain."), making wild accusations ("You never told me you had any offer from *Look*. You did no such thing. You did not show me any letter from Rice with any offer from *Look*."), and when presented with irrefutable evidence that she, Mary, is lying, responds with complete nonsense (Mary: "You didn't tell me anything about Lowe's offer. You just whispered something to me.").

You just whispered something to me?

I think the thing that changed, the missing piece, is that Lowe—when he saw that "maybe later" was the best he was going to get—sweetened the deal by suggesting that Ernest and Mary do "his and her" companion pieces for *Look* about the safari ("Sure. It'll be swell. Mary can handle the ladies' angle. What a woman should bring on safari, wardrobe and stuff like that."). I don't think he ever intended *publishing* Mary's work, but he knew that if "maybe later" was going to change into "yes, definitely, right now," it would have to be an "inside job." And I think he knew that after ten years in Hemingway's shadow, there was a *Time* magazine correspondent inside wee Mary

screaming to get out—screaming to get out and show the world that *Ernest* wasn't the *only* writer (HoCCChh, *THOOO*!) in *this* family. By dangling the carrot of a *Look* magazine by-line in front of Mary, Lowe hoped to get *her* to accomplish what *he and Look* could *never* have accomplished on their own. Given the June 1st letter, it worked like a charm. By the first week of July the Hemingways were on their way to New York, France, Spain, and (ultimately) Mombassa, Kenya—Mary keeping copious diary notes on each location in good dutiful who, what, where, and when style. And not just diaries. Evidently *Look* even promised to look at Mary's photographs! Horowitz-A opened at the Beauvan Hotel in Genoa, as Mary "worked on black and white photographs" while "Papa napped, saw the press." On board the Dunnottar Castle Mary "worked on captions on the afterdeck." The August 8th entry ends: "I got my captions finished—we went ashore in the evening and dined—too copiously at Perelli. This morning must go mail the pix." Seriously. "Pix." Lowe even kept up the pretence of *Look*'s interest, informing them, by cable to Nairobi, that he was waiting on Mary's Spanish diary at the *Look* offices in New York.

If I'm right, and I'm pretty sure I am, it was a rotten trick to play on someone who wanted—desperately—to be seen as a writer and not just Mrs. Ernest Hemingway. Of course, making Papa's life miserable so that he would cave in and say "yes, definitely, right now" to the *Look* offer was a pretty rotten thing to do as well. Needless to say, nothing of Mary's ever saw print in *Look* magazine, although a draught of her East Africa article for *Look* exists among her papers at the Kennedy Library. Assuming the Spanish diary was of the same gargantuan proportions as the East Africa Journal (for a *picture* magazine!), Bill Lowe must've had quite a look on his face when someone (THUMP!) dropped the package on his desk. Maybe he even had a pang of conscience looking at the sheer volume of work that had gone into it.

No, you're right.

Probably not.

* * * * * * *

Attached to the *Our One and Only Life* fragments in Horowitz-A are five pages of notes under the heading "Preface to East Africa: Itinerary in a Nutshell," which appear to be a timeline (as opposed to an itinerary) of events, beginning with August 29, 1953 and proceeding through May 12, 1954 in the choppy, jumbled phrases which are characteristic of Mary's journal/diary style. Its peculiar mix of hasty "notes to self" and high-schoolish bursts of creative writing ("...Salengai River, its broad yellow bed...dust-dry except for a few water holes...") leads me to believe that it might have served double duty: both as an outline for the Mary Hemingway article that *Look* never intended to publish and—years later—as the skeletal outline for the East Africa chapter in *How It Was*.

Judging by the profusion of reworkings of the *Our One and Only Life* fragments—out of the thirteen pages, all but a handful of paragraphs have been (*vehemently*) crossed out—Mary found working from an outline and the handwritten diary unsatisfactory. I believe she chose to take the original diary and transpose it into typescript form—Horowitz-C and -D—expanding her terse diary style into full sentences (or, at least, a *less terse* diary style) and to work backward from there: sculpting the East Africa chapter *out of* the typescript of the diary, rather than expanding her "Nutshell..." outline *into* a finished chapter. It seems to have suited her preferences. As opposed to the nine draughts of the "My Father in Minnesota" chapter, there are *no* draughts of the "East Africa" chapter extant among her papers.

Having read all of the material from the Kennedy Library, I then proceeded to take all of the pages with bent corners and write out the bits that had caught my eye. As with most writers who have the skills of high school essayists, Mary's raw materials are *in* there. The problem is, so is everything else, usually twice if not three times over and (characteristic of women writers) out of sequence when she is excited about a particular event—having much in common with women not being able to tell a joke properly. You know—they get almost to the punch line and then say, "Oh, wait—I forgot to mention that..." which really (to put it mildly) kills the old comedic effect.

There is such a wide chasm of difference between Mary's story of the safari (as recounted in the Journal and *How It Was*—not to mention the disparity *between* the Journal and *How It Was*) and Ernest's version of the same events (as recounted in *True at First Light* and "The Christmas Gift") that it is hard to believe that the two of them were in Kenya at the same time. Very early on I had to abandon my idea of somehow merging the two versions into the Africa sequence (although the surrealism that would have resulted was awfully tempting) and just let Mary's version stand without revision or qualification. Because the Journal represents a day-by-day record of the events of 1953-54, I feel (yes, *feel*—who knows *what* to *think* about the Hemingways?) that the chronology is reasonably accurate. More accurate than *How It Was,* where events got transposed and moved around for reasons known only to Mary Welsh Hemingway.

But, that having been said, I do think that the extra week that my supplementary reading added to my working time—all of the false starts and cul-de-sacs involved in doing something with Mary's raw high-school-essayist prose—proved to be worth it in the long run. Having endured several hundred pages of her own best (HoCCChhh, *THOOO*!) try at finding a female equivalent of the Hemingway voice—and having endured at least four times the word count of the real article, I had now found my challenge for "Form & Void's" actual story and core moment—the equivalent of turning Maury Noble's monologue in *The Beautiful and Damned* right-side-up one phrase and, occasionally, one word at a time in "Going Home":

For better or worse, I was going to take all of the sentences and paragraphs I had extracted from Mary's East Africa Journal and weave them into a narrative

describing the Hemingways' safari of 1953-54, and I was going to attempt to do it in a (HoCCChhh, *THOOO*!) female Hemingway voice.

* * * * * * *

All Hemingway-style hyperbole aside, there was a good deal less HoCCChhh, *THOOO!* to be found in the original Journal than there was in *How It Was*. Because the original diary entries were not intended for public consumption, there is less of that molar-grinding proto-feminist voice infesting the individual sentences and paragraphs, and—once the redundant words and phrases, mid-sentence digressions, and extraneous adjectives were whittled away—all I really had to do was to pick and choose from among what I considered to be the best of Mary Welsh Hemingway's phrases…

…and just let *them* tell—if not *How It Was*—then, at least, what I consider to be a pretty darned interesting story.

AFRICA

Journal *indicates Mary Hemingway's East Africa Journal, John F. Kennedy Library typescript, Horowitz-A and -B unless otherwise designated. Dates, locations, and additional information inside parentheses are those used by Mary Hemingway as headings for each individual day's* Journal *entry. Page numbers are those marked as such at the top of the typescript pages. Where an extract from the* Journal *is from the same entry as the previous extract discussed, the subsequent entry is designated only by* "Journal *(page number)."*

All narration
in this *form indicates*
extracts omitted
because of space
considerations
which I
thought interesting
and/or sufficiently
relevant to include
here.

The space they
occupy between notes
indicates where they
would have occurred
in the narrative
sequence.

* * * * * * * *

Page 487 - All of "Form & Void's" Africa sequence takes place in and around an area which was popularly known for many years as "Deepest, Darkest Africa." As Mary Hemingway pointed out in her *Journal*, there are few places on the earth that so little qualify for their popular designations as does "The Dark Continent." Most of Africa is *not* dark, by all accounts, and is, rather, notable for its varieties and intensities of colour and light. Among many notable features in the immediate vicinity of this story's locale are: the long sought-after "Source of the Nile" (of Stanley and Livingstone fame), the Oduvai Gorge of Louis B. Leakey fame, Mount Kilimanjaro and the Great Continental Rift (which extends—literally—from the Red Sea to South Africa). The upthrust mountainous formations in the area are among the youngest on the face of the earth—not millions, but, rather, thousands of years old. The aforementioned "Source of the Nile" is, of course, Lake Victoria (named for Her then-Majesty Queen Victoria)—the Big lake shown here. Grovelling around her are Lake Albert, Lake George, Lake Edward, and a couple of others.

Approximately three years before the arrival of the Hemingways, director John Huston, actor Humphrey Bogart, and actress Katharine Hepburn wrapped up location filming for *The African Queen* near Murchison Falls.

A little over a year before the Hemingways turned up, Kenya was hosting the (by then) not-so-little Princess Elizabeth on a state visit to the British colony when her father, King George VI, died, thus elevating her to her present status as Queen Elizabeth II.

And *then* the Hemingways showed up.

Pages 488-489 - *"As we rattled…"*

As I indicated earlier, my part of this two-page spread was completed before I received the copies of the East Africa Journal from the Kennedy Library, so the long sentence which leads off the Africa sequence in "Form & Void" is, not surprisingly, the first sentence of the "East Africa" chapter in *How It Was*.

Chronologically, it took place somewhere around *Journal* page 18: the entry headed "August 23, Sunday, Voi, Kenya."

"*Once* campi *was established…"*

How It Was (pg. 434): "Once campi was re-established…" For the sake of simplicity I have made this appear to be the Hemingway's first camp. In fact, Kimana Swamp was the *third* campsite of their safari: the first had been on Kitanga, Philip Percival's farm/estate in the Mua Hills, the second at Selangai River.

"(No matter what their ages, safari crews were all called 'boys' in 1953, a patronizing term, I thought.)"

I eliminated this line but I think it worth noting that, although Mary portrays herself as having considered the term patronizing, she used "boy" quite extensively—and without reservation—in her *Journal*. In a couple of spots she switches to the spelling "boi," which seems to modify the context, having the domestic flavour of Swahili about it and (thus) invoking areas of expertise—the *expert* tracking of animals, the *expert* setting up and breaking down of campsites, the *expert* guidance and encyclopedic knowledge of the local terrain—which is what these individuals were known for and for which they were hand-picked (and probably still are). But she soon lapses back into her unapolo-

getic use of "boy" and "boys."

I suspect it was 20-20 hindsight from "this side" of the civil rights movement which led Mary to, retroactively, find the term "boy" patronizing in a way that it did not seem to her at the time. I think in rereading the typescript as she was working on *How It Was*, Mary noticed that the Hemingways' black servants, all sounded, well, a little too much like black servants, which led to her above dissembling and the qualification:

"We were all quickly friends."

…as well as the subsequent *How It Was* checklist of the names and occupations of those individuals whom (to her credit) she could still remember years later.

Pages 490-491 - I don't think it takes a graduate degree in sociology to pick out the number of racially patronizing references on these two pages, all taken word for word (apart from my own substitution of "Estarcion" for "European") from *How It Was*. The real trick would be to find any reference that *wasn't* patronizing. Interesting that, even as Mary recognizes in retrospect the term "boy" as patronizing, she proceeds to blunder around like a cow in a china shop trying to be as liberal-minded as she thinks she should have been at the time and managing only to be patronizing in a different way. *Sic semper* white, female liberalism?

"How can I remember our driver's name…?"

This exchange between EH and Mary, conveniently retrofitted to the *beginning* of the safari (August) in *How It Was* (page 434), actually took place—according to the East Africa *Journal*—on January 10th, after M'thoka had already been their driver for more than four months. In Hemingway's *True at First Light*, his driver's name is given as Mthuka.

"We were all quickly friends."

Yes. Well.

Page 492 - *"The excitement of the days…"*

The original of this passage struck me as most peculiar each time I stumbled over it in *How It Was* (pg. 443). The use of the term "friends"—"as only lucky people who are friends do"—seems to foreshadow our present age where the frequently capitalized Friends is not only a network television show, but (evidently) a kind of Feminist Manifesto Writ Large: FRIENDS! As in "Friendship *Uber Alles."*

"…as only lucky people who are friends do."

Not "lucky husbands and wives," which would imply the participation of this world's *two* specific genders, but rather "people" and "friends." It is as difficult now as it was then (I imagine) to ascertain if the "ladies" intend to jeopardize the cause of marriage for the sake of advancing the cause of friendship or to jeopardize the cause of friendship to advance the cause of marriage. Here in the year 2000, my best guess would be that they are (in good even handed feminist fashion) concertedly attempting to achieve *both* goals simultaneously—and that that would account for the funny looks they tend to get on their faces when a friendship jeopardizes a marriage or a marriage jeopardizes a friendship. Should they cheer or cry? Cry or cheer? Cry *then* cheer? Cheer *then* cry? Goodness. Decisions, decisions. A woman's right to choose? Fine. Which one?

Anyway, it interested me to discover that this was one of the few passages to survive (nearly) intact from *Our One and Only Life*:

…we conducted in one or the other of our narrow camp cots little private carnivals, carefree, gay…"

(Perhaps not coincidentally, "gay" was a favourite adjective of Mary's which, for obvious reasons, needed to be excised from her writing here, there, and everywhere by the time 1976 rolled around.)

"…and also with a sort of innocense [sic]*, like puppies playing in the grass, made up games and joyous jokes that only people who are friends, with bodies that are friends can do."*

This version, it seemed to me, was (at least) a *partially* more fruitful and (at least) a *partially* more ethical expression of an overarching idea than that which appeared in *How It Was:*

"…as only lucky people who are friends do…"

…despite (by my inference) Mary's pioneering effort to eliminate gender-based connotations from the English language—to be that movement's "point person" (if you will) in the interest of…

(Well, I'm sure *I* don't know: General Mischievousness? Global Homogenization? Tactical nitpicking? Having something to do when it's raining outside? That exhausts *my* best speculations.)

If the sentiment expressed is not *explicitly* monogamous or confined to the realm of *male-female* relationships, it at least seems to imply some special status for physical intimacy as *necessarily limited to* the one-on-one relationship and having a two-tiered notion of the personal *and* physical as mandatory conditions for genuine intimacy. If corrupt, it seems (perhaps only in retrospect) a vast improvement over the modern-day perception of all relationships as functioning on a subjective scale of levels of friendship where all ethics governing acts of intimacy are considered relative and situational—the aforementioned marriage/friendship *dichotomy* being misperceived as *twin options* which can be pursued simultaneously (by considering one's marriage and any given friendship as having equal value and equal importance). A recipe for disaster, strategically, and the source of great anxiety for the tactically inclined.*

Page 493 - *Journal* (September 9, Wednesday) page 53

"I woke up hearing the elephant come in his galoshes, coming steadily and straight…"

The temptation to start the "Form & Void" African sequence showing an elephant "come" in his galoshes, "coming" steadily and straight, was nigh on to overwhelming, but I elected to pursue instead the *spirit* of Mary's words and to try to capture the *mood,* instead of

** Steve Peters of Everwinds fame wrote a while ago asking about my distinction between "strategy" and "tactics." Chess is a strategic game, checkers is a tactical game. The major pieces in chess move strategically. Pawns move tactically. Men are strategists. Women are tacticians.*

going for (what I'm sure we will all agree) would have been a very cheap laugh.

In this I was ably assisted by Gerhard who improvised the three-panel "disappearing elephant" you see here.

"...and I heard Tembo chewing and chewing..." *Journal* (page 53)

I substituted "one of the camp dogs"—which is what I gathered Tembo was if only because of the similarity of the name to Kibo, Dennis Zaphiro's dog (Kibo is also the local nickname for Mt. Kilimanjaro). I was afraid that just using the name might lead the incautious reader to believe that Tembo was one of the "boys" with whom the Hemingways were "quickly friends," who (for reasons that would have remained unclear) was chewing and chewing outside their tent.

Life has an eerie way of foreshadowing future events—a way that is popularly believed to exist only in novels and other creative works of the imagination. I believe the "chewing and chewing" that Mary documents ominously foreshadowed the Hemingways' first taste of lion flesh, the next day.

Pages 494-495 - [see comparison, under ORIGINS, between *How It Was* and the East Africa Journal's versions of these events]

As I had completed my part of this two-page spread *before* receiving—from Alan Goodrich of the John F. Kennedy Library's Audio-Visual department (and thank you, Alan)—photocopies of a selection of *Look* photographer Earl Thiesen's photographs of the safari, Ham Ernestway's lack of eyeglasses is a striking visual omission which I only noticed after doing several pages with the photo references: I elected to leave it alone (as well as the fictitious reaction of Philip Percival to the fictitious offer of a taste of lion meat) as a curiosity item—the *How It Wasn't* pages, I guess you could call them. I think Mary merged Dennis' reaction to the lion meat with an earlier incident at the skinning of a zebra:

Journal (September 4, Friday - Satengai) page 40

"Papa cut a little piece off for each of us and I thought it was excellent, very tender. But P. P. [Percival] *wouldn't touch it, says it's like horse."*

In *this case* the Kenyan natives were cooking chunks and strips of the zebra meat in plain sight, so there *was* a "taboo dichotomy" of sorts between their reaction and that of Percival.

This becomes a little significant later on.

"...having against it some taboo which they would never define for me." (*How It Was,* page 439)

I'm not sure if this wonky bit of sophistry is a) an American thing, b) a female thing, or c) an American female thing.

Define for her?

Well, let's take incest—sex with a close family relation. How would you "define" *that* taboo? Once you've said, "Don't have sex with your brother," what is there left to say? What part of "don't" do you not understand? Are you asking, "What is the *reason* for the taboo?" Well, let's go back to incest:

HE: Don't have sex with your brother.
SHE: Why not?
HE: Because if you get pregnant, the baby is apt to come out all funny-looking.
SHE: I won't get pregnant. I'm on the pill.
HE: Oh, in that case, by all means have sex with your brother if you want.

No, no.
Taboo. Haramu. Forbidden.
American women.
Feh.

Journal (September 11, Friday) page 60

There is an argument in favor of the soft-nosed bullet, which blows them up inside. The discussion on the advantages of solid and soft-nosed revives periodically around the fire or in the mess tent.

"How wonderful to be on the old skeleton wardrobe again..."

One of my few regrets that the photocopies of Mary's *Journal* typescript did not come in a day or so earlier is that I missed the chance to juxtapose the "soft-nosed bullet argument" and "How wonderful to be on the old skeleton wardrobe again..." Pure (HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*) Mary Hemingway.

The description of the skeleton wardrobe apropos nothing was one of the first clues that I had that the Journal had been intended, in part, for publication somewhere and eventually led me to my theory about *Look* magazine's corporate chicanery. Needless to say, the reference to "slaves' earrings" ("So simple, so smart") did not make the "cut" for *How It Was*. Also note the sneering reference to what (HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*) "*other* women wear on safari." In her *Journal*, the parenthetical sneer ends: "spangles[?]" Ah, yes, those lesser breeds of (HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*) *feminine* women who still wear "slacks" and "blouses" instead of (HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*) "pants" and "shirts."

Mary Hemingway was quite the forerunner of the gender-interchangeability mess in which we unhappily (*some* of us, anyway) find ourselves in this present age.

Page 496 - *Journal* (September 12, Saturday) page 62

"Later we went in the hunting car, Dennis, Papa, Ty [Earl Theisen], *and I and the boys* [sic] *for granti* [Grant's gazelles], *for meat (really for me to practice) and tommy* [Thomson's gazelles]..."

I eliminated the whole crowd except for Dennis, in the interest of gender interchangeability. If Mary was as bad a shot as she self-admittedly was, the only honourable, *masculine* thing to do was to a) find someone willing to coach her on the side and b) remove herself

from consideration within the safari proper. I arrived at this by putting myself in Mary's place. Never having hunted, I could only be in the way of real hunters, a drag on the whole safari. If you are a guy and you find yourself in that situation, you demote yourself to tag-along status—you *know your place*. If someone offers to let you take a shot, you take a shot. *One* shot. And then go back to your *place.*

And a guy would never, never, never allow himself to think, "It is lonely being the only incompetent here," if he wanted to keep being a guy. That's self-pity, and there is nothing more unmasculine than self-pity. If you feel it, hide it. Once it's hidden, kill it. As in Dead. Once it is dead, cremate it and scatter its ashes to the four winds so no evidence of it remains, whatsoever.

This afternoon Papa...
killed a zebra and they
took him over to the
lion for supper.

"Chumming him."

Poor unsuspecting
fellow

Page 497 - *Journal* page 64

"...like yearling beef. But eating lion is unorthodox here."

No, Mary.

Not "unorthodox."

Taboo. Haramu.

Forbidden.

Journal (September 13, Sunday, Kimana River and Swamp) page 66

"Saw a class of tommy-bucks..."

The only Thiesen photos at the JFK Library which show Mary with a dead trophy from a "class of Tommy-bucks" are EH 21505 EH 8456P and EH C233T, and the animal in question is definitely an oryx—which is a "class of tommy-buck" only in the sense that they are both antelopes. An oryx is an ugly sort of beast (like a big-ass antelope wearing a Spawn mask), and that is how I chose to depict it. A tommy-buck (a male Thomson's gazelle) looks a lot like Bambi, delicate, trembly with big soulful eyes. The only reaction to two tommy-bucks locked in mortal combat would be "Awwwww—that's so CUUUUTE!" just to give you an idea of the beastie in question. I had a really good close-up of a Thomson's gazelle to use in the "coup de grâce" panel, but then I thought, no, that's *really* de-gilding the lily. So I drew the oryx instead. Which should take some of the (HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*) edge off for those ladies in the audience who are having a difficult enough time trying to figure out if they are supposed to applaud Mary for her "achievement" of gender-interchangeability or deplore her for executing a helpless animal:

It is a helpless but (at least) *relatively unattractive* animal.

The *Journal* entry concludes after "forever missing" with:

"felt more a working port [sic] *of the safari than a* [sic] *useless baggage."*

Page 498 - Interesting dream. Note the reference to the warthog's "brown paw." Warthogs, like all other members of the pig family, have hooves—not paws. Could Mary's unconscious and dreaming mind have attempted to (dare I say it)...

...raise the warthog above its *place*?

Pages 499-500 - *Journal* (September 14, Monday - Kimana Swamp - Temp. 7 o'clock 58) page 69

"It is on the verge of being comic."

As Mary notes in *How It Was* (page 444) of another occasion:

Nobody laughed. I had hit the earth a yard in front of him. It was such a giant mistake after so much effort exerted by so many people that overtones of comedy lurked around the edges of disaster.

Well, welcome to the masculine world, Mar. Now, please. Go home.

Seriously, in this I see the farcical mythology of gender interchangeability. What Mary is looking for is the "pressure valve" release of laughter, which exists *only* in the world of "mixed company." "Oh, dear, what a klutz I am. Ha hahaha." Watch a hockey game or a baseball game or a football game where it is just the guys. When someone makes a giveaway pass in front of his own net, drops an easy fly ball or fumbles a pass in the end zone, ladies, you are not apt to see all the other guys crack up so that he doesn't feel bad. If guys are doing something together, you can pretty much count on the fact that they are taking it seriously—whatever "it" is. If women are involved, they are just doing it for laughs.

"Overtones of comedy"? Aside from Papa, they must *all* have been ready to *kill* her.

Why was Papa *not* ready to kill her? What made him continue to waste everyone else's time and energy in the interest of maintaining the illusion that Mary was *not* a hopelessly incompetent huntress?

An interesting question and one which, I hope, I can answer as these notes proceed.

Journal (September 15, Tuesday - Kimana Swamp) page 73

Denis took me with Nzia and Keiti and Kyungu out to practice shooting

We put paper in a tree	*my neck getting stiff*	*made a target with lipstick*
"Lean well in"	*"Left arm straight"*	*"Squeeze."*

then doubled back and lost himself. Papa calls them "Bubble-gum Masai".

They ran into a rhino and her baby - wanted to attack - D. restrain-

ed them.

September 15, Tuesday - Kimana Swamp.

Ty is taking pictures of the baby grantie lying beside my chair

here while Mwindi works in the background. Lovely morning. Little wind,

no dust.

...in the mess tent after a happy morning,

Now 11:53,

quite warm (Tem

ground of our

low cumulous c

blue sky.

Wonderful

home to write

ing.

(The thc

bably - and

Whistling th

Moto - attac

The os

stilts, inc

Kyungu

his foot.

D. took me, with

We put paper in a tree, my neck getting stiff, made a

stick.

Shot first at 30 paces with the .22, then at 70 paces with the

Mannlicher, which feels so much lighter and more tractable in my hands,

Mary's Journal *entry for September 15, 1953, which—coupled with this photo (found between pages 544 and 545 of Carlos Baker's* Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story)*—satisfied me that there* had *to have been an original autograph (handwritten) diary at some point.*

Although I'm sure that Earl "Ty" Thiesen told *Mary he was* just *taking pictures of the orphaned "granti," what he was* actually *doing was unscrupulously casting the unsuspecting wannabe hardass as "Bambi's Mom"—knowing that the* Look *editors in New York would "eat it up."*

At the time the photo was taken, Mary was still describing the gazelle (called Baa—Swahili for "bar"—and U.S.—as in "Ulysses S. Granti") as "Ty's granti." Her dormant maternal instincts surfaced when the photographer left for a while, and, by the time the granti died (yes, yes, Bambi is dead—sorry to have to break it to you), she was mourning it as her "only child" (October 13).

"Now we'll go look
for something."

We found
a tommy.

I shot well over
his head, missed
twice.

Then we
saw a
granti.

I shot,
missed.

He went
away

turned for
a minute

I shot at his
white behind.

Dropped him
with a shot in
the back of
his neck.

Denis paced it. 240 yards.
I was pleased but not proud
since it was, could only
have been

an
accident.

Page 500 - *Journal* (September 17, Thursday - Kimana River and Swamp, near Laitokitok) page 78

"Papa's breakfast sandwiches…"

A distinctly wife-like and, hence, distinctly female observation. I have tried to include them where and when I could find them. Few and far between, folks.

Page 501 - *Journal* page 78:

"About 12, noon 2 Wacamba [sic] *boys…"*

I depicted the two Wakamba "boys" as adolescents in order to take the edge of racism off Mary's use of the term "boys"—that is, by making them *literally* boys—since the juxtaposition of grown men of colour and the term "boys" would be too jarring an anachronism for the average reader to just skip over. They might very well have *been* boys, but I suspect the tracking of carnivorous animals was not something the Wakamba would encourage until a boy had reached the tribal age of majority (whatever age that might be).

Page 503 - *Journal* page 80:

"In those minutes I was not ashamed to have missed - P.P. said my bullet was 6 ft. short - only exhilarated at having seen him. Crazy anyway, for me, the misser, to hunt lion…"

This is the "other occasion" that Mary described on page 444 of *How It Was* (see note for pages 499-500). Note that "*6 ft. short*" has contracted to "*a yard in front of him.*" The accurate self-perception of "*Crazy anyway, for me, the misser, to hunt lion…*" exists only in the *Journal* typescript. By contrast, here is the "wham bam, thank you, ma'am" version of events in the stillborn *Our One and Only Life* (page 6):

November 22, 1953 [!!!], *We decided that I should do away with an old boy who, we knew, lived there and had a bad reputation for killing Masai cattle. For ten days of guile, trickery and deceit we tried to lure him from his den in a jumble of lava rock, thick thorn trees and vines before I finally got him on the open plain. Since we tied Wildebeest bait to a tree, the old lion's two females got the habit of going to early breakfast or late dinner there…Since they could not drag the food to their lord in his privacy, he would sooner or later have to come out himself to dine. That is what he did and he now lives on my wall in New York.*

(HoCCChhh, *THOOO!* HoCCChhh, *THOOO!* HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*)

In the *Journal* page 80 entry, note the emotional flip-flopping: *"In those minutes I was not ashamed to have missed."* She doesn't even recognize her individual responsibility as "one of the boys": *"…only exhilarated at having seen him."* Then the *"Crazy anyway, for me, the misser, to hunt lion…"* as if this were some external condition thrust upon her unwilling-Mary-Hemingway-self instead of being a situation (if my theories are correct) for which *she* has been the prime and central *catalyst* (i.e., they are only *in* Africa and *on* safari and writing *his and her* diaries of their Grand Adventure because of the pressure *she* brought to bear on her husband).

The entry continues:

"We sent a boy [sic] *for the cars, came home, my shame steadily mounting (but who likes hysterics?), had late - 3:40 - lunch and I went to bed. Slept heavily."*

In other words, sulking. Which is 180 degrees away from the appropriate masculine reaction to "my shame steadily mounting." If your "shame" is "steadily mounting," then what you are *supposed* to do is make sure that whatever *caused* that shame—in this case, wasting other people's time and energy—*doesn't* happen again, i.e., remove yourself from the safari proper and demote yourself to tag-along status and be Content—*visibly, un-self-pityingly, un-sulkingly* Content. With. That. But no—look at what *she* thinks follows in natural sequence from "my shame steadily mounting":

…(but who likes hysterics?)…

In other words, to Mary, there is a kind of admirable stoicism in the fact that she has chosen to *sulk* instead of *bursting into tears*—neither of which, ladies and "ladies," I can assure you—qualify as "one of the boys" reactions. Far, far, far, far from it. Then—as surely as spring follows winter—she drags the men into her theatre of self-pity as co-conspirators:

"Everyone has been so kind and chic, Papa especially…"

Well, what other option did they have? Yes, "Papa especially." Since Mary is obviously determined to be "one of the boys," they can't very well say, "Yes, you're ruining the safari. Why don't you just tag along and watch?" "One of the boys" would be expected to *volunteer* to do that *as soon* as he recognized that he

was ruining the safari—and he *would* do that if he had any sense of personal honour whatsoever. Because her reaction is so inescapably *female*, all *the men* can do is react chivalrously and let her *continue* to ruin the safari for as long as she wishes *and* to try to make her *feel better about doing so* even when they know that it is *impossible* to make her feel better about it, because the *only* thing that will make her feel better is to magically become a competent (HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*) huntress and Queen of the Safari. "Papa especially," like any good husband, knows this.

"…and I keep feeling it in front of them."

Presumably shame mixed with a kind of gratitude for their kindness (that is, pity). The kindness/pity outweighs her sense of shame because she continues to ruin the safari. As any chivalrous male can tell you, ladies, a little kindness/pity can be ridden a long way by a woman in these situations.

"Actually, I am afraid to go into a big emotional to-do about it - which might make me shoot worse than ever."

It is this layering of emotion in females—"*afraid* to make a big *emotional* to-do about it"—that insulates them from reason and makes gender interchangeability a myth, i.e., it will make the ladies *angry* that I have pointed out these two layers of being "*afraid* to go into a big *emotional* to-do about it." You can't make progress in explaining the lack of validity in an *emotional* to-do about something, because she is already *afraid* of it. You can't make progress in discussing her being *afraid,* because pointing it out makes her *angry*. You can't make progress in discussing her *anger,* because pursuing it that far *frustrates* and/or *bores* her, and so on and so on.

For the record, whatever role an "emotional to-do" might play in harming the zen-mind necessary to be a good shot, I don't think stoic sulking is a big improvement. Sorry if that *angers* or *bores* or *frustrates* you, "ladies."

"…Papa comes in the tent to give me a hug, and says lovely encouraging things. Someone, P.P. says, had 40 shots in one lion."

Good old Philip Percival. Since there is nothing *reasonable* about sulking, the chivalrous male learns very early to say anything—ANYthing—that will make the sulker feel better, however temporarily and however irrelevant to the situation the observation might be. It has to be a *truthful* observation to satisfy the masculine sense of personal honour, but…

…snap, snap. Mary? He said someone had forty shots *in* one lion. Not *at* one lion.

Journal (September 26, Saturday - Oleibortoto Stream - Uaso Nyiro River - Fig Tree Camp) page 100

Headed home, saw the herd of zebra under a tree. Papa shot once at one which went off unhurt, excited, and 3 times at another who died gracefully. We cut him up and brought him home. Hunting in the high bush in the morning we had gone single file and silently. Now we were silent with the sadness of the killing and the terrible sun pounding on our heads through the hats.

Journal page 101:

I still haven't found a system for keeping up with all my various pursuits: this recording, learning to shoot, identifying trees and birds and moths and dragon-flies and mosquitoes and flies; learning Swahili; learning the geological and sociological history of this country; and learning about the tribes. A 48-hour day, with concomitant energy might suffice.

Journal (October 1st, Thursday - Fig Tree Camp) page 111

I thought briefly of my vanished lion (it seems now that we have been getting up in the dark many, many mornings to look for the non-existent lion)

If I ever have a chance to come back here again I will have a gun that I am friends with, that I have confidence in and have practised with.

Small conclusion: you must be a good shooter and/or have luck. I've been a terrible shot and had bad luck.

I may become a better shooter, if I can teach myself to remember "Don't get excited."

It is, needless to say, a very bad and very un-"one of the boys" habit to get into to consider "good luck" as part of the equation. It *is* part of the equation, a *big* part, but as someone once said (a guy): "I've found that luck is a matter of hard work. The harder I work, the luckier I get." Good luck comes from hard work and produces results. Good luck in it*self* doesn't produce results often enough to warrant consideration *by* itself.

"…if I can teach myself to remember…" Again, the female layering effect to which they are susceptible. You can *teach yourself*, "Don't get excited" or *remember*, "Don't get excited." The two layers of *teach myself* to *remember* remove Mary just that far from the "zen mind state" required.

Pages 504 - 506 - *Journal* (October 3, Saturday - Fig Tree Camp) page 115

"A huge lion poured out of a bush, like nothing less than lightening [sic]…"

The first sighting of the *next* lion which Mary would come to claim as "my lion." It is uncertain if she is aware that these are *different* lions or if she believes that the fact that *she sees them* somehow makes them all one. The whole description is peculiar both here and in *How It Was*, moving from the singular "*A* huge lion" to the plural "We thought *they* had gone into the thick bush, the great lion and his Askari…" It could be attributable to Mary's female tendency to get things out of order when a subject excites her, but, presumably, that would make the initial appearance of *two* lions—one of huge proportions—noteworthy in itself, i.e., "*Two* lions poured out of a bush, *one* of them huge…" or something like that.

I thought there might be some clue in the term "Askari" (especially since it is capitalized in her *Journal*), but there was no such word in my Swahili dic-

tionary—even working it from the English side: "brother"? "companion"? "friend"? Nothing. In its various other usages in her *Journal*—"Dennis and his askari," "I went to visit the askari camp"—it seems that it might be a synonym for "boi," a native African attached to the safari to execute a specific task or specific tasks.

It was while reading S. V. Mir Ahmed Ali's early '60s translation of *The Qu'ran*—with Shiah Muslim commentaries—that the name Hasan Al-*Askari* caught my eye. Hasan Al-Askari was the 11th Imam of the Ahlul-Bait, which Shiah Muslims believe to be the line of succession from the Prophet Muhammad. The Ahlul-Bait consists of Muhammad, his chosen successor Ali-al-Murtaza, Muhammad's daughter (and Ali's wife) Fatema-az-Zahra, and Ali's sons Hasan-al-Mujtaba and Husain Syyedush. The official designations are: The Last Apostle of God (Muhammad), Lady of Light (Fatema), and 1st , 2nd, and 3rd Imams (Ali, Hasan, and Husain).

I know this is too much information for all the devout atheists in the crowd, but for the dozen or so who find it interesting:

The *Sunni* Muslims (by far the majority) believe in the succession through the Caliphs, the first two of whom were the Prophet's loyal companions Abu Bakr and Omar. There were twelve Caliphs before the whole concept just sort of collapsed under its own weight, but not before their followers had exterminated all traces of the Imams—even destroying their tombs in Medina and, to this day, forbidding prayer at those sites.

The *twelfth* Imam, Muhammad al-Mahdi, according to Shiah faith, is still alive in the world and in hiding and will reemerge at the same time as the second coming of Jesus, just before Judgement Day, thus reuniting the blood lines of Abraham, which divided between Ishmael and Isaac umpty-ump millennia ago.

There is, to me, a Strategic Beauty to the twelve Imams and the twelve Caliphs. *One* of them (presumably) fulfills God's promise to Abraham…

> Genesis *17: 18. And Abraham said vnto God, O that Ishmael might live before thee.*
> *17: 20. And as for Ishmael, I haue heard thee: behold I haue blessed him, and will make him fruitfull, and will multiplie him exceedingly: Twelue princes shall he beget, and I will make him a great nation.*

…but which one? Good question.

So, according to Shiah Muslim faith, Hasan al-Askari would be the last of the conventionally mortal Imams. Since Kenya is about evenly divided between tribalism and Christianity—with a substantial Muslim minority (Hemingway—the dumb bugger—persistently calls them Mohammedans in *True at First Light*)—I wondered if that wasn't the source of the term "askari," whatever the exact definition of the word might be.

> *(Months later, while checking a reference in* True at First Light, *the book happened to fall open to its thin glossary of Swahili terms—barely half of the Swahili terms Hemingway used in his manuscript appear in the glossary—and there it was:* "askari: soldier". *The fact that a Cerebus fan assured me in a letter that it is, indeed, a loan word from the Arabic only made me feel a little less stupid.)*

Anyway, I'm not sure if there was or wasn't a second lion or if it was or wasn't just a fantasy that Mary added to the story after the fact (for reasons known or not known even to herself).

That's the reason that I took a "peek-a-boo," "now you see him, now you don't" approach to the mysterious "askari" on page 506.

Page 507 - *Journal* page 115

"*I called it off.*"

As I've said: I've never done any hunting myself, but even *I* know that if you are tracking an animal which is native to the plains—like a lion—and you've got him moving into hill country…well, you've *got* him. All he can do is keep going up, but the thing about "up" is that he eventually runs out of it. At that point the lion is cornered and is, presumably, an easy shot. No wonder the gun-boys were more than a little miffed. Not only has she been wasting everyone's time and energy, but now, NOW, they are setting her up for a nice no-brainer of a kill…and *she* calls it off.

Apparently it was a number of weeks before Philip Percival could bring himself to say anything about it. Reading between the lines, Mary must have said something to him about Charo and N'gui and the others going fast and noisily:

Journal (Thursday, Nov. 19. Dennis's House, Kajiado) page 167

> *"P.P.'s advice: 'Don't think for yourself. Follow Charo right in his footsteps. If you think he's going too fast, it's because he has a reason. Maybe the animal can't see you and he's using the cover to catch up.'"*

Well, of course it isn't "advice" at all. It's *instruction*. The man has been hunting for four decades at this point. Someone who has hunted for four decades does not "advise" an amateur. He *instructs* an amateur. He didn't say, "You might want to consider not thinking for yourself." He says, "Don't think for yourself." Another female trait: they not only insist on being treated as equals when there is no basis in reason for treating them that way (four decades of experience versus the complete amateur), but *also* insist on treating instruction as advice and perceiving the two as interchangeable.

Her next line cracks me up (to the extent that it doesn't sicken me).

"Of course Charo is a wizened old elf marvel."

A whimsical—and *extremely* patronizing—observation. According to Percival's best guess, Charo was seventy years old (at least) at the time of this safari. That is, Charo's experience and aptitudes outweigh even those of Philip Percival. Percival knows it and freely acknowledges it. It would be a good bet that

Percival only survived his forty years as a white hunter because he did *not* think for himself in those situations where Charo did something that, on the surface of it, seemed inexplicable. If Charo's going fast, go fast. When Charo stops, stop. Charo didn't get to be a septuagenarian tracker of the world's deadliest animals by making mistakes.

To call such a man a "wizened old elf"…

…well, words do fail me.

To consider the *instruction* "Follow Charo right in his footsteps" as "advice"…

…well, again, words fail me.

Pages 508-509 - *Journal* (October 4, Sunday - Fig Tree Camp) page 116

"I had a dream about our beautiful…"

Mary's second anthropomorphic dream of the safari.

It's not clear who came up with the name Old Imperial for the huge, black-maned lion. Hemingway himself doesn't use the name in *True at First Light* but does make reference to tracking a lion whose track is the size of a pie plate (a soup plate in Mary's *Journal*). Of the few legible handwritten annotations on the pages of Horowitz-A, "Old Imperial" in the margin of page 115 is unmistakable, and that is certainly how he appears in *How It Was*.

For reasons of space considerations (and very much to my regret) after *"But not the abundance of food…"* I had to cut:

He had to work
at it but of
course that kept
him in
excellent
condition.

"An agreeable
thing about
living here—
very few
people."

…and after "*Oh, I just picked it up*":

He explained the
pleasures of
eating in the
dark…

"Like
candlelight
at your
dinner
tables."

…and how
he sometimes
leaps across
that big open
country to the
east of his
lair.

"For
exercise."

For those who share what was (I suspect) Hemingway's neo-paleolithic pagan view that consuming lion flesh could imbue him with hitherto undreamt-of Leonine Attributes and Knowledge, I think Mary's dream neatly encapsulates the full scope of what the King of Beasts has to teach us. Considering the price that was paid for this epicurean foolishness, I have printed the entirety of Old Imperial's wit and wisdom as it appeared in Mary's *Journal*. Now, even if the occasion comes up, you can pass on eating lion and know that you're not missing out on anything.

Another sequence that I regretted having to lose because of space considerations (to me, it would only work as a two-page spread with two horizontal panels). The upper panel would have been:

Journal (October 9, Friday - Fig Tree Camp) page 126

No lion on the zebra bait this morning but as we were edging a[cross a] *big open plain of yellow grass, Nzia saw a cheetah sitting bolt upright, silhouetted against the grass. Papa shot at him - 500 yards -*

The lower panel would have been:

and suddenly the plain came alive with what I thought were horses. They were lions, getting up from all parts of the grass - 3 lionesses, 5 cubs, 2 handsome big lions

Two pages I could, unfortunately, ill afford. And then I would have *had* to have included the follow-up:

They moved toward the trees to the E[ast] *edge and we chased the lion momentarily, then left off, they not acting spooked.*

Yessir. A good plan. If you start to chase five lions and they don't act "spooked," you should definitely "leave off." Yessir. A damned fine plan, indeed.

Journal (October 11, Sunday) page 129

I'm less sweaty in the hands
now, going for the lion, mornings,
but afterwards I notice how
tight my neck muscles have been.

Journal (October 12, Monday - Fig Tree Camp. Near Uasa Nyeri River) page 129

Going out we found the track
of Old Imperial. Followed
it miles across the road
eastward, the country
getting thicker and
thicker.

Finally came to a place
where there was every
kind of track

...
the Big Old One's
lost among those of
women, other lions
and children.

We
decided
to give
it up.

I couldn't be
certain of killing
effectively in
that tight bush.

Journal page 130

[EH:] *"If you can get the*
secrets of the calls and the
scents, if you could get the
scent of a lioness in heat,
you could get the lion in that
bait and he'd be crazy."

Page 510 - *Journal* (Tuesday, November 3. Patrick's Farm near John's Corner, Tanganyika) page 148

"Papa's definition of..."

Well, obviously, this is the first intimation of *why* Mary Ernestway is telling Cerebus and Jaka about the safari at such excruciating length. Figures she'll just slip the "message" right in there and no one will notice. Her peculiar notion of a helpful contribution to the conversation she has interrupted way back on page 483.

Journal (Friday, Nov. 6. On a branch of the Ruaha River) page 151

P.P. was telling the story of
the man who took one shot at the elephant
and ran, and what an attractive
wife he had.

Not really anything that I could use in my story, but I jotted it down because I suspect that it documents Percival recounting (in Mary's hearing) the incident which served as the basis for Hemingway's "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Cool, eh?

Journal (Tuesday, Nov. 17. Dennis' house) page 164

Also nothing that I could use, but I thought it made a nice counterpoint to Hemingway and the "beard glossy with bear fat" anecdote that made my gorge rise:

P.P. just now telling how they offered
him bear meat at White Horse, Alaska [sic] *when*
he went there to hunt. He asked the waitress
what it was like and she said, "Take a bite
out of my ass. You'll know."

Journal (Wednesday, Nov. 18. Dennis's house, Kajiado) pages 164-166

Had to laugh at this quick series of excerpts from Nov. 18:

herd of Impala - shot missed - walk 2 miles - give up - Tommy - shot missed - shot again - missed - shot again - missed - more Tommy - shot missed, shot missed, WHONK! - he moved off - shot twice more, missed, missed - lose him - find him being eaten by a cheetah - shoot at cheetah - missed - cheetah stands broadside - 70 yards - empty the Mannlicher (5 shots) - grab scope sight - shoot twice more - "Never so much as nicked him." - Tommy had been hit in the thigh - shot twice at a target with Mann[licher] *- missed - "It is really miraculous"*

The actual description is a little more elaborate than that, but I had to laugh at the way my little jotted notes read. I should have just lettered them all "once around" one of the pages or something.

It was the next day that Philip Percival had his little chat with her (see second note for Page 507).

Page 510 - *Journal* (Sunday, Nov. 22. Kimana Swamp) page 172

"The gun-boys, despairing of my shooting..."

Is it uncharitable to point out that this is the day, according to *Our One and Only Life*, that "we decided that I should do away with an old boy..." etc., etc.?

Yes.

Yes, it is.

Uncharitable and distinctly unchivalrous.

But this was the day.

November 22nd.

Nineteen *fifty*-three.

Journal (Friday, November 27, Kimana Swamp) page 176

Just now
P.P. reported
the boys
had
thought he
might be
"Ota Jua" -

dreaming
in the
sun

Mary Hemingway at her creepiest, discussing her feelings about killing the animals:

They get
to be your
enemy

but you feel
sorry when
you kill
them.

You
sometimes
get them in
your own
bumbling
way.

You
get
excited

you
hate
them

and
then you
love them.

Then
you have
compassion.

To me, this foreshadowed the end of the Ham Ernestway segment a little too directly, but I did want to include it somewhere. I'd suggest that those idiots still putting womankind on a pedestal reread these extracts a few dozen times, but I'm not sure it would do much good. On the other hand, it couldn't hurt.

Page 511 - *Journal* (Sunday, Dec. 6, Kimana Swamp) page 188

"By keeping the lionesses fed..."

It does, indeed, seem a "terrible treachery" to use such an "unsporting" means to get a lion out from his protective cover. What Mary seems to overlook is that it is being done because it seems the only way *possible* to get her "her" lion so that there is something left of the safari for someone *else* to hunt something. The whole idea of using part of a carcass to "bait" a predator seems screwy to me, anyway. How can you call that hunting, in any meaningful sense of the term?

Page 514 - *Journal* page 189

"his moving hips..."

Strange spot to draw a bead on, don't you think? Like the granti she bagged when she "shot at his white behind" (see second note for pages 499-500)—one of her very few kills. I'm getting to that. Interesting that the "s" in "hips" was crossed out. As I say, I'm getting to that.

"Everyone said I shot first..."

What is at issue here (I'm not sure if it just applies to safari hunting or if it is a general rule of all hunting) is "continuous pursuit." If you shoot an animal *first*—that is, your shot hits the animal *first*—it is considered your "kill" from that point on. If you track the wounded beast for five hours and someone else actually kills it, it is still considered yours, provided that you have kept up your pursuit. Determinations are made by the caliber of bullet and the freshness of the wounds, from what I can gather.

JFK DIGRESSION

Remember when I was talking about "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and how—having made allowances that it could "just be me"—I found the ending of the story to have strange parallels to the JFK assassination? Stranger and stranger. Here's a paragraph from the December 6, 1953 diary entry:

> *As far as I know he had three shells in him, one of them mine which entered his right hind flank. Denis'* [sic] *heavy 470 sent in one shell which travelled up his spine and after dropping its jacket went through the left lung, turned off the left shoulderblade and ended up in his forearm.*

Call me crazy, if you want, but that sounds like an exact description of the wounds sustained by then-Texas governor John Connally in the jump seat of the limousine that fateful day in Dallas.

* * * * * * *

Page 515 - *Journal* page 189

"We found him about 350 yards away..."

Since the Kennedy Library's photographs EH 2148N and EH 2149N are the only ones which depict Mary Hemingway with a lion (posed—all the way down to her lightly curled index finger—like a Greek statue of Diana of the Hunt), I assume that this is "her" lion, which is (apologies to Lloyd Bentsen) "No Old Imperial." According to Hemingway in *True at First Light*, Charo had said to him, "Bwana, kill the lion and get it over with. No woman ever kills a lion." I think Hemingway took this personally, and it made him more determined than ever that Mary was going to bag a lion. At stake was his own belief, expressed in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber": "...in Africa, no woman ever misses her lion and no white man ever bolts." I think Dennis, Charo, and Ngui (perhaps even Hemingway himself) finally recognized that the level of risk was foolish. Time after time they were getting within proximities that a charging lion could cover (from a standing stop) in a little over two seconds: with a would-be huntress who specialized in hitting game animals in the ass. Which (if you ask me) seems exactly the kind of thing which might *provoke* a four-hundred-pound lion to cover just that two seconds of distance and maybe attempt to shave a tenth of a second or so off his previous best record.

I think Dennis shot first, to get the whole ordeal over with; Hemingway shot second because he thought Dennis' shot was Mary's—and Mary shot the already fatally wounded lion in the ass. Or "the right flank," if it makes anyone feel better to have it expressed that way.

"...with the boys singing a marvellous, triumphant-sounding song..."

The celebration begins. As someone said (Mary attributes it to Percival in *How It Was,* but after the lion-tasting episode I have my doubts), "I haven't seen such a celebration as this in twenty years." What Mary

didn't know at the time (and what she was not to discover until she read the manuscript which eventually was published as *True at First Light*) was the extent of the *religion* that Ernest Hemingway was endeavouring to start while they were in Africa. According to the book, she was *aware* of the new religion and disapproved of it—but in the way someone would disapprove of "boys will be boys" high jinks. Beer-drinking, as an example, constituted a central ritual of Hemingway's new "faith." Really, it was just another step across the line for the drunkard-typist, the willful transgression of another boundary which was a centerpiece of his life "philosophy," which Lillian Ross documented in her *New Yorker* profile of EH, quoting him as saying:

> *"Only suckers worry about saving their souls. Who the hell should care about saving his soul when it is a man's duty to lose it intelligently, the way you would sell a position you were defending, if you could not hold it, as expensively as possible, trying to make it the most expensive position that was ever sold. It isn't hard to die." He opened his mouth and laughed, at first soundlessly and then loudly. "No more worries," he said.*

Of course, that was in 1950 when there was still—seemingly—plenty of time. But then, it seems to me that that is always problematic in contemplating issues relative to one's own soul: there is always—*seemingly*—plenty of time.

Anyway, Hemingway's new religion was a cobbled-together mixture of Aleister Crowley-like "do as thou wilt shall be the whole of the law" nonsense, coupled with Gitchie Manitou, the Great Spirit (seriously—Gitchie Manitou), who takes penicillin and goes to Mecca ("as you or I might go to the bazaar"). One of the central articles of faith of the new religion was that it required Miss Mary to shoot a lion before the Birthday of the Baby Jesus.

I think it was when Mary reached *that* point in the manuscript that something switched over in her brain and the myth that *True at First Light* was a "fictional memoir" was born. As with EH's courtship of Debba, I think she just couldn't face the truth—the truth that was shown clearly in the excessively large celebration that followed the killing of "her" lion.

Hemingway's "religion" went beyond the boundaries of bad taste. Kenya, as I mentioned before, is a Christian country with a sizable Muslim minority. Even in the Islamic faith where it is a firmly held conviction that Jesus was *not* the son of God—that it is ridiculous and blasphemous (a view with which I completely concur) to suggest that God has either a partner or offspring—Jesus is revered as one of God's great prophets and messengers. *Jesus, son of Mary (peace be upon him)* as opposed to *Christ Jesus*. To flippantly incorporate Jesus (Baby or otherwise) into a melange of Gitchie Manitou, beer-drinking, and lion killing…

…well, words really do fail me.

Page 516 - *Journal* page 190

"*…all swirling and singing and banging, me feeling undeserving but loving their kind enthusiasm*, not able to dampen it." [emphasis mine]

Always a problem when "kind enthusiasm" is actually pagan worship, I would guess.

"one voice chanting the newly improvised…"

The next line read:

the black
backs and legs
carrying
running rivers
of firelight

Which is a hell of a nice piece of writing.

Page 517 - *Journal* page 191

"Beginning about noon today…"

The Kennedy Library had a surprisingly good assortment of photos of the Ngoma the next day (most of them, presumably, taken by Mary herself), which were helpful with this sequence. Several of the "boys" looked as if their heads were on fire, which is probably where the popularity of the "ostrich feather as decoration" came from.

In many of the photos, Papa stands off to one side, overseeing the festivities and (I would imagine) trying his darnedest to look like Gitchie Manitou instead of a fat drunken typist. According to *True at First Light*, Debba was one of the dancers at this Ngoma. I had her narrowed down to two or three possibilities before I realized that there were much better uses for my time.

NATURE

Very much along the same lines as the camp dog "chewing and chewing" outside the Hemingways' tent (see note for page 493), it seems to me that there are many, many instances of such resonances, which prefigure and reflect future and past human events. I wanted to write this preamble to the next section because I think there is a real danger that what I am talking about could be misperceived by the atheistic sensibility (very much abroad in the waning nano-seconds of the 20th century) to be some murky permutation of New Age, wicca, Jungian symbolism, earth worship, or any one or combination of the endless variety of blasphemous misapprehensions of the same ilk. Although it has become more than fashionable to see Nature as an entity unto itself, bounded on one side by the…over-enthusiastically menstrual, shall we say?…and on the other by scientists, naturalists, academics, and others of the factual/theoretical and theoretical/factual schools, I would classify my own view of Nature as Islamic. That is, according to the definition of Islam—those who submit to God's Will. Nature, in all its aspects, is under God's jurisdiction and is God's creation, whether you are talking about asparagus, woodchucks, the ozone layer, the rain forest, stars, quarks, quasars, paramecium, or maggots. They were all created by God, and they are all submissive to His Will. As with the part in issue 186 that I wrote about the fly-by of Saturn where one of the rings proved to be

braided and the thought had come into my head: "Saturn is saying 'hello' to the DNA." I still believe that. The only layer that has been added is that I believe God *told* Saturn to say "hello" to the DNA (perhaps figuring it was the least He could do if we insisted on wasting all that money).

On a much smaller scale, I believe that the same thing takes place wherever human beings interact with Nature (as opposed to cars and buildings and cities): Nature prefigures and reflects human nature in a variety of ways where human nature—the exercise of free will—takes place in proximity to it.

My point in this preamble is to assert that I consider it blasphemous to ascribe any sentient attribute (free will, thought, personality) to these prefigurations and reflections in Nature and to further assert my belief that the tendency to do so is the exact point where the monotheist and the pagan, the masculine and the feminine, part company and that I (no great surprise) come down firmly on the monotheistic and masculine side of the Great Divide.

All cautionary notes having been struck, let me say that I believe that Nature started behaving strangely in proximity to the Hemingways because the Hemingways were behaving strangely—un-Naturally, so to speak—in proximity to Nature. Particularly strange was the idea of a "huntress of lions," and Nature, according to Mary's Journal, two days after her "kill," bears suitably strange fruit:

Journal (Monday, December 7, Kimana) page 192

> *Our vast front yard turned green last week and now is an enormous plain of flowers spikey white ones like tiny fragile Canterbury bells which fill the air with a fragrance part lily and part rose. With such succulent feed the game is coming in thickly, the Zebra, Wildebeast, the Three Antelope and the Waterbuck.*

In other words (as I read it) Nature extrudes a feast, reflecting the disproportionate celebration which had taken place in Kimana Swamp Camp—*prefiguring* with bountiful greenery and then *reflecting* the culmination of events with a feast of white flowers. Nothing especially alarming in this. A strange reflection of a strange event—except that this is not the end of the prefiguring and reflecting, which, from my reading, reaches a crescendo in Kimana Swamp by December 10th, four days after everyone has agreed that Mary "killed" her lion.

Page 518 - *Journal* (Thursday, Dec. 10, Kimana) page 195

"The hyenas in full concert..."

This (had I been there) I would've found a good deal more worrisome, as the expanding "ripples" move out of the plant world and into the animal sphere. A sudden hyena convention in the vicinity of the camp would not strike me as the best imaginable news, nor would the profuse vocalizations enumerated by Mary be at all reassuring: particularly if I were able to pick out the fact that "one of them was having a change of voice and sang in double tones." Ominous. Under the circumstances, *joining* the laughter doesn't strike me as the wisest choice either, with Nature (evidently) straining to find the proper reflection. I mean, it's not *real* laughter on the part of the hyenas; it's just hyena vocalization. But the *Hemingways'* laughter is participatory and (to me) a bad ripple to send out after the bad ripple they have already sent out: *Mary-the-lion-killer* ripple now pursued by a *vocalizing-with-carrion-eaters* ripple.

Page 519 - *Journal* page 195

"I dreamt of us being marooned..."

After the description of this dream in her Journal, Mary has typed "-this is a restricted area," which I assume referred to a sign visible to her in her dream. It seemed too anachronistic for Cerebus' world, but does seem significant to me when she's just drifted off to sleep from her laugh fest with the hyenas. In a very real sense I think Mary and Papa *were* marooned in a shining gray sea at this point, metaphorically speaking, and that it *was* in the same sense a "restricted area".

"This afternoon we saw the waterbuck..."

Ger and I divided up the animal drawing chores on "Form & Void." Mary in her *Journal* and in *How It Was* made much of the "noble" and "gallant" waterbuck (anthropomorphizing him in her characteristic female fashion), referring to him as a "paterfamilias to ten cows" that he "guards" as they "escape" (with their "totos") into the woods at the approach of human beings. I had such a vivid mental picture of him, I couldn't wait to draw this panel. Unfortunately, what I pictured was a cape buffalo. When I found out that a waterbuck is just another stupid antelope, I let Ger have him—pencilling in the (facetious) instruction to try to make him look "nice" and "honorable."

In the Nature context that I've been dealing with, the waterbuck seems to represent Nature at its most, well, natural, although I think Mary was projecting an image of polygamous Papa onto him (another bad ripple). What with Mary and Debba and Adriana (or "The Italian Slut," as Mary referred to her later in the *Journal*), that would only leave seven more "cows" to flesh out Mary's anthropomorphic metaphor/delusion.

"The white wild flowers..."

"...still *unidentifiable* in any of my books" (italics mine). Unidentifiable, I suspect, because they were extruded by Nature in response to a profound strangeness. Profound strangeness=strange flowers.

Page 520 - *Journal* page 196

Hate to go off on a bit of a tangent right in the middle of my Nature series here, but this one was too funny to pass up (once I inserted the setup to the punch line. You know women and jokes):

> *When Papa and I are alone in the hunting car* [with just the natives and no one to translate], *as yesterday, I always appreciate P.P.'s story* [about how the askari say: "Ndio, Bwana"—"Yes, Bwana"—in answer to just about everything

"Bwana" says]: *The foreigner to his gun boy: "I bet you think I'm a bloody fool." Boy: "Ndio, Bwana." Papa thinks they understand so much more English or Spanish than they do.*

Okay, back to Nature. Here's a good example (to me) of God's Will beginning to reassert itself in the midst of the unnatural strangeness taking place. Influx of game to the strange flowers? Taking place right underfoot, as a result:

We stopped to watch the shit beetles working, so industriously pushing their balls of dung with their hind feet, full of enthusiasm, back and forth without much objective, like the human race.

Now, where I see God's Will reasserting itself—God created dung beetles for this very purpose: sudden influx of animals, excess amounts of dung, ipso facto, dung beetles—Mary, in typical female fashion, anthropomorphizes the dung beetles. "Industriously"? "Full of enthusiasm"? No. They are doing what God made them to do. When they do it, they do it quickly. They were created that way. *Slow* dung beetles wouldn't solve the problem. It is this anthropomorphizing of lower life forms that, to me, represents the undoing of the pagan, the undoing of the atheist, and the undoing of the female: all of whom, to me, misunderstand Nature's responses as sentient or human instead of simply suited to their purpose as intended by God. At one and the same time, just such a misapprehension seeks to *raise up* a dung beetle to the level of a human being and/or to *lower* a human being to the level of a dung beetle. Neither of which, it seems to me, is a philosophical foundation apt to get one psyched for advancing the human condition, improving civilization, or even getting out of bed in the morning. It is the inevitable atheistic cul-de-sac, the progenitor of nihilism, and the impetus behind psychiatry. In the very next paragraph in her *Journal,* in fact, Mary follows the "party line" in perfect lock step:

Reading Aubrey Menen reminds me that it is ego and a sense of self-importance which convinces men or women that they must have been created for some greater purpose than they have discovered and that there must be some important reason for their existence.

This is the atheistic, nihilistic snake chewing on its own psychiatric tail: "You are a dung beetle, but you are not industrious and enthusiastic as a dung beetle is because you have an ego, and your ego disturbs you by deluding you that you are, in some way, more important than your fellow dung beetles." Implicit but unspoken is the snake-oil salesman underpinning: "The good news for *me* is that you are willing to pay me fifty dollars an hour twice a week for an indefinite number of years to listen to all of your pitiful, little dung beetle problems."

Page 520 - *Journal* (Friday, December 11, Kimana Swamp) page 198

"I woke weeping in the night..."

This whole section of the Journal—December 7 through 11—made for fascinating reading since there wasn't a word of it that made it into *How It Was.* I mean, not a *word*—reminding me of those occasions when a girlfriend would try to tell me a story that reflected badly on herself, and it was like trying to read a newspaper with fist-sized holes cut out of it. Particularly fascinating because of this little anecdote recounted on pages 451-452:

On October 1, Mayito Menocal, Ernest and I and our gun-bearers were climbing the last hill before the bait-tree when Mayito, two paces ahead of me, shot to our right. Ernest shot and N'zia my gun boy grinned. "Chui, Chui." Twenty paces away a leopard lay dead.

It was a gift from On High for Earl Theisen who, for a long time, had been hoping for the chance to photograph Ernest with dangerous animals for Look. *While I muttered protests—"We don't know whose bullet finished him...This might be Mayito's leopard, exclusively...I don't think you have the moral right, lamb"—Ernest submitted to Ty's arguments and sat on the ground for portraits of himself and the leopard.*

Mayito, if he knew whose slug had killed the young leopard, gave no sign that he cared for any dialectics about it. But the affair became one of the few disputes between Ernest and me during those months. "It's wrong," I contended. "It is moral disintegration and desuetude," I maintained with bombast. Ernest paid little attention to me. "I'll get a leopard to salve your conscience," he said.

"Before Look *publishes the picture?"*

"Sure."

Later in December of 1953, Ernest killed a leopard entirely on his own. Look *published the picture of the leopard at which he and Mayito Menocal had both shot in its issue of January 26, 1954.*

It is almost as if Mary (with that screw-loose approximation of logic that women use) sees the recounting of *her* vehement objections to *Papa* taking credit for the *leopard* as making any admission of *herself* taking credit for the *lion* somehow beside the point or irrelevant. Which (just coincidentally) allows her to convey the impression in *How It Was* that she *did* kill the lion. Amazing. Totally unethical and totally amazing.

Page 521 - *Journal* page 199

"I said so at lunch."

Now, that must have been one hell of an interesting lunch. If she actually said, flat out, "I feel cheated that you both shot him first and then fooled me about it. I feel heartbroken and frustrated, first that I couldn't shoot well enough. Then, that such a long, sincere, serious, and purposeful pursuit should have finished in

such a farce."

…well, *Bravo!*

Aside from the "heartbroken" part, this is very close to the approach that any *man* would take to the situation: direct and factual. Dennis responds in kind: "You were handed a lion on a platter." Direct and factual. How did the conversation proceed from there? We really have only Mary's *interpolation* "…and Dennis said—*correctly*—that I had been handed a lion on a platter." But did she say that *to* him? i.e., "That is correct, Dennis." If so, it would be another masculine response. Or did she just *think* it to *herself* and record it for posterity? If so, that would be a feminine response. At issue, really, is "the farce." "The farce" to me and, I suspect, to Dennis was Mary's missing the easy shot and wasting everyone else's time and energy.

"The farce" to Mary, I suspect, was Papa and Dennis fooling her into thinking that she shot first. Logically, missing the easy shot and wasting everyone's time and energy have greater claim to the distinction of "farce" than does fooling her about whether or not she shot first. It is only the *first* farce that made the *second* farce necessary. Put another way, if Mary's complete hopelessness as a hunter wasn't the *central* farce, then they would all be obligated to continue hunting for Mary's lion, and Dennis and Papa would be at fault—and need to apologize—for shooting *her* lion. The fact that that did not happen obligated Mary to recognize that (one way or the other) the hunt for Mary's lion was over. In my opinion all she had needed to add to the *end* of her lunch-time speech was: "I'd like to apologize to you chaps for wasting everyone's time and energy these last few weeks," and before anyone could even suspect that she might want them to politely disagree, raise her glass, and say (very, very cheerfully), "Here's to dead lions." Which allows everyone to take the double meaning and let the whole thing drop without any loss of face or needless embarrassment on anyone's part. Which, among the guys, is on par with bagging a lion—finding a graceful way to let everyone off the hook when it looks as if any turn the conversation could take in the near future could lead to some kind of confrontation. I suspect, however, that this is a skill genetically confined to the masculine gender and completely foreign to the feminine gender, which tries to accomplish the same goals with tears, hugs, and brave smiles. How did the conversation proceed from there? Not well, judging by the next entry:

> *This evening I walked out to the Chui* [leopard] *bait, still miserable. No Chui was there. Denis* [sic] *and Papa came along and I apologized for my lunch-time speech.*

To quote from "Short Happy Life…": *Now what in hell were you going to do about a man who talked like that, Wilson wondered.*

Apologized? Apologized for what? For doing the decent, manly thing and owning up to the fact that you, Mary, personally, transformed a long, sincere, serious, and purposeful pursuit into a farce? You finally do the right thing and *admit* to it, and *now* you want to *apologize* for admitting to it? It is exactly this sort of bait-and-switch tactic—switching from the farcical to the honorable-and-above-board and then into (what? Self-pity? I'm not sure) that makes men shake their heads when women talk about equality. To be forced into this kind of dishonorable state of commiseration with a lunatic because you're a *husband*—well, it goes with the territory ("for better or worse"? Buddy, you don't know the *half* of it, *yet*). But to suggest that gender interchangeability is "just around the corner" and that men and women are basically the same and just need to iron out a few little misunderstandings, well…as I say, men just shake their heads.

Husbands?

Husbands tend to indulge in wishful thinking, epitomized by such observations as "It is always very silent when a great beast dies," and hope that certain persons (not mentioning any names) will take the hint. As I say, wishful thinking.

> *We went to look at the Lioness-buffet, and saw bat-eared foxes, chased a Rhino, saw a bush-baby with its great eyes shining in a tree and a hundred other bright eyes of insects, birds and beasts.*

The eyes of Nature, multiplied a hundredfold, at a loss (I suspect) as to how to reflect their first exposure to Mr. and Mrs. Postwar Global American Empire, the Lady Lion-Killer and her Drunken-Typist mate.

INTERMISSION

It is at this point in the story that Mary does her first distinctly wifely, distinctly feminine thing since commenting on Papa's breakfast sandwiches. Still miserable and unsatisfied by the resolution of the "lion business" (in *that*, I suspect, she was not alone), she chooses to fly into Nairobi with Roy Marsh for a few days of Christmas shopping. It seems a feminine truism that when you are *so* miserable that even *sulking* won't do any good, it is time to withdraw geographically so you can enjoy the extent to which everyone missed you when you come back. According to her Journal she intended to leave on Saturday the 12th and to return on Tuesday the 15th. The measure of her female misery can be taken from the fact that she did not return until Wednesday the 16th—to make sure that not only was she "*missed*" but that, for at least twenty-four hours, she was "*worried about.*" That and four days of shopping underwritten by the not-exactly-pauperish Ernest Hemingway should have (I'm sure the ladies in the audience will concur) done the trick.

Alas, it proved an inopportune time to abandon the field, as neo-pagan and card-carrying atheist Ernest Hemingway evidently attempted to "get right" with the prevailing currents and nuances which (well amplified by alcohol) were doubtless careening around Kimana Swamp like some metaphysical India rubber ball and (in the absence of the Lady Lion-Killer) were finding their focal length and epicenter in proximity to her hubby the Drunken Typist.

To the extent that Nature had difficulty reflecting a Lady Lion-Killer, a Drunken Typist was just a Drunk (Nature having no experience with prefiguring or reflecting a Typist—whatever *that* might be). Hemingway, I believe, attempted to compensate for this inadequacy in his nature by "going native" or, at least, "going as native as a fat, Drunken Typist can go": dying much of his wardrobe the strange red colour favoured by the Wakamba, shaving his head, taking spear-throwing lessons, walking around buck naked in the bush at night, and attempting to get a little orgy going with some of the Wakamba girls in his and Mary's tent in Mary's absence (breaking Mary's cot in the process and prompting one of the Wakamba to warn Gitchie Manitou's earthbound incarnation that there was going to be some serious trouble with the relatives if the girls didn't *hie* themselves back to the shamba *tout de suite).*

Upon Mary's arrival back at Kimana, in some peculiar Hemingway variation on "Gee, I sure missed you, hon" (having more in common with "See what happens to me when you go away?"), he *told* her *all* of this.

Seriously.

As well as a highly suspect tale of the killing of a leopard—the one with which he had promised to salve her conscience—which takes up three full pages of pulse-pounding action in *True at First Light* and which is notable both for the fluency with which Hemingway discusses every detail of the action with his non-English-speaking Wakamba brothers and for the complete absence of any English-speaking person who could verify a word of it.

Oh, and he killed a hyena with a spear. Or so he *said.*

Well. I hope the shopping was good, anyway.

So. While Mr. and Mrs. Postwar American Global Empire, the Lady Lion-Killer *cum* Smart Christmas Shopper, and her hubby, Gitchie Manitou's earthbound incarnation, a.k.a. the Drunken Typist, were taking their marriage to a new level of…something…Nature seemed to have settled into reflecting the larger view—the Big Picture:

Green army worms eat the flowers. Birds eat the army worms. The male birds are red on top. The female birds are red on the bottom.

'Twas ever thus.

There are many, many endings to the safari, just as there are many, many endings to "Form & Void." *This*…(finally)…

…is one of them.

À REBOURS

The restoration of the natural order of things did not extend to the Hemingways. Very much the contrary. So, here's where it gets even more complicated, interesting and/or repulsive—depending on your vantage point—requiring (in any case) a considerable amount of explanation.

Journal (Saturday, December 19, Kimana Swamp) page 204

"Papa's interview with a reporter…"

The "interview" for "Recondite magazine" (recondite: "remote from ordinary or easy perception; abstruse; secret") can, I think, be attributed to EH attempting to cheer his wife up after (no surprise here) the recounting of his various adventures in her absence had failed to put a smile on her face. Anyone who is now or has ever been a card-carrying member of the society of husbands and/or boyfriends will recognize the technique: begin with an absurd premise—Ernest Hemingway openly discussing his sexual proclivities with a magazine reporter—and then improvise the resulting dialogue, playing both parts. If you're a guy and you have even a *modest* imagination and a *modest* sense of humour, you make your wife or girlfriend laugh using this technique. Since women are emotion-based beings, that's all that's really required most of the time. She's miserable. You make her laugh. Presto-change-o, she's happy. Without this masculine technique I dare say most relationships wouldn't make it very far off the starting blocks and the wife-girlfriend suicide rate would be much higher than it is.

What is interesting about this *particular* piece of matrimonial mirth-making is that it was recorded for posterity. I would speculate that Mary recorded it—at least partly—in an attempt to fill the void left by the "end" of her Ahab-like quest for "her" lion. What else did she have to write about? It is significant to me that she didn't take her Journal with her to Nairobi on her Christmas shopping trip. It was left at Kimana Swamp—a kind of safari bookmark—and, evidently, on her return she was at a loss as to what to write about (after she had documented Gitchie Manitou's earthbound incarnation's fantasies and fables about "going native") and decided to reconstruct the Hemingway improvisation which had tickled her funnybone.

She gets it wrong.

Again, any husband or boyfriend knows the experience of the wife or girlfriend trying to relate a recent improvisation to outsiders—or, far worse, trying to get the husband or boyfriend to "perform" it—not realizing that it doesn't work that way. Comedy which is improvised to make the wife or girlfriend laugh is tailored to her level of appreciation—targeted to an audience of one—and to the ear of the outsider just sounds demented and unfunny. Particularly when the wife or girlfriend is convulsing herself by blurting out the punch line, mangling the premise, or paraphrasing the word rhythms. Any and all of which are guaranteed to leave the audience begging for less and the wife/girlfriend and husband/boyfriend looking like complete idiots.

Deciphering the "Recondite magazine interview" (to the extent that it is possible to decipher humour once it has been mangled by a woman), I would guess that Hemingway was "playing" the reporter as discomfitted by the topic of sodomy (uneasily substituting "cricket" at one point) and Hemingway himself as forthright and offhand on the same subject. To be completely indelicate, I believe EH wanted to guarantee that Mary's ongoing "post-lion" depression and her

lack of enthusiasm for his "going native" wouldn't lead her to close off the "collector lane" of the "Hershey highway" and that he saw humour as the way to maintain his "backstage pass" (as it were).

Why *did* Hemingway have such an obsessive interest in sodomy? (It also seems a recurring subtext in Mary's *Journal*—shooting at the gazelle's "white behind," the lion's "moving hips," as well as a peculiar reference to rubbing face cream into Baa's rectum—you remember, Ty's granti?) Well, that's all guesswork (and *vulgar* guesswork, at that). Unfortunately, in Hemingway's case it seems to be necessary to understand him as a writer, as a man, and—in no small part—to explain how a Drunkard Typist achieved the lofty heights that he did in what Tom Wolfe once christened the "quality lit biz."

My own view is that it is best to begin an examination of the subject with Gertrude Stein.

GERTRUDE STEIN

I'm not sure exactly who or (perhaps more incisively) *what* Gertrude Stein *was,* but she does seem to have been a linchpin presence in the Emperor's New Art, the Moronic Art Movement of the 20th century. As an example, evidence would indicate that it was only prolonged exposure to Gertrude Stein which transformed Pablo Picasso from a third-rate (but largely accessible) painter of harlequins into the undisputed *maître* of geometric twaddle-and-nonsense-in-oil-colours. The same process took place with Hemingway in the field of literature, except that—instead of his being *persuaded* in *dialogue* with Gertrude Stein to "dumb down" his art (as, I surmise, Picasso had been)—Hemingway simply *pirated* Gertrude Stein's Moronic Art writing "style" in toto. Since said "style" consisted exclusively of simple declarative sentences stacked one atop another—like a child's alphabet blocks—in literary terms it would have amounted to petty theft rather than grand larceny had it not been the "right time, right place" for Moronic Art in its societal ascendance. Serendipitously catching that particular wave, Hemingway was able to parlay his ill-gotten gain into a substantial fortune and reputation which he rode all the way to Stockholm in less than three decades.

But, to begin at the beginning: for a time, in Paris in the fabled 'twenties, Hemingway had sought to curry favour with Gertrude Stein (who seemed always to use both her given *and* her surname in referring to herself—as if Gertrude Stein were less a name than an honorific or an hereditary title) but (evidently) soon recognized that, Moronic Loot firmly in hand, he needed neither her benediction nor her geographic proximity to advance his cause. He had only to rise early each morning and type, type, type, type while "interior-Hollywood-Indian-voice-dictate-heap-plenty-word-count" and let 20th century Moronic Art momentum do the rest.

But, as I said, for a *time* (when it seemed to him that he had something to gain by doing so) Hemingway had grovelled and kowtowed before the granite-faced lesbian in a way that would have done credit to the most obsequious Napoleonic *courtier*: going so far as to make her the godmother of his firstborn, Jack. The *lapse* of his affections, when he saw that she had outlived her usefulness to him, was precipitous—as it had been with his earlier mentors, Sherwood Anderson and F. Scott Fitzgerald. Having hijacked the neo-Paleolithic Gertrude Stein "voice," Hemingway had attempted yet another "clean getaway"—and may well have accomplished it, had he not ill-advisedly shared a confidence with his *mentor du jour* during that period when he was still, metaphorically, kissing the hem of her sensible frocks. Long after Hemingway believed himself to have *fled* Gertrude Stein's circle with *impunity,* he was to find that a lesbian is "no gentleman" when it comes to "taking it." That is, "taking" an undeserved slight (as Anderson and Fitzgerald, in gentlemanly fashion, *had* "taken" *their* respective and undeserved Hemingway slights before her).

With the publication of *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* in 1933, from where I sit, Gertrude Stein "gave" considerably better than she "got." She "gets" Hemingway and she "gets" Hemingway good. Real good. I suspect that that was her effectively concealed motive in writing the book. Effectively concealed because Hemingway doesn't make his appearance until very, very late in the proceedings—and *then* only as an (ostensibly) sloppy afterthought dispensed with in a handful of pages (216 to 221 in my edition). A handful of pages which—while written in that moronic "See Dick run, run, Dick, run" voice—have been honed and whittled, ground and sharpened to just so many razor points. I'm sure Hemingway, on first reading, never felt a thing until—like a character in an animated cartoon—he suddenly noticed that parts of his psychic anatomy were sliding off one another into a random pile on the floor.

Some of Stein's assault is pretty direct, as when she addresses Hemingway's theft of the Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson "voice":

> *Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson are very funny on the subject of Hemingway. The last time that Sherwood was in Paris they often talked about him. Hemingway had been formed by the two of them and they were both a little proud and a little ashamed of the work of their minds. Hemingway had at one moment, when he had repudiated Sherwood Anderson and all his works, written him a letter in the name of american* [sic] *literature which he, Hemingway, in company with his contemporaries was about to save, telling Sherwood just what he, Hemingway thought about Sherwood's work, and, that thinking, was in no sense complimentary. When Sherwood came to Paris Hemingway naturally was afraid. Sherwood as naturally was not.*
>
> *As I say he and Gertrude Stein were endlessly amusing on the subject. They admitted that Hemingway was yellow, he is, Gertrude Stein insisted, just like the flat-boat men on the Mississippi river as described by Mark Twain.*

Having studied Hemingway for about a year, I could go on at some length as to how and why each word of this passage (subliterate as it is) was tailor-made to exact the maximum amount of damage to Hemingway's spirit and psyche. Unfortunately, it is rather beside the point relative to the more convoluted subject which concerns us here and which Gertrude Stein addresses—obliquely—in her next passage:

> *But what a book, they both agreed, would be the real story of Hemingway, not those he writes but the confessions of the real Ernest Hemingway. It would be for another audience than the audience Hemingway now has but it would be very wonderful.*

This could only be Hemingway's "Garden of Eden," the aforementioned and ill-advised confidence he (evidently) shared with Gertrude Stein on some occasion or other during the period when he was one of her devout acolytes. As with Hemingway's death wish/self-destructiveness/exhibitionism/hypochondria I discussed earlier, there seems to be no single term which encompasses Hemingway's "Garden of Eden"—to the extent that I can't even think of a suitable noun to append to "Garden of Eden" in its adjectival form. Hemingway's "Garden of Eden" …Theory? …Philosophy? …Fantasy?

In his work it consists of these jarring little notes interspersed here and there, having to do with the heroine/love interest wanting to cut her hair short so as to make herself indistinguishable from the hero. Some examples (beginning with *A Farewell to Arms*—which is where, evidently, Gertrude Stein first noticed it in an early draught of the novel):

> *'I'd rather look at you. Darling, why don't you let your hair grow?'*
> *'How grow?'*
> *'Just grow a little longer.'*
> *'It's long enough now.'*
> *'No, let it grow a little longer and I could cut mine and we'd be just alike only one of us blonde and one of us dark.'*
> *'I wouldn't let you cut yours.'*
> *'It would be fun. I'm tired of it. It's an awful nuisance in the bed at night.'*
> *'I like it.'*
> *'Wouldn't you like it short?'*
> *'I might. I like it the way it is.'*
> *'It might be nice short. Then we'd both be alike. Oh, darling. I want you so much I want to be you too.'*
> *'You are. We're the same one.'*
> *'I know it. At night we are.'*
> *'The nights are grand.'*
> *'I want us to be all mixed up.'*
>
> *A Farewell to Arms,* pages 258-259

> *The last time I slept with a girl was in Madrid. No it wasn't. It was in the Escorial and, except that I woke in the night and thought it was some one else and was excited until I realized who it really was, it was just dragging ashes; except that it was pleasant enough. And the time before that was in Madrid and except for some lying and pretending I did to myself as to the identity while things were going on, it was the same or something less.*
>
> *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* page 166

> *"No. Afterwards we will be as one animal of the forest and be so close that neither one can tell that one of us is one and not the other. Can you not feel my heart be your heart?"*
> *"Yes. There is no difference."*
> *"Now, feel. I am thee and thou art me and all of one is the other. And I love thee, oh, I love thee so. Are you not truly one? Canst thou not feel it?"*
> *"Yes," he said. "It is true."*
> *"And feel now. Thou hast no heart but mine."*
> *"Nor any other legs, nor feet, nor of the body."*
> *"But we are different," she said. "I would have us exactly the same."*
> *"You do not mean that."*
> *"Yes I do. I do. That is a thing I had to tell thee."*
> *"You do not mean that."*
> *"Perhaps I do not," she said speaking softly with her lips against his shoulder. "But I wished to say it. Since we are different I am glad that thou are Roberto and I Maria. But if thou should ever wish to change I would be glad to change. I would be thee because I love thee so."*
> *"I do not wish to change. It is better to be one and each one to be the one he is."*
> *"But we will be one now and there will never be a separate one."*
>
> *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* pages 262-263

> *He came up to the lean-to very quietly and his sister did not hear him. She was lying on her side, reading. Seeing her, he spoke softly not to startle her.*
> *"What did you do, you monkey?"*
> *She turned and looked at him and smiled and shook her head.*
> *"I cut it off," she said.*
> *"How?"*
> *"With a scissors. How did you think?"*
> *"How did you see to do it?"*
> *"I just held it out and cut it. It's easy. Do I look like a boy?"*
> *"Like a wild boy of Borneo."*
> *"I couldn't cut it like a Sunday-school boy. Does it look too wild?"*
> *"No."*
> *"I wish it would."*
> *"You're crazy, Littless."*
> *"Maybe I am. Do I look like an idiot boy?"*
> *"A little."*
> *"You can make it neater. You can see to cut it with a comb."*
> *"I'll have to make it a little better but not much. Are you hungry, idiot brother?"*

"Can't I just be an un-idiot brother?"

"I don't want to trade you for a brother."

"You have to now, Nickie, don't you see? It was something we had to do. I should have asked you but I knew it was something we had to do so I did it for a surprise."

"I like it," Nick said. "The hell with everything. I like it very much."

"The Last Good Country"

Now, it's hard to know what to make of this. It recurs a sufficient number of times both in Hemingway's writing and in his life that it was clearly a subject near and dear to his heart as well as the more…southerly? …parts of his anatomy and that it was no passing fancy. Two examples should suffice: first, the recollection of Elsie Byron, the daughter of a Wyoming rancher discussing an incident with wife #2, Pauline, in 1928:

There was one thing that happened that Pauline got such a kick out of. She and Ernest were in the car with Papa and they met one of the sheepherders. He was mad about something and he started swearing. Papa said, "Now, now! There's a lady in the car!" The sheepherder looked at Pauline and said, "I don't see no lady." Pauline was dressed in overalls and a denim shirt and had her hair cut short and a little French cap on. He didn't know she was a woman. They thought that was quite a joke.

Second, from Mary's East Africa Journal a quarter century later:

Journal (Sunday, January 3, 1954, Kimana) page 229

We've had big business about my hair which we've bleached again and Papa cut very short then I cut across in front in idiot imitation of the local Kamba girls.

A lurid subject of some kind, but what *is* the subject? Transsexuality? *Role-playing* transsexuality? *Cross-dressing* transsexuality (which is what I have Cerebus imagining—to his own great consternation—on the next page)? Homosexuality? Latent homosexuality? Blatant homosexuality? Or…my own theory…something for which (so far as I know) there is no exact term and which is, if not unique to Hemingway, then darned close to it.

Hermaphrophile (to coin a term)? *Masculine* hermaphrophile?

How would that shake out in Webster's? "A man sexually aroused by the idea of his partner possessing secondary (tertiary?) characteristics of the *masculine* gender, with the proviso that the partner must possess primary (*and* secondary? tertiary?) sexual characteristics of a woman." "Compare and contrast with *androgyphile* and define whether it is just west, east, above, below, or kitty-corner from the former."

Having read a number of Hemingway biographies, I can safely say that his biographers' collective interest in this (central?) aspect of Hemingway the man and Hemingway the writer is just about nil. As opposed to, say, his alcoholism, which always merits many pages of closely reasoned arguments filtered through whatever constitutes the voodoo profession (psychiatry)'s latest and best guesswork on the subject.

Anyway, this is what Gertrude Stein was using to get under Hemingway's skin. And get under his skin she most certainly did. Apparently (more the fool he) Hemingway thought this "hermaphrophilism" of his was a kind of bohemian credential and saw it as a kind of "common ground" with what was (undoubtedly) the first lesbian he had ever met. What Hemingway had failed to understand was that Gertrude Stein's lesbian view of *male* homosexuality had much in common with that of most heterosexual men: she was disgusted by male homosexuality or, in fact, any kind of male vulnerability or weakness, and, as for using such a perversion as *entrée* into bohemianism or to pass as a "modern" (a '20s term for a bohemian):

…you see he is like Derain. You remember monsieur de Tuille said, when I did not understand why Derain was having the success he was having that it was because he looks like a modern and he smells of the museums. And that is Hemingway, he looks like a modern and he smells of the museums.

In the very next sentence, having destroyed Hemingway's bohemian pretensions, Stein returns to his "hermaphrophilism." I doubt that she thought of it that way, nor would she have been interested in any dialectics of nuance on the subject—lesbians being pretty practical and basic on the subject of men, since (from where they sit) the masculine world can be neatly divided into those who dislike lesbians (and might do something about it), those who are afraid of lesbians (and are, therefore, easily dealt with), and, last and certainly least, those *males*—as apposed to *men*—who have capitulated on all issues of gender interchangeability (and, who are, consequently, beneath lesbian notice where they are not beneath lesbian contempt):

But what a story that of the real Hem, and one he should tell himself but alas he never will. After all, as he himself once murmured, there is the career, the career.

Unlike the hatchet job Hemingway performed on Sherwood Anderson with *The Torrents of Spring*, this is *real* surgery, the literary wounds inflicted in such a way that they would never heal or even close properly. The legal boundaries are scrupulously adhered to so that—even had Hemingway the resources and the inclination—he could not bring suit for libel or defamation of character. All he could do was to watch the wounds open and reopen for the rest of his life.

The reiterated point could not be overlooked—even by someone as dim-witted as Hemingway—standing naked before the world of *belles lettres*, his pseudo-bohemianism a shredded garment around his

ankles and his very manhood called into question. As galling as the latter must have been, still it was small potatoes compared to the charge of intellectual dishonesty, literary dishonesty: "careerism."

Hemingway's first attempt at "getting even" was almost laughably inept. He cast Gertrude Stein as Pilar, the leader of the guerilla band in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and, in a passage buried near the end of the book, implies there had been some kind of lesbian attraction between Pilar and Maria (the female love interest who is hopelessly in love with Hemingway stand-in Robert Jordan). Hemingway "gets the girl," and Gertrude Stein doesn't.

If Gertrude Stein didn't have a good horse laugh over that one, she certainly deserved to.

Hemingway named his beloved fishing boat Pilar so that (in his own peculiar Hemingway fashion) he was floating around the Gulf Stream *on* Gertrude Stein. No great satisfaction to be had there, either, presumably—when weighed against the damage to his ego, his credentials as a bohemian, as a writer, and as a man.

After nearly a decade, with the wounds still open and festering, it seems that Hemingway—slowly, ponderously, finally—came to the realization that the only way to refute her charges of intellectual dishonesty, literary dishonesty, and careerism was to produce a work which was intellectually honest, literarily honest, and which was not embarked upon with the sole intention of advancing his career. The fact that it took ten years to come to that realization, of course, only reinforces the validity of Stein's initial assessment of Hemingway as a writer.

GARDEN OF EDEN

Hemingway began work on *Garden of Eden* sometime in 1946, and his interior stadium-full-of-monkeys took to their subject like so many anthropoid ducks-to-water, and in a very short space of time he had type-type-type-typed well over a thousand manuscript pages about David Bourne, his newlywed wife Catherine, their tans, their favourite foods, their drinks, and their hair. Oh, yes: "Heap-plenty-word-count" about their hair in terms of length, style, and colour.

Garden of Eden was one of the first examples of Hemingway's typing that I read, the dust jacket description about "a young American writer and his wife on an extended honeymoon in Mediterranean France…" and "Catherine, his wife…encourages him to write, but in fact resents the separation" having led me to believe that this might be Hemingway's "take" on Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald and, thus, relevant to my Fitzgerald research for "Fall and the River." Having no idea of Hemingway's "hermaphrophilism" at the time, I thought the book might have been a source for the "Fitzgerald was a closet gay" theories that were floating around in the immediate aftermath of feminism's onset. I also thought it wasn't very good and hoped it wasn't representative of Hemingway's writing, which, alas, it proved to be.

Hemingway laboured at the book intermittently for fifteen years, alternately swelling its proportions and then cutting it drastically. The manuscript, at the time of his death, clocked in at a whopping sixteen hundred pages—out of which Scribners editor Tom Jenks and the Widow Queen carved the 248-page version that was published in 1986. In the sense that "anything is possible," there exists the remote possibility that Hemingway had *something* insightful to say about his "hermaphrophilism" somewhere in those thirteen hundred pages that *didn't* make the cut. But I suspect not, if the typing that *did* make the cut is anything to go by. I would agree with Earl Rovit (the author of *Ernest Hemingway*, Twayne, 1963), who expressed the view in Denis Brian's *The True Gen* that *Garden of Eden* "…struck me as personal material that a writer is getting rid of for his own therapy and is unable to universalize or make representative of anything other than his own peculiar warts and whims…" except that I think *Hemingway's* motive was to *refute* Gertrude Stein's charge of intellectual and literary dishonesty by addressing "hermaphrophilism" as a subject. I would also agree with William Robertson's review of the 1986 version in the *Miami Herald*: "At its simplest Ernest Hemingway's *Garden of Eden* comes down to this: boy meets girl, girl becomes boy, girl goes crazy, boy meets another girl," and William Walton: "None of the characters have real depth …we even have descriptions of their clothes, but we don't have anything about their ideas."

I think the truth of Walton's observation—apart from the fact that Hemingway had few, if any, actual ideas—stems from the fact that there is nothing to be *said* about "hermaphrophilism." Once Hemingway has said that "the idea of my wife having short hair like a boy and penetrating her anally gives me a hard-on," it seems to me that he has imparted the sum total of what can be said about the subject. Whatever *anyone* finds sexually arousing (it seems to me) is unsuitable as subject matter for a novel. Unsuitable, in that it is too "small," too "individualized" to qualify as a literary theme. It can be introduced to emphasize the nature of a given character, serve as a counterpoint to the character's portrayal of him or herself, as comedy relief—any number of ways—and thus serve to delineate a *part* of a character even as a character delineates his or her *part* of the larger creative work. But to attempt to *raise* sexual preferences above their *place,* as *aspects* of *individuals,* and to try to make any sexual preference the theme of a creative work inarguably, and I think by definition, makes that work pornographic (in the masculine sense) or gossip (in the feminine sense), either and/or both of which invalidates it as literature, again, by definition.

Likewise "sexual preference as *political* theme" (in the homosexualist/feminist sense)—which, by definition, makes a work political propaganda and, by definition, invalidates it as literature. This was the insoluble problem Gertrude Stein presented to Hemingway and which, I believe, ultimately contributed to "psychic meltdown" in the Drunken Typist. If he kept the "hermaphrophilism" as a tangential element of a single character, then he would seem—even to himself—

evasive of Stein's challenge. But to deal with "hermaphrophilism" as theme was to diminish the work, by definition, to "hermaphrophile pornography." His lack of sophistication in literary matters led him to oscillate between these polar opposites: type-type-type-typing *Garden of Eden* as a piece of literature until the "hermaphrophilism" theme became peripheral and he seemed to be evading his goal of literary and intellectual honesty and then type-type-type-typing about his preferred form of fornication until *Garden of Eden* became "hermaphrophile pornography" and/or "hermaphrophile propaganda," which, given the—exceptional—nature of hermaphrophilism (which, so far as I know, didn't even have a *name* until I *gave* it one) really limits the possible audience for the work and makes its creation, it seems to me, a sixteen-hundred-page act of futility.

I think that the book that Hemingway *intended* to write was the hermaphrophilic equivalent of Gore Vidal's *The Judgement of Paris,* which addresses homosexuality, bisexuality, hermaphroditism, et al. while (for the most part) limiting them to facets or aspects of the various characters' individual personalities. While much of the book *does* serve as sly homosexualist propaganda (a fact more apparent to the world-weary forty-four-year-old Dave Sim than it had been to the goggle-eyed Dave Sim of twenty), Vidal, unlike Hemingway, was and is a *writer* and not a *typist,* and so accomplished the difficult marriage of propaganda and literature with a minimum amount of literary "fudging," even as he implicitly acknowledged that a given sexual preference—of whatever kind—is unsuitable as a literary *theme*.

(I'm sure that Gore Vidal would disagree with my assessment because of his own homosexualist predisposition—and he was really very much a pioneer in this—in believing that everyone is basically either a bisexualist or a homosexualist, that exclusively heterosexual men or women are a) societally in the minority and/or b) hiding their nascent bisexualist and homosexualist nature from themselves and/or others, and/or that they are c) an accident of societal conditioning, imprinting, and/or other voodoo profession mumbo jumbo. However, I think that Vidal's own body of work reinforces, rather than refutes my argument. While homosexuality, transsexuality, bisexuality, et al. figure prominently as *aspects* of many of the characters in *City and the Pillar*, *The Judgement of Paris,* and *Myra Breckinridge,* Vidal himself was and is enough of a writer to know that he could not confine his attentions to sexual preference without diminishing and marginalizing his own works, both individually and collectively, into the aforementioned categories of pornography and/or gossip.

To me, this is reflected in the real world, where Gay Pride Parades bespeak shallow self-absorption, low intellectual horizons, and general dim-wittedness, as does any celebration of sexual preference. Imagine an "Asian-Girls-Get-Me-Hot Pride Parade," and I think you'll see what I mean. It is inescapable that there are non-Asian men who prefer Asian girls, sexually. It is inescapable that they are a societal minority. But it seems to me equally inescapable that it is a ridiculous thing either to celebrate *or* to make into a collective concern of those who share the interest or (most particularly) inflict upon those who *don't* share the interest. If for no other reason than the fact that once you have said, "Asian girls get me hot," you have exhausted the intellectual content of the observation (not to mention the fact that making the assertion *itself*, *aloud*, constitutes a level of vulgarity that, I think, verges on the paleolithic in a society which, presumably, should be *above* that sort of thing).

It seems clear that Hemingway was reading Mary's diary on an ongoing basis. Surreptitiously or with her full knowledge and consent? No real way of knowing, but I would suspect the latter. In any case, he evidently read Mary's reconstruction of the "Recondite magazine interview" and decided to make his own contribution to Mary's diary. In her typescript, she specifies that the contribution was "In Papa's handwriting" (which I take as further confirmation that the typescript is not the original diary, since Papa's contribution is typewritten, just as is everything else). The contribution is a list of names, essentially merging "Mary Welsh Hemingway" and "Ernest Hemingway" with the addition of "Peter" and "Catherine" in their English and Spanish forms (i.e., "Mary Peter Hemingway," "Kathrin Ernest Hemingway," "Pedro Maria Hemingway y Welsh," and so on) and concluding: "Signing off happy about last night and every night."

By the next day, Hemingway seems to have decided to further clarify the revelations about himself represented by the "Recondite magazine interview" and his own list of hermaphroditic names with a more lengthy, peculiar, and (I suspect) alcohol-powered entry:

Page 523 - *Journal* [Sunday, December 20th, Kimana Swamp (PAPA HAS MADE THIS ENTRY FOR ME)] pages 206-207

"We decided last night to lay off all huntings [sic] *and shootings today because meat in camp* [sic] *by 18.00 last night (1 impala shot by Papa) and devote the day to rest and Miss Mary's Christmas haircut to look especially beautiful for all visiting guests. Her hair is naturally blonde to reddish golden blonde to sandy blonde. Papa loved the way it looked naturally but Miss Mary had made him a present of saying to make her hair really blonde a couple of weeks before and this made him want to have her as platinum blonde as she was at Torcello where we lived one fall and part of a winter* [Mary, clearly transported back to Torcello has added "burnt Beech logs in the fireplace" as a handwritten addition—which Hemingway's next line makes redundant] *and made love at least every morning noon and night, with Beech log fires, and had the loveliest time Papa ever knew of. Better than any although many very good. But loving Mary has been such a complicated and wonderful thing now for over nine years (sometimes fights and mutual wickedness (my fault) and sometimes hers too but always made up and made presents to each other). Mary is an espece* [sic] *(sort of) prince of devils* [Mary marks off this section for excision:] *and has wonderful breasts that*

rise like the Chuly-Chuly hills and if you are not prepared to take and hold these hills you would be well advised not to touch them even by accident. She has the loveliest place I have ever known [end of Mary's excision] *and almost any place you touch her it can kill both you and her. She always wanted to be a boy and thinks as a boy without ever losing any femininity. If you should become confused on this you should retire. She loves me to be her girl, which I love to be, not being absolutely stupid, and also loving to be her girl* [at night] *since I have other jobs in the daytime. In return she makes me awards and at night we do every sort of thing which pleases her and which pleases me. She has a* [sic] *skin smoother than any Chinese girl and before Miss Mary they were the loveliest girls I knew and if I had no responsibilities I would have remained with them always. Mary has never had one Lesbian impulse but has always wanted to be a boy. Since I have never cared for any man and dislike any tactile contact with men except the normal Spanish abrazo or embrace which precedes a departure or welcomes a return from a voyage or a more or less dangerous mission or attack I loved feeling the embrace of Mary which came to me as something quite new and outside all trible* [sic] *law. On the night of December 19 we worked out these things and I have never been happier."*
EH. 20/12/53

The homosexualist-feminist axis doubtless finds this sort of material pre-eminently interesting. What is the "embrace of Mary" which is "outside all tribal law"? Sodomy? Or is something else being discussed, having something to do with Hemingway "loving to be [Mary's] girl"? Is Mary penetrating EH, here? With what? Where?

This is what I mean by the meeting place of gossip and the pornographic. The voodoo profession (which reached its nadir in the middle part of the 20th century) holds that there is inherent value in uncovering and examining, clinically, individual private matters. Where psychiatry holds sway there is no such thing as a private or Private concern. At best there is "privacy." To the voodoo profession and its adherents there is an implicit material benefit to be had in determining psychiatric possibilities and examining psychiatric likelihoods and a wholehearted conviction that their own motives in pursuing those determinations and making those examinations are altruistic. I disagree. I think there are thresholds which can be crossed *only* by those whose *actual* motive is salacious, intrusive gossip-mongering, and I think "the embrace of Mary" is one of them.

To Hemingway, as he read the haphazard reconstruction of the Recondite magazine interview, Mary must have suddenly merged in a very real way with Gertrude Stein. Here was Gertrude Stein's "real Ernest Hemingway," plainly, on the page in front of him, in black and white, in (more or less) his own words…but in another's handwriting. What to do? Cross it out? Tear out the page? Whatever direction he turned, there was the smiling face of his lesbian nemesis.

No wonder he described Mary as "an *espèce* prince of devils." How far could he allow himself to go in examining Mary's motivations for writing down her reconstruction of the "Recondite magazine interview"? Was this payback for shooting "her" lion? For Adriana? For Debba? For sodomizing her night after night? Had Mary read the pertinent sections of Gertrude Stein's *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*? Had EH and Mary discussed them?

It seems possible that—after eight years of intermittent work on *Garden of Eden* and with more than a few highballs under his belt—Hemingway saw Mary's reconstruction of the "Recondite magazine interview" and his own contribution of the list of hermaphroditic names as perhaps a shortcut to addressing Gertrude Stein's challenge of two decades before. With the book itself stalled and his masquerade behind the fictional proxy of David Bourne to a degree problematic as well (was he really being intellectually and literarily honest if he was hiding behind a fictional persona?), it does seem possible that he decided to "come clean" in the pages of Mary's diary, knowing that—one way or the other and even if it took decades—his handwritten contribution would come to light. Which, of course, it did with the publication of *How It Was* in 1976.

And caused no great stir, from what I can see. Which must have perplexed the "ladies" who had been so instrumental in nurturing Papa's legend both during and after his lifetime. It seems obvious that, from Gertrude Stein out, women thought they really *had* something in this Hemingway character. With their secret and often not-so-secret ambitions to be men or (failing that) to be more masculine or (failing that) to make the world more androgynous, it must've seemed to the "ladies" that a man like Hemingway—who not only *tolerated* his wives' masculine pretensions, but who found those pretensions sexually *arousing*—was just the judas goat who could lead the rest of the male population to slaughter (women being great believers in "monkey see, monkey do," particularly as it applies to the male population). The higher and brighter shone the star of Hemingway in the literary and societal firmament (went the screw-loose approximation of female "reasoning"), the more influential he would be in persuading all of his male followers that what they *really* wanted was for their womenfolk to wear pants and shirts and cut their hair short and go huntin' and fishin' and basically be men (you see) with breasts and vaginas (HoCCChh, *THOO!*). Failing *that*, there would at least (one day) come the Momentous Unveiling when Papa Hemingway (at last!) stood revealed as essentially androgynous, as much woman as man in his interior being. As with gay "outing," this screw-loose approximation of "reasoning" anticipated a wave of dumbstruck horror sweeping the masculine heterosexual population as we all *wilted* before the *crushing knowledge* that ultramasculine Ernest "Papa" Hemingway was a…a…

…the lack of a *noun* I think was a big part of that scenario failing to play out. Besides, by the time the big revelation arrived in 1976, Frank Sinatra had given way to Elvis had given way to the Beatles had given

way to Mick Jagger had given way to David Bowie had given way to Elton John. *None* of whom had done much to affect the overarching masculine sentiment governing such matters: "As long as they don't do it in the street and scare the horses." I don't know *what* the feminist/homosexualist axis *expected*. "Hell, Fred, if it's good enough fer 'Papa' Hemingway, it's good enough fer me. Pass me that lipstick over thar."

Such is the peculiar nature of the tactician when she-he gets a bee in her-his bonnet about something. Tactical square by tactical square, decade upon decade upon decade, menstrual step by menstrual step, Ernest Hemingway was moved forward across the female side of the chessboard until the masculine king was jeopardized by the hermaphrophile pawn.

"*So long as he doth not do it in the street and, thus, scareth the horses*."

King takes pawn.

Meanwhile, back at Kimana Swamp:

Page 524 - *Journal* Page 208

"Mwindi came and showed me…"

Between the "almost an orgy" with Debba and the native girls, sodomizing Mary on a regular basis, and whatever else EH was writing about in his 20 December entry, I have to go along with Nature's reflection here:

"But what a pig!"

Journal (Saturday, January 2, 1954, Kimana Swamp) page 228

[EH]: *"I'm not*
a phony, but
I'm a terrible
braggart"

(No,
just full
of joy)

"Fisi is going Whuuu-uuuu-uuuu"

I'm sure *fisi*—a hyena—was. Which I considered to be just as ominous as *fisi's* last appearance on page 518.

Pages 524-525 - *Journal* page 229

"Papa has been saying…"

And here we are. Back at the page that first compelled me to contact the Hemingway Archives at the John F. Kennedy Library, the page which (as I speculated earlier) spooked Mary so badly that she shelved this part of *How It Was* for an indeterminate length of time, dumping the last batch of pages into the "Reject pages from diary" file.

In *How It Was*, the excerpt reads (page 471):

My kitten-brother is the —est, —est, most,
best kitten

In the margin of *Journal* page 229 she has written "Too complimentary. Immodest to publish."

What a mind-boggling gender, I remember thinking.

She publishes whole extracts about being sodomized from one side of Kenya to the other, about Papa loving to be her girl, about "she always wanted to be a boy and thinks as a boy," and all the rest of it without once considering that she might be doing a disservice to the memory of her "beloved Lamb" by doing so, but is hurled into the contortions of the damned by the prospect of being forced (*NO! PLEASE!*) to *allow* into print Ernest Hemingway's description of her as the "bravest, loveliest" etc. in the pages of *How It Was*. "Kitten-brother"—oh, *that* (evidently) was no problem. No need to be embarrassed about a *husband* calling his *wife* his "kitten-*brother*." What could be more natural in the female scheme of things? But "bravest"? (*NO! NO!*) "loveliest"? (*STOP! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!*)…

…and pretty clearly Alfred Knopf *couldn't*. So "My kitten-brother is the bravest, loveliest, most understanding and best kitten in and out of bed…" became "My kitten-brother is the —est, —est, most, best kitten" in *1976* when such treatment was reserved for only the most guttural of expletives.

I repeat. What. A. Mind. Boggling. Gender.

Page 526 - *Journal* (Tuesday, January 5, 1954, Kimana Swamp) page 230

"Found and sadly identified…"

Interesting that Mary jumps to the conclusion that this is the same waterbuck that she saw as analogous to Polygamous Papa. Even more interesting that she jumps to the conclusion that it was killed by a lion*ess*. Why not a lion—or a leopard? Couldn't be that she's projecting Papa's "bravery" in coming clean about his hermaphrophilism onto the waterbuck, could it? Couldn't have anything to do with all those lion steaks she's been eating, could it?

Page 527 - *Journal* (Friday, January 8th, Kimana Swamp) page 233

"There erupts in the forest…"

I was channel-surfing with the sound off about a week after drawing my part of this sequence, and suddenly there they were: a herd of impala milling around two males who were going at it with their horns (on television, I mean). There are few things in this Feminist Age which will compel me to put the sound *on* on my television, but here I definitely made an exception.

And they *did*. They sounded *exactly* like a herd of *pigs*. Bucks *and* does.

No further questions, your honour.

On the way back we chased
a Fisi, a very dark and ugly one
with a huge head on his smallish body
which sloped from his shoulders to small
low hindquarters

Saw seven
Fisi altogether,
the most I've ever
seen.

Page 529 - *Journal* (Saturday, January 16, Denis' [sic] house, Kajiado) page 245

"In the early morning we saw the Rhino..."

This was one of the few instances where I had to break my rule about using Mary's words exclusively in the order in which they appeared. The incident with the rhino shook her up pretty badly if the random order of her account is anything to go by.

Did you know that hyenas are matriarchal? Well, they are. They're matriarchal. I decided to call the two hyenas on this page Mary and Gertrude. Three guesses as to what I called the *rhino* and the first two guesses don't count.

Page 530 - *Journal* page 246

"There was a tremendous mirage..."

After "sharply repeating themselves in the blue surface" in her typescript, Mary has crossed out "Good for my poem." According to EH's *True at First Light,* Mary intended to write an epic poem about Africa and he had to keep reminding her to write down observations that she intended to include—which seems to have been a source of friction between them. It was for this reason that I broke the narrative pattern and wrote the lines in the "free verse" form you see here.

The "dust devils" struck me as the latest in a string of ominous Natural reflections.

Journal (Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, January 18-20, at New Stanley Hotel, Nairobi, with too much eating, too much drinking, repacking, too many people pretentious and/or dull) page 247

Changed New Stanley Hotel to New Livingstone Hotel (nyuck, nyuck). Could not find a picture anywhere of the Hotel as it looked in 1954 (it was remodelled in the mid-'sixties). Found a fax number for the *new* New Stanley Hotel in a Kenya travel book and almost wrote to ask if they could fax back a picture of the old hotel. Then I thought about trying to explain what I wanted it for and gave up. Which is unfortunate since they may have ended up being as helpful and accommodating as the John F. Kennedy Library.

So this is Karen House—another Nairobi landmark from the same time period. You would never have known the difference, now would you?

This is one of Mary's few single-spaced entries, with all of the information crammed into one space just as you see it above.

Page 531 - *Journal* (Thursday, January 21, 10 a.m. [*handwritten*:] at the airport) page 247

"We should be off soon now with Roy in the Cesna[sic]..."

So begins the account of the ill-fated plane flights which Mary documented in her *Journal* and *How It Was* and which EH recounted in "The Christmas Gift" (*Look* magazine, April 20th and May 4th, 1954—reprinted in *By-line: Ernest Hemingway*). The aerial tour of the Congo and the Nile was EH's Christmas gift to Mary. Their first night at the New Stanley Hotel, they met an M. Lumbrechts of Sabena Airline in the (where else?) bar, and he gave them a book on the Belgian Congo and sold Mary on the idea of stopping there. Space constraints forced me to compress much of their journey, which was spread over three days, and to eliminate many of the sights they saw, their stopover at the Lake Victoria Hotel in Entebbe, etc.

Page 532 - *Journal* page 248

"Saw the place where Pauline killed her lion..."

In the typescript "Pauline" is crossed out and "E's wife #2" is written above the line. I doubt that Hemingway actually *remembered* where his second wife had shot her lion (*If* she *did* shoot a lion: *Green Hills of Africa* is as short on details regarding Pauline's "kill" as *True at First Light* is on Mary's. And it seems worth noting that Charo, whom Hemingway himself quoted as saying, "No woman ever kills a lion"—see note, page 515—served *both* women as gun-bearer, twenty years apart), and I think it was just a way of "needling" Mary for forcing him into a journey that held no appeal for him.

"Lake Elizabeth" is Lake Victoria. "Lake Philip" is Lake Albert. Queens and Consorts being pretty much interchangeable, don't you think?

Page 534 - *Journal* (Lake Victoria Hotel, Entebbe, Uganda, January 25th, 1954) page 251

This entry leads off with an exhaustive list of everything the Hemingways lost in the second crash and the value in Kenyan shillings: Shgs. *1,200 - money in M's snakeskin wallet*; *Shgs. 40 - cost of wallet*, as an example. Had to laugh at the *Shgs. ??? - in Papa's pockets*. ("Lamb?! How many shillings did you have in your pockets? Lamb?!")

The entry then picks up with Saturday morning, the 23rd ("latish") just before the first crash.

"Ran into the birds."

This is the only description of them. "The birds." Fortunately, in "The Christmas Gift," EH was more helpful, describing them as "black and white Ibis." Only a *little* more helpful, because it turns out that there is no such creature as a 'black and white ibis." There is a *white* ibis—but it has no black markings on it. I spent the better part of an afternoon checking every bird book they had at the Kitchener Library for every kind of ibis they had going. I finally gave up and came back to the studio where—what do you know?—in the only bird book *we* have (B. Mitchell's *The World Atlas of Birds,* Mitchell Beazley Publishers Limited, London, 1974), I came across the Sacred Ibis which—by process of elimination—seemed the only possibility. Oddly enough, a characteristic of the ibis is that the sexes are nearly alike. So much so that "members of a mated pair are unable to recognize one another as individuals, so a bird approaching a nest must perform an appeasement display if it is to avoid being attacked as an intruder." The Sacred Ibis was, to the ancient Egyptians, a symbol of the god Thoth, who my dictionary informs me was the god of wisdom and the inventor of art, science, and *letters*.

Which seems to me a pretty good job of reflecting a typist on the part of Nature, particularly an *androgy-*

nous typist.

Page 536 - *Journal* page 252

"But she didn't catch fire."

Directly after this, the typescript reads: "Roy ran around outside checking the damage to the plane, having ascertained that neither of us was seriously hurt." Interposed between "seriously" and "hurt" is a parenthetically rueful "(sic. - Jan. 24, 1955)" which, I have to confess, I hadn't noticed until now. Evidently Mary produced her typescript from the written diary on or around the first anniversary of the two plane crashes.

In light of the manifold modifications, tweakings and distortions which Mary made in transforming her typescript into the Africa chapter in *How It Was*, it would be interesting to see how much of a *comparable* mutation was involved in producing the typescript from the handwritten diary. I suspect, however, that—once the typescript was finished—Mary destroyed the autograph original for exactly that reason: what she had changed and omitted was more interesting than what she had transcribed verbatim and included. Which—given the "Recondite magazine interview," "kitten-brother" and the rest—really (gossip and pornography-wise) beggars the imagination.

Pages 537-538 - *Journal* page 254

"but my heart pounded, to shake the earth it seemed, with the slightest movement."

This, and the fact that Papa is unable to find a pulse, interests me. I'm not sure what it *means*, but it interested me when I first read it in *How It Was* and it interests me now.

Page 538 - *Journal* page 254

"Better not to snore if you can help it. It is attracting the elephants."

If I'm right in thinking that Hemingway considered that eating lion would imbue him with leonine attributes and abilities, he seems to have proved himself to be something of an (*ahem*) *Cowardly* Lion with his rampant elephant paranoia at this point in the story.

When I woke up
Roy was taking off—
softly—to make an
arrow at the falls
pointing to where
we are camped.

Page 540 - *Journal* page 256

"Papa started down then came back..."

In "The Christmas Gift," EH goes on at considerable length about the elephants and his confrontations with them during the night ("He spread his ears wide. They looked to me to be about 60 feet wide but I know from seeing elephants in the daytime that they attain no such dimensions. He raised his trunk which appeared to me to be several hundred feet long but I also know that such dimensions are impossible.") and the next day ("I can recall stating to the elephant, 'Debark, you unspeakable elephant, before you are called upon to take the consequences.'").

Debark, you unspeakable elephant?

Given that he is already something of a poster boy for the voodoo profession, I am sure much could be made of Hemingway's account of his lengthy battle with a female elephant after Mary had departed for the boat:

The trunk of the elephant seemed at extremely close range a rather formidable object and the thing that I noticed about it most was that there was a strong odor from the tip and that the nose of the trunk was definitely pink on the inside. It also had a curious folding arrangement on the end.

"They were doubtful about our story of the fallen ndege..."

Interesting that, in Swahili, "ndege" means both "bird" and "airplane".

Page 541 - *Journal* page 257

"We went down slowly, seeing no elephants..."

In *How It Was*, Mary attempts to take the edge off of the flat assertion by changing it to "seeing no *beasts."* She also added, "Elephants understand the smell of Africans, we had been told, and are less antagonized by it than they are by the scent of white people," by way of explaining how the two "boys" were able to chase away (so easily) the elephants which had been—according to *his* account—giving Papa such a devil of a hard time. In "The Christmas Gift," the female elephant "broke off the action and rejoined the other elephants, no one of which seemed particularly interested, although they talked a good deal among themselves and several bulls had their ears spread and seemed ready to participate in case their female champion should not gain the decision."

I think I'm safer in saying that there were *no elephants* than I would be in saying whether Old Imperial had an "askari" with him, let me put it that way.

Pages 542-543 - *Journal* page 258

"Going downriver..."

The boat in question, the S.S. Murchison, was used to transport cast and crew to and from the site where location filming for *The African Queen* took place. Hemingway seems to imply in "The Christmas Gift" that it was the boat used *in* the movie, but, well, that's Hemingway for you.

"We went to a field which had been..."

The airfield or—by this point—the "airfield" had also been constructed to assist in the filming of *The African Queen*. Considering that three years had elapsed it is no great surprise that the field was not in great shape.

Page 544 - *Journal* page 259

"Open the door..."

It wasn't until some time after I had drawn my part of this page that I really stopped to consider what was being said.

"Open the door."

It seemed odd that EH would say that, until I remembered that his right arm and shoulder had been injured in the first crash—severely enough that he was obviously favouring them. Although smaller and weaker, by virtue of having two serviceable arms and hands, Mary represented their best hope of getting out of the plane through one of the doors.

"I found it on the port side but couldn't budge it."

"Roy had gone forward, called to me, broken a window."

The very ancient chivalric notion: "Women and children first."

"I yelled at him to hurry…"

Basically, she leaves Hemingway behind to fry. What other interpretation is possible? A person of Hemingway's bulk was not going to fit through the window of a small plane. If he wasn't leaving by the *door*, he wasn't *leaving*. And the only person with two working hands and two working arms has just beat it *away* from the door as fast as possible.

Even more interesting are the modifications (emphasized here) in *How It Was* (page 484):

> *Roy had gone forward and broken a window and called to me* to hurry there, *and Ernest, now working on the door* himself, yelled, "Follow Roy," I hesitated. Roy called again and *I ran up the aisle and pushed him through the open window head first.*

Mary added a handwritten annotation to page 259: "Using his head as a ram-rod, he had butted the door open". As Gerhard (who knows a good deal about the airplane in question) pointed out, this is comparable to head-butting the door on a Buick to get it open. The Hemingways are *both* prone to this kind of theatrical exaggeration of events. Whatever they are discussing requires very critical examination in any given circumstance. My best guess was that Hemingway got the door *open* with his one good hand and arm, but was unable to open it *far* enough to allow him to escape (because the door or the frame or both had been bent or buckled by the crash). But, even there—envisioning the episode as unfolding that way—it is hard to picture head-butting as the most viable solution. If I was trapped in a Buick and managed to get the door open, but not far enough, I think my next effort would be to kick it open. Even if kicking didn't work, head butting would be very low on my list of options. I mean, maybe he *did*. That, coupled with the very heavy drinking which he continued to do, could certainly explain a lot of his…behavioural problems…after the crashes.

As with Mary literally jumping ship at the critical moment, nothing surprises me about these people. Ultimately, I believe, they were both capable of doing just about *any thing* and then describing it just about *any way* after the fact. As an example, Hemingway describes, vividly, in "The Christmas Gift" the exact sound that the different liquor bottles made as they exploded in the flaming wreckage. Mary emphatically asserts that she was listening for explosions and heard none.

Page 547 - *Journal* page 260

"Nothing to it old boy - let's pour some gin on it."

Mary remarks a couple of times—the first when they went aboard the S.S. Murchison—that no one makes an effort to tend to Hemingway's wounds. Interesting that it never occurs to *her* to either tend to them *herself* or to suggest to *someone else* that they do so. McAdam—as I didn't mention in the story because of the anachronism problem—was a surgeon. I think this was one of those times when the Hemingway "mystique" served him badly: if he's enough of a superman to survive two plane crashes in one day, why would he need medical attention?

The last entry is marked "*Entebbe* [*Uganda*], *Thursday, January 28th - Victoria Hotel*" and is interrupted mid-sentence. Page 261 of Horowitz-B. At that point I had to switch back to *How It Was* for the remainder of the story.

Page 549 - *How It Was* page 489

"Papa continued his drinking and entertaining."

As I mentioned before, drinking of any kind—let alone the tippling Hemingway was doing at this time—is a recipe for disaster when coupled with even a minor concussion. The last complete sentence of page 261 of the *Journal* is: "The gin bottle of last night was finished this morning."

"The urine samples he keeps in glasses…"

Had to laugh when I read this part, having already extracted the following anecdote—which I had labelled "childishly blasphemous"—from Carlos Baker's Hemingway biography (page 521) where EH has been ordered by the company doctor confined to his bed during one of his myriad Hemingway ailments—this time at a command post near Rodenbourg:

> *The house was that of a priest who was said to have collaborated with the Germans. Ernest rummaged around until he found a store of sacramental wine. He took an almost maniacal delight in drinking the contents and then carefully urinating the bottles full again. He later explained that the bottles had served him in lieu of a chamber pot, since the thermometer stood at zero and he did not want to risk his life 'with the fever and all' by going to the latrine downstairs. One further elaboration was that he labelled the bottles 'Schloss Hemingstein, 1944' and made the mistake of sampling one in the dark, thus proving the contention of the Biblical preacher that 'all is vanity.'*

Drinks all of that sacramental wine and then—ten years later—in a burlesque of his own burlesque of transubstantiation has every surface in his bathroom covered with glasses full of his blood-permeated urine. Who *says* God doesn't have a sense of humour?

Page 550 - *How It Was* page 494

"Ernest had taken an unreasonable dislike…"

"Papa had started ceremonies..."

Whatever neo-paleolithic pagan impulse had compelled Papa to dye half of his Abercrombie & Fitch wardrobe a peculiar Wakamba red and to run around in the bush buck naked in the night proves itself regurgitative. As well, whatever brain damage he had sustained in the crashes (and which he was now—*actively*—worsening) is ably demonstrated by the following anecdote (sandwiched between the two entries above) in *How It Was*:

> *As Patrick,* [Hemingway's second son and his wife] *Henny and I breakfasted on March 3, planning to go fishing, Ernest called an inquiry about what bait we had. Patrick replied that we had squid "more or less in order," a phrase he may have picked up at Harvard.*
>
> *"I don't permit 'more or less in order,'" Ernest yelled from his end of the veranda.*
>
> *He went on making a speech about responsibility and accuracy and the lack of them, a harangue so unfair and undeserved that I quaked. Tears filled Henny's eyes. At the end of the speech Patrick made a short reply. "I'm leaving," he said and left the table to give orders for the packing of their things and loading of them into his Land-Rover. In our hunting car I accompanied them to Mombassa to take luggage needing repairs and to buy food for camp. Henny sat with me on the journey north and we agreed that Ernest had not yet recovered noticeably from his concussion.*

Mary and Henny Hemingway, mistresses of the understatement.

It is hard for me to imagine the nightmare existence that EH had—step by incremental step—chosen for himself: wilfully separated from God's grace and, at this point, determinedly exploring still further the rugged badlands of free will's exercise, accelerating his downward spiral, worsening his delusional state until he had, seemingly, taken up permanent residence in some misty region of the imagination straddling those of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan the Apeman and Joseph Conrad's Colonel Kurtz ("The horror. The horror.") but without Burroughs' and Conrad's grasp of the fact that Rousseau's Noble Savage and the nobility of his savagery was all make believe, raw fairy tale material for a good "yarn" but—to say the least—worlds away from the ethics, habits and actions of God-fearing gentlemen. Burroughs and Conrad knew that. In a very real sense, without the anchor of genuine faith in God, Hemingway crossed the line between the reality of Burroughs and Conrad into the fantasy of Tarzan and Colonel Kurtz.

It seems to me that all paganism is, at essence, a fictitious dialogue between the sensible (man) and the insensible (Nature)—man, his imagination and his free will inciting reflections in Nature which pagan man variously uses to terrify himself, to reassure himself and which pagan man likewise attempts—perniciously—to direct, manipulate or otherwise turn to his own real or imagined advantage.

How ancient are the Wakamba rituals of ear-piercing and face-cutting? To what extent are they intended to serve as propitiation of some aspect of Nature—that is, to create reflections favourable to the newly-created warrior, reflections that have become automatic in Nature for the very reason that the ritual is invariable and therefore, so too, are the reflections invariable even as they are insensible. How misguided would you have to be as a lapsed Roman Catholic to embark on such a ritual moving, specifically, from a state where *propitiation might* be real or *might* be imagined, a state where your own *bravery might* be real or might be imagined and arriving at the specific threshold where *self-mutilation* becomes real (no imagination allowed), thus *making* your *bravery* real (no imagination allowed) and thus, domino-like, *making* the *propitiation* real (no imagination allowed)...

...what sort of idiot (however drunk, however concussed, however brain damaged) could fail to consider in advance of embarking on such a ritual—there in Conrad's very *Heart of Darkness*, the metaphor as real as the firelight before him, as real as the crushing spiritual weight of night on the Dark Continent all around him—what sort of idiot could fail to consider that there might be some *bad reflection*, some paganish price to be paid for failing to see the ritual through to its conclusion? All this, in addition to the rather largish paganish "tab" one has already "run up" in realms where one does Not Eat Lion *BECAUSE*...and one does Not Allow One's Wives to Hunt Lion *BECAUSE*...And one does Not Allow One's Wife to Take Credit For Shooting a Lion She Did *Not* Shoot *BECAUSE*...

...realms where, if one is idiot enough to ask "BECAUSE *Why?*" one is very apt to receive a very eloquent, albeit insensible, answer.

Page 551 - *How It Was* page 494

"...a mass of raw, burnt, burnt-smelling flesh..."

I consider *this* a *very* eloquent, albeit insensible, answer.

Hemingway is "hoist with his own petard", the failure of his own nerve, his own bravery in the Wakamba face-cutting ritual causing his nerve and his bravery to fail him in a *different* way shortly thereafter. Sheer foolishness for a man with a badly dislocated right arm and shoulder to attempt to beat out a brushfire. It is as if his bravery, skewed by the abandonment of the face-cutting ritual, merges with his death wish/accident prone/exhibitionist/hypochondriac nature and compels him to seek out the severe burning he narrowly escaped in the second crash.

"*There! That's* more *like* it."

Pages 552-553 - *How It Was* pages 495 and 498

"...I ached with sympathy..."

"Is there anything - nothing - I can do?"

I had to laugh at this part as well. This actually took place aboard ship ("...but promptly arranged a schedule of escaping soon after breakfast to the decks, the cheerful outdoor swimming pool with its children's slide down into the water, or the air-conditioned public rooms and several bars, each one installed exactly

where a passenger might feel pangs of thirst.")

True female love.

What is equally interesting and (to me) humorous is that the Hemingways didn't go home or directly to the nearest world-class medical facility. Seriously. They went on with the next part of the holiday. Papa stays in bed, but there's no reason *wifey* should miss out on things ("The Muslim bazaar in Cairo offered temptations to some of which I succumbed, acquiring a camel saddle, an inlaid leather pouf, a round air-inflated stool which became useful as a sit-on thing in the library at the Finca Vigia."). Must've been a source of great comfort to EH as they inched towards Europe, that he now had a "sit-on thing" for his library.

They check into the Gritti Palace Hotel in Venice where he finally gets some medical attention.

> *With Federico acting as executive officer, Venice's best doctors and internists and brain and spine men were brought in to inspect Ernest back at the Gritti Palace, and X-rays and new assortments of pain-relievers were prescribed.*
>
> *Meanwhile Ernest decided that I should have a break from my job as bumbling nurse and whipping boy for his frayed nerves, and on the telephone to Paris, London and Madrid, arranged a holiday for me from his bedside. I would see my London friends for Easter, I would join Rupert Bellville in Paris to drive south for the spring* ferias *in Sevilla and Ronda, then to Madrid where we would rendezvous with him. Walking to a semi-farewell lunch at Harry's bar, Ernest noticed something special in his favorite jewelry shop, an antique necklace and bracelet of black and white and gold enamel and garnets delicately designed as blackamoor heads, and promptly bought them for me.*

And off she goes! To call this part of *How It Was* ebullient is to gravely understate the case. The ensuing six pages flash by the reader like a radiant series of lap-dissolves in a Grace Kelly feature. Paris! ("…my old friend the Ritz chauffeur Georges Mabilat shepherded me cheerfully to the hotel where they gave me a room under the eaves with a bathroom thrice its size.") *Alors!* ("The light in the Place Vendrome below my windows was bleak, dark grey. The telephones of my friends *ne repondaient pas.*") *Pauvre, Marie! Pauvre!* London! ("A call was waiting for me at the Dorchester Hotel.") Paris again! ("Pamela Churchill gave me tea that Tuesday in her sumptuous flat near the Seine, Loel and Gloria Guinness gave me dinner that night at Maxim's…") Biarritz! ("…we made rendezvous with Adamo, our chauffeur from Udine, whom Ernest had sent ahead with a Lancia full of luggage.") Madrid! ("…off we rushed, and reached the Palace Hotel in Madrid—from Aranda de Duero—in time to settle rooms, lunch at Pulpito, and reach the bullring for a *novillada*.") Cordoba! Sevilla! Jerez de la Frontera! Algeciras! Jerez again (and now on a first name basis)! Ronda! Malaga! Granada!

You may have to chalk it up to a divorced guy's sense of humour, but I couldn't get enough of this stuff. And she has *no* idea how it *reads*, *obviously*. I couldn't wait for Kentucky Fried Papa to turn up again. Oh, Wait. Here he comes now. Let's follow Mary and her good friend Rupert Bellville in his sports car. Miss Kelly? You're wanted on the set. Aaaand. ACTION!

> *We stopped a night and a morning in Granada so that I could explore all too quickly the Alhambra and the glorious gardens of the Generalife, then we raced through flowering fields to the Palace Hotel, Madrid, and an excited brouhaha of reunion with Ernest, with waiters bustling in with drinks and snacks and buckets of ice, questions spilling out, answers unheeded. I was entranced to be with my husband again, but his face showed new lines of weariness. He did not look or act as much improved as I had hoped.*
>
> *After the usual tumultuous luncheon, with ten or twelve at table, we moved in caravan on May 15 to Madrid's larger of two bullrings for the opening bullfight of the fiesta of San Isidro, Madrid's patron saint. In cold rain we stood outside the doors in a growing crowd for fifteen minutes before it was announced that the fight was canceled. Ernest and I had a couple of hours in our room without visitors and, although we had written back and forth, I finally heard something of the conscienceless treatment he had suffered from the doctors in Venice, how he had been made to wait, stripped, on an icy table in the hospital's X-ray room half an hour before the technician arrived to take pictures, how some heavy-handed doctor bruised his bladder while making a kidney test, how nobody professed any interest in prescribing a regimen to reduce his blood pressure which was 180 over 120. But Federico Kechler had kindly stayed with him through all the rough time at the hospital, a prop for his morale. He had wired me at Sevilla that his liver, internal injuries and spine were all curing, but that had been less fact than morale-booster for me.*

A *morale-booster*! For *HER*! The bleak, dark grey light below her windows in the Place Vendrome must've been a crippling emotional blow from which she would not soon recover.

What. A. Mind. Boggling. Gender.

Even with Pulitzer Prize-winning author Ernest Hemingway footing the bill every Grace Kelly picture—eventually—has to reach the end of the second reel. The plane crashes took place on the 23rd of January. *Guess* when they finally headed home. Go on. *Guess.*

> *On June 6,* [!] *with a handful of photographers clicking away in the rain, we went aboard the* Francesco Morosini *at Genoa, to settle into two separate cabins—since Ernest was still staying awake to read half the night, and the best cabins were very small—for what turned out to be the only ocean crossing I ever made that seemed more dull*

than shiny.

Two separate cabins. EH must've been *heartbroken* at the separation. And get that: "more dull than shiny". She should've *said* something. No doubt Hemingway could've arranged for a fleet of helicopters to fly in the Tommy Dorsey band from the mainland or the chorus line from Radio City Music Hall or something. What sort of a half-assed ending *is* this for a Grace Kelly picture? Mary continues

> *At Naples Ernest lazed at a table in the Galleria talking to reporters while I buzzed out to Pompeii to marvel at its brilliantly designed water supply system, at the comfortably declined floor of the dining room in the Vetti brothers' house, so that reclining on their couches while dining they could enjoy the spaces and flowers of their patio, and at the "forbidden" room with its carved male figures with penises as big as modern kitchen water faucets. The murals in the room showing three different positions of love-making were disillusioning. The expressions on the faces of the women were pleasant, but not eager, excited, desperate, yearning, nor even contentedly satisfied.*

Cut. Cut. Forget the slow pan across the murals. What sort of a lousy half-assed ending *is* this for a Grace Kelly picture? I ask you.

Almost *six months* EH has been shlepping around Africa and Europe with broken this, fractured that, Kentucky Fried from head-to-toe and he finally loses it:

> *Perhaps because of boredom Ernest nagged me at lunch one day because I had failed to get repaired in Paris a pocketknife he had entrusted to me for that purpose. Because of the Easter weekend moratorium on repair work, the Paris knife people had been unable to do the job, had returned the knife to me, and I had packed it away, but where among our eighty-seven pieces of luggage I couldn't remember. A tide of fury engulfed my husband at my memory failure, and he yelled, "You thief," instantly creating a hush in the small dining room. Perhaps I should have stood up and addressed the company, explaining that I had not stolen his pocketknife but only mislaid it. Instead I finished my coffee quietly. That afternoon I wrote him a note: "Dear Big Kitten—Your books,* Green Hills *and* Death in the Afternoon *show that you used to understand justice and that other people also had feelings and truthfulness...I hope for your sake especially, and for all us friends and lovers of yours that you have not completely lost those qualities."*

I *howled* with laughter. Just *howled.* How many thousands of dollars do you suppose she ran through in the first two reels of her own private Grace Kelly picture? I know. I don't want to guess either. And here, poor old Tom Sawyer, who's paying the tab, just wants his pocket-knife repaired. Any woman in the world has got to think that would be an okay deal. "Let me get this straight. I get to stay at the Ritz Hotel in Paris, the Dorchester in London, Biarritz, Madrid, Cordoba, Sevilla, Granada and all these other places—all expenses paid. And all I have to do is get one pocketknife repaired?"

Note, I said "woman"—not "wife". Not only doesn't she get it *repaired*—she doesn't know were it *is* in their *Eighty-Seven* Pieces of Luggage! And when Huckleberry Finn blows a gasket over it he ends up getting a lecture about "justice" and "feelings" and "truthfulness". As I say, I just howled.

Meanwhile, Princess Grace is still scouting locations for the end of the movie:

> *From Gregorio Fuentes,* Pilar's *mate, we had heard for years of the glories of Tenerife in the Canary Islands, his homeland. After the orange-roofed good cheer of Funchal and the clean Portuguese-governed islands of Madeira we expected something maybe not cleaner, but more dramatic. Ashore at Tenefife we walked through* [a] *hodge-podge of undistinguished architecture to Gregorio's prided market and found it dirty and crowded, fruits, vegetables and fish looking old and tired and poorly displayed, too many flies and a prevalence of skin diseases among the market vendors. Jacaranda trees flowering lavender against the blue sky, and waves of bougainvillaea and hibiscus along the principal boulevard of the town gave us some consolation.*

You can't shoot Grace Kelly against a backdrop of market vendors with skin diseases! What. Is. The. *Matter.* With. You. People. All right, all right. We'll shoot it against the Jacaranda trees, the bougainvillaea and the hibiscus.

(Just to be serious for a moment: Gregorio Fuentes was considered by Mary and Ernest Hemingway to be closer to them both than were most members of their respective immediate families. That their experience in his beloved Tenerife had been so wretched would indicate to me just what a shambles their marriage was in at this point—whether either of *them* was aware of it or not).

After the end of the Hemingways' safari, after their departure from Africa, even after the slow unfolding of Mary's Grace Kelly movie, I had continued to read *How It Was*, certain that the story, which, for me, had begun with the sound of Tembo "chewing and chewing" outside the tent, was not yet at an end. I had no idea what the conclusion to the lion-eating story might *be*, but I was equally certain that there *was* one and that Mary—somewhere up ahead and in her good and dutiful "who, what, where and when" fashion—would impart it to her readers. I was also confident that—as she related it—she would remain blithely ignorant both as to its significance and the degree to which it was at variance—extreme variance—to the story she *thought* she was telling.

It is perhaps relevant at this point to mention that (according to *True at First Light*) the night of Mary's

"kill"—that is, between the two Ngomas when the drums had temporarily fallen silent—Hemingway had lain awake in their tent and had spent much of a sleepless night reflecting on F. Scott Fitzgerald's observation: "In a genuine dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock."

Or perhaps it *isn't* relevant—any more than it might or might not be relevant to point out that—while the Hemingways were recording for posterity in Mary's *Journal* the fact that "she always wanted to be a boy"—a new magazine was debuting on North American newsstands: *Playboy*.

Who is to say?

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"Back home at last, I went to a party…"

I substituted *Iestan* Ambassador for *British* Ambassador (to Cuba: at the time, evidently, a gentleman by the name of Adrian Holman). The journalist in question (having no real precedent for journalism in Estarcion, I really had to fudge this one), Edward Scott, was an expatriate New Zealander and columnist for the *Havana Post*. In reading this part of *How It Was,* the moment Mary mentioned Scott's nationality and that she was discussing Africa with him, I thought, "Okay. Here we go."

Here we go, indeed.

Remember that eating lion flesh is taboo, *haramu*, forbidden. Remember as well that, if Edward Scott is discussing Africa, he has probably *been* there, and if he has *been* there, it has been as a citizen of the British Commonwealth, with all that that implies. He is also a colonial: New Zealand (like Canada, like Australia, like Kenya at that time) being a British Colony. The nomenclature is what usually trips up Americans with their lack of knowledge of anything outside their own country. I can call myself a Canadian citizen, or I can call myself a citizen of the British Commonwealth (although our constitution was repatriated, Queen Elizabeth II is still, officially, the Canadian Head of State), or—in an ironical sense, usually in conversation with a Brit—I can refer to myself as a colonial. All three are technically true,

So what unfolds, while a disaster, comes as no great surprise. Had Hemingway been at the party, I doubt that he would've dared say anything about eating lion, which, reading between the lines (a practical necessity since the John F. Kennedy Library has no copies of Edward Scott's two *Havana Post* columns on the subject—glaringly significant in their absence, given Hemingway's compulsive pack rat nature) was Edward Scott's initial point: no gentleman or lady would eat lion meat. It is taboo because it is barbaric. Barbaric and indefensible. Had Hemingway attempted in Edward Scott's presence to defend eating lion meat, Scott would have had no recourse but to ask the typist to "step outside."

I'm getting ahead of myself.

Practically—however *unethically*—it *was* a mistake on Hemingway's part not to let Mary know the extent of the transgression in which they had both participated. But, then, I would guess that that would have spoiled the *fun* for Hemingway—who *lived*, in a very real sense, to transgress boundaries, ALL boundaries: societal, ethical, religious, sexual and, it would seem, very much for the mere *sake* of transgressing them. He wanted to and for the most part *did* live his life as if boundaries did not exist. To say to Mary, "Don't mention anything about us eating lion," would imply an *awareness* of boundaries, an awareness that was anathema to him. And with their mutual predisposition towards "taboo one-upmanship," it would have given Mary an advantage over him ("Why the hell not?"), establishing her as being more blithely disinterested in boundaries than himself. "More pagan than thou," if you will.

So Mary goes to the party and mentions to this Edward Scott fellow that she and her husband—who just happens to be Ernest Hemingway—ate lion while they were in Africa. To Edward Scott, a gentleman and a citizen of the British Commonwealth, she might just as well have said, "On my last visit to Minnesota, I started having sex with my brother." "Visibly shocked" doesn't half sum it up. Let me extend the analogy a little further:

"On my last visit to Minnesota, I started having sex with my brother."

"Barbaric. A barbaric thing to do."

"It's all right, he took a bath beforehand. We both did."

"Barbarous. I can't imagine a civilized person having sex with a sibling."

"He was really quite good. I came three times."

"I can't imagine any Briton having sex with a sibling."

"My brother doesn't live in Britain. As I say, he lives in Minnesota."

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"I mean members of the British Commonwealth…"

It's difficult to extend the analogy, here. At one level, Mary is saying "All of our friends in *Minnesota* have sex with their brothers and sisters. But, of course, they're *Americans*." That is, what she is saying is patently offensive—but *so* patently offensive that, even if she had had the presence of mind to blame her barbaric behaviour on being an American…well, there are some things that transcend such national distinctions. And pretty clearly to anyone (civilized or not) with firsthand experience in Africa—everyone, that is, *besides* Ernest Hemingway—eating lion is just such a taboo. So, she makes a far *worse* error in judgement by lying and saying that "our friends in Kenya ate it." Which is patently untrue. By her own admission in *How It Was* (pg. 439): "In Kenya neither the natives nor the whites ate lion…" and Edward Scott would know that. Mary is really skating on thin ice at this point, blatantly impugning the basic civilizational integrity of British subjects and—what is worse—doubtless doing it in a "cocktail party chatter" tone of voice (at least I *hope* in a "cocktail party chatter" tone of voice. If she was so imbecilic as to say these things in an *icy* tone…well, words *do* fail me).

Then comes the *coup de grâce,* and even Mary—at

some level or another—is aware that she has crossed a line and is—*seriously, dramatically*—in the wrong. It might be entirely unconscious (rather like Mary herself), but it is at least certain that, in documenting the incident, she can't bring herself to recount fully *what* she said to Edward Scott at that point. Let's take a look (*How It Was,* page 513):

"You know what they say: that colonies import material things from the Mother countries and physical habits but only the cruder mores and baser philosophies." (I don't care how illiterate she is; that is *not* a complete sentence).

Whatever way she actually *ended* the thought—"…get exported"?—in addressing a British subject and a colonial, she might have less offensively dumped her drink over his head and stuffed a used tampon down his pants.

And then. And THEN!

She just walks away.

What. A. Mind. Boggling. Gender.

"I thought it was a joke but Mr. Scott looked about to explode."

It is only a woman, only a member of the female gender, who could possibly imagine that *this* would be the end of it.

"A few days later, in print, Mr. Scott expressed dismay…"

The first of Edward Scott's columns in the *Havana Post* on the subject of the Hemingways' culinary transgression and Mary's insulting of citizens of the British Commonwealth.

Of the four alliterative adjectives she uses here, the only one which would apply to the situation would be "disapproval" (to say the *least*). The other three only demonstrate the degree to which she is "off her leash" and thinks herself way, way, WAY above her place.

"…or perhaps it was both."

I think it is precisely this female trait which most exacerbated an already volatile situation. Not only has Mary transgressed an accepted boundary of civilized behaviour, she gives no evidence of possessing even the vaguest interest in being made aware of the issues at stake, the transgression and the boundary involved.

That is, not only is she miles away from expressing *contrition* for having committed the transgression, she is still further miles away from acknowledging that she *has* transgressed a boundary and is still *further* miles away from acknowledging that those boundaries *ought not* to *be* transgressed—by *any*one.

I see Edward Scott's point.

It is not just eating lion meat, *per se.* That's bad enough. The larger offence is the compounding of the initial transgression (eating lion meat, then *defending* eating lion meat, then *lying about others* eating lion meat, then *refusing to apologize* for eating lion meat, then *refusing to apologize* for *lying about others* eating lion meat, and *then* refusing to acknowledge that lion meat *ought not* to be eaten). This compounding of the initial transgression—to me and, I suspect, to Edward Scott—crosses an exponentially more significant societal boundary in the civilizational quandary it presented to him. What is at issue is not what *might* or *might not* represent a move *closer to* or *further away from* a perceived precipice where civilization *might* or *might not* begin a slow or rapid descent into the bestial…

(It is *not,* as an example, an area where *some* choose liberalism, *some* choose socialism, *some* choose conservatism and *some* choose not to choose).

…No. What is at issue is the more civilizationally critical dilemma of whether one can, in good conscience, "stand idly by" while two "loose societal screws" choose—purely, wilfully and solely on the basis of their own perverse idiosyncratic initiative—to *hurl themselves over* a universally regarded (universally regarded, that is, by *all save* the "loose societal screws") civilizational precipice…and *brag* about it later.

To Edward Scott, as a gentleman and as a citizen of the British Commonwealth, "standing idly by" was not a viable option. To do so would be to make himself a party to the transgression itself, duplicitous if not complicitous in turning a blind eye to a breach in the civilizational barricade. As a civilized gentleman he recognized that—in dealing with the demonstrably and unrepentantly uncivilized, where their behaviours encroach upon civilization and where reason and lucid discussion prove insufficient to dissuade them from those behaviours and defence of those behaviours—it becomes necessary only as a last resort to apply brute force as a corrective measure (in proportion and in the civilizationally prescribed fashion): "I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to step outside."

And here, it seems to me, Edward Scott became one of the first men to run afoul of the Civilizational Paradox posed by feminism, gender interchangeability or whatever you want to call that nebulous malignancy in 1954 (or 2000 or 2150). *Clearly,* Mary was being demonstrably and unrepentantly uncivilized. *Clearly*, the point had been reached where brute force was the last resort. And, *clearly*, Edward Scott as a civilized gentleman was prohibited—by virtue of *being* a civilized gentleman—from striking a woman, no matter how many layers (and *many were* the layers) of indefensible provocation to which she was subjecting him.

(Parenthetically, it seems to me that this mirrors the unhappy circumstance in which we, as a society, have—so far, at least—taken up permanent residence, as the unfairer sex seeks out ever newer, ever higher and ever more provocative civilizational precipices over which to hurl themselves in their ongoing effort to erode all things civilizational into all things bestial, the distillation of their intellectual defence of these efforts amounting to: a) it tastes good, b) other women are doing it and c) so what? Presumably this ugly state of affairs will only accelerate until all gentlemen are forced to choose *between* chivalry and civilization. My choice, of course, is the latter. Let the chips—and the women—fall where they may. I think it ethically, morally and spiritually indefensible to choose chivalry over civilization.)

What with Hemingway's musings about F. Scott

Fitzgerald in the immediate aftermath of the killing of "Mary's" lion (and the extent to which he had assisted in the destruction of his former mentor at every opportunity), I found irresistible the temptation to portray Edward Scott as the spitting image of F. Stop Kennedy, his distinctive profile shaded from view as he engages Mary Ernestway in a conversation which would, in good poetic fashion, lead ultimately to the destruction of her husband, Ham. I have no idea if Edward Scott resembled F. Scott Fitzgerald even fractionally—but it would surprise me more if he *didn't* than if he *did.*

Page 555 - *"'Childish.' and 'Tempest in a thimble.'"*

Another female trait. If they *say* something is "childish" or a "tempest in a thimble" (a *thimble*, mind you, not even a *teapot*), then the "saying makes it so". Of course, so quaint a female shibboleth—the verbal equivalent of "crossing your fingers" or "knocking on wood"—proves less than effective when moved out of the kitchen and put to the more arduous task of warding off repercussions from having effected a breach in the barricade between civilization and the bestial from the bestial side of things.

Whether on his own initiative, at Mary's insistence or in spite of her ostensible indifference, Hemingway wades into the fray with a letter dated July 24, 1954. Thanks to the John F. Kennedy Library for the following rough draft of the letter (handwritten additions emphasized):

Dear Ed: [Scott]

I am sorry you and Mary had words on the edibility of lion.

For your information the tenderloin is very good eating. The meat is rather the texture of veal and I wish we were going to have it for lunch.

Hemingway makes the same mistake Mary had. "Her brother took a bath beforehand and she tells me that she had three orgasms."

Everyone who tried it enjoyed it. The first time we ate lion several people were reluctant to try. But when they smelled how appetizing it was and tried the clean, white fine textured meat breaded and browned, it was as popular as any meat.

Since only *he and Mary* ate lion, this is a complete fabrication and to Edward Scott must've really added insult to injury: asking that he believe that it only required *Hemingway* to *take the lead* for native and white Kenyans to suddenly find lion to be "lip-smacking good."

All the big predators are good eating. Both grizzly and black bear are excellent meat, rather like pork, but you tire of them because of the rich fat. Puma is good eating and you must know how good racoon, which has a very mixed diet, is. Pork is good to eat and you know what a boar will eat.

I know that people eat rattle-snake and that it is tinned. I cannot eat it because my stomach is repelled by the idea. But if you have eaten bear meat literally hundreds of times [!] *any carniverous* [sic] *animal, as such, does not repel you.*

Almost the only animal that is worthless for eating in Africa is the very handsome water buck [sic]. *They are clean feeders but the meat is stringy and strong tasting. Zebra is excellent eating. Eland is probably the best meat followed by Impalla* [sic] *and Thompson's gazelle. But Gerenuk is very good. None of these, however, are pleasanter nor better flavoured meat than lion.* I know. I ate it from [sic] more than 20 years.

I think it worth noting that, in *How It Was*, Mary describes Hemingway's above letter as "an instructive little essay on the edibility of wild animals, both African and North American."

"Instructive."

Unbelievable.

To say that I don't picture Edward Scott heaving a sigh of relief at this point would be a drastic understatement. It's hard to tell if Hemingway has just chosen to "brazen it out." Leaving aside his singular notions that the nature of the taboo has something to do with the *diet* of the animal in question, at one level or another he *has* to be aware that the issue is *not* the "edibility of lion" but the more serious issue of whether you are a civilized individual or not and, if you have chosen *not* to be and have chosen for your *wife* not to be, that you at least have a sufficient residue of civilized qualities to *not* drag people who *have* chosen to be civilized into your *own* degraded state.

It could be that Hemingway had so far retreated, mentally, into befogged delusions and self-imposed brain damage that he was only *tangentially* aware of what was under discussion and the interrelationship of the elements which composed that discussion:

You know that Mary having spent five months in the bush might have been annoyed at you not taking her word as to what was edible. I know that I looked with very little favor on your attempting to make her *appear to speak badly of all of our friends in Kenya and other Colonies because she hurt your feelings.* My own son Patrick is a settler in Tanganyika.

Well, this is completely ass-backwards. It is *Mary* who was speaking badly of their friends in Kenya by implying that they would eat lion, which, by her own admission, they—scrupulously—do *not.*

We were both very touched about how kind you were in the things you wrote when we had the plane trouble. We were both, too, surprized [sic] *not to see you when we arrived. I could not very well be expected to send engraved invitations to a decoration ceremony at the Club Nautico Internacional* nor the boat.

As with many of his letters after January of 1954, there comes a point midway through where even the

semblance of sequential thought is abandoned. Hemingway seems to be implying that Scott has written his column as revenge for not being invited to the ceremony where EH was awarded the Order of Carlos Manuel de Cespedes—Cuba's highest civilian award—three days before.

> *I have to tell you privately that Mary had the impression that you were behaving very oddly at the party. She said that when she was trying to talk to you you kept shouting at people over her head and that she could not figure out what was the matter with you.* Maybe you were potted as we all have been. Maybe not.

Hardly the appropriate response when someone is accusing you of behaving in an uncivilized fashion and permitting your wife to behave in a likewise uncivilized fashion. It is, however, obviously more comfortable territory for Hemingway (who never really gets back to the issue at hand), and he completes the letter in a series of irrelevant tangents and digressions.

> *The piece, it is my duty to tell you, read quite screwy. In the first place I do not fight at Diplomatic parties no matter what the provocation. I dislike very much being pulled in on a controversy at which I was not present. But don't write columns about what you would have done to me* if *I had been present and* if *I had said something that I did not say. That is very many ifs.*

To me, Hemingway is sidestepping the issue here very unsuccessfully. The only possible position to which he can retrench would be "I'm sorry Mary said that any Kenyans ate lion with us. We were the only ones. I don't see anything wrong with what we did, but I admit that we were the only ones who did it." I'm not sure that it would've gotten him "off the hook" after Mary's indefensible provocation at the party, but, as I say, I think it was the only position to which he could retreat even theoretically. Instead:

> *Ed try to act your age or the best part of it. I can't help you get rid of what you have on your conscience. Nor can I ever thank you adequately for fine and undeserved things you wrote about Mary and me when you thought we were dead.* I was truly very touched.
>
> *You can't ever pick a fight with me and the screwier you get the less chance you have.* This is on acct. of what you wrote when we were supposed dead.
>
> *You've held lots of fine jobs and you've been around plenty and for a long time. You can't have always lost out by bad luck alone.* I think the lion meat column was an error of taste. *This is a private letter to you as a private person and no part of it is to be published unless you want to use the part about the edibility of the carnivorae. But for your own personal information get this Ed.*
>
> *Mary went to that party because she had accepted the invitation. She was trying to be gay, brave and jolly no matter how she felt in her heart. She was plenty beat-up* [sic] *in the two crashes. You burn in one and see how soothing it is for the nerves* (especially when you've been down bad before). *Then she had to nurse me with a busted back* [sic], *one kidney smashed etc. Then the last ten days she had been in Gulfport shutting up her families* [sic] *home and putting her father who is dying the hard way in a nursing home.* Soon she will have to go back. *She might owe you an apology for calling you a Colonial (which is no insult God knows) or a BF Colonial or a whatever. We move in a fairly rough talking league But you had no business writing that screwy column about something that happened at a private party at which the newspapers announced I was present.* That's not the way they play cricket anywhere.
>
> *Yours always,*
> *Ernest Hemingway*

"Yours always"?

I would be inclined to say that only a woman, only a member of the female gender, could imagine that *that* would be the end of it, but I guess I'll have to include Hemingway in that category since, clearly, he believes that this is the end of it.

> *"Still later, Mr. Scott returned to his disenchantments in print…"*

I'm assuming, rightly or wrongly, that Edward Scott was concerned about two things: the threat to civilization if it became common practice to commit taboo acts at one's own discretion or, more accurately, *lack* of discretion and, two, the inference he had drawn that Mary Hemingway was saying that British subjects had participated in committing just such a taboo act: eating lion. Clearly, he wrote a column demanding some sort of accountability on both scores. Clearly, he didn't get it from the letter Hemingway wrote him. So, he repeated his concerns and his demand for an accounting and (just a guess, but I think it's a safe bet) implied that he would have satisfaction in print or in the form of fisticuffs. Far from a "miracle of reversals," Edward Scott is simply reiterating his own position and backing it up with his willingness to settle it man to man. He can't challenge *Mary* to a fight—she's a woman. Not a lady, but, at the very least, a woman. He also knows that a woman isn't likely to have come up with the idea of eating lion on her own, and he has (pretty astutely) determined who the actual culprit is.

Anyway, whatever it was that Edward Scott wrote in his second column on eating lion meat, it certainly provoked a reaction—albeit a not-very-masculine and (definitely) a not-at-all-honourable one:

> *20/8/54*
>
> *Dear Mr.* [Edward] *Scott: For the second time in a month you have written dirtily, snidely and insultingly about my wife. She was rude to you when you were drunk and like all people with an inferi-*

ority complex, and also, in your case, a very bad conscience and access to news-print [sic] *you rushed your wounded feelings into print.*

The first time was not so bad. It showed principally your ignorance and the fact that you were no gentleman. You of course know this and no one should have to point it out but you shouldn't cry about it so much in print.

You have had to leave every town you have ever worked in and naturally you will have to leave this one sooner or later. I hate to see you go as I enjoy reading you when you are not brown-nosing nor playing the wounded gentleman. But there is always some tramp newspaper man comes along like you who will take your place.

When I say you are no gentleman I do not refer to your country of origin. I have known many fine New Zealand gentlemen. One of them was Tom Heeney who was a good heavyweight fighter and a contender for the Championship of the World when you were a punchy ex-lightweight. Now from your writing you are still punchy and from your appearance you [sic] a *double P. That is you are punchy and paunchy.*

I have never had a row with, been rude to, or hit a newspaper man in my life. You have been around long enough, and many feel too long, to not know that to keep out of trouble people do not hit newspaper men nor shoot cops. If I sock you it puts you on the front page and then I have to damage you sufficiently so there is no doubt how everything came out before you get into print with your version. As it is I cannot afford to cool you.

It was a shame you crashed that party where my wife was quite justifiably rude to you. I know that you were invited as a member of the working press. That is a most honorable body of which I was a member for twenty- five years. But on the outskirts of that body there are always some false working press you know who work as black-mailers, informers and stool pigeons. I have never heard of you doing any black-mailing but I understand, from others who are well informed that you are bothered by an uneasy conscience.

Now my dear Scott, gentleman or not, I must advise you that if you want to make a name for yourself, finally, and not re-read your yellowing clippings this is the best time of your life to get a decision over me. You'll be able to get a job anywhere. All my good friends in the newspaper business will write you up as you deserve. At the present time I have one smashed vertebrae [sic] *the 12th, (you see I am giving you co-ordinates although you couldn't read a co-ordinate) the flange of which projects into the muscle. Two others are pressed quite tightly together and hamper my movements somewhat.*

If you are going to give people pokes in the mouth, as you have now written twice, I suggest you buy a child's baseball bat and saw it off so you can handle it comfortably. Then when I am in the Floridita bar and not looking you can swing your bat on the 12th or practically any other of the vertebrae. After that you might hit me a few more times over the head with that bat and then bring your pudgy paw into play.

I won't guaranty [sic] *not to take the bat away from you and insert it in whichever end your amorous tastes prefer. But that may just be hearsay. Be sure to wear your pink shirt so that I can identify you.*

I understand you got very mysteriously beaten up a year or so ago. At the time I sent you condolences. Now I know better.

If I had to pick the *wrong* way to respond to someone like Edward Scott this would definitely be it. Not having the second column to refer to and being, I think, justifiably loath to take Mary's word for anything, I'm not sure when the "let's step outside" turned into an actual duel.

It's hard for me to imagine Hemingway writing this letter if Edward Scott had mentioned *anything* about Hemingway defending Mary's honour "with a sword" in his second column. As with head-butting an airplane door open, to do so would seem to imply a level of stupidity that is virtually subhuman. Did he think it was a joke? Did he think that his semi-invalid status or the fact that he was *the* Ernest Hemingway gave him some kind of special dispensation? Was he so severely brain-damaged that he thought he and Edward Scott were just going to bluster at each other for a letter or two and then the whole thing would just go away? I also had to look askance at the self-admitted "Mary's girl" talking about *anyone* wearing a "pink shirt".

Anyway, at some point "let's step outside" did, indeed, turn into a duel which Hemingway would have to fight in order to defend Mary's "honour" (quotation marks mine) or lose his own good name for appearing to agree with her.

"or something like that."

It's mind-boggling that Mary is so unutterably clueless about the Masculine Seriousness of what was going on. Obviously, she still thinks that this is all "childish" and 'a tempest in a thimble" and it will stay that way as long as she continues to describe it that way. "Or something like that".

Now, I know about as much about *duels* as I do about *hunting*, but I'm reasonably certain that Hemingway—as the one challenged—had an option in the choice of weapons. Clearly, with his various breaks, fractures and dislocations, he was not going to be much good with a sword. Very possibly, Edward Scott had the courage to challenge EH to a duel only because he was aware of what bad shape Hemingway was *in* (and, to say the least, Hemingway describing just *how* bad that shape *was* in a letter front-loaded with insults, I do *not* see as a stroke of strategic brilliance). So, it seems to me that Hemingway's best bet would have been firearms of some description—both for his greater familiarity with them and for the fact that a wounded man would have a greater chance of fighting "even up"

with a .45 (let's say) than with a sword. If Hemingway had been as big a man as his reputation would indicate, he could even have suggested *shotguns* at ten paces. You know. "So, how's *your* nerve, Edward?"

"Dr. Pedro Pessino came to call..."

Edward Scott chose as his "second," Pedro Pessino, a radiologist and the husband of Clara Park Pessino, the owner of the *Havana Post*.

Courtesy of the John F. Kennedy Library, here are the two letters sent by Dr. Pedro Pessino to Hemingway after their meeting (translation by Cristina Serrano):

August 24, 1954

Dear Mr. Hemingway,

Enclosed please find a copy of the letter I wrote to Mr. Edward Scott to inform him about our interview.

Mr. Scott was not satisfied with the contents of that interview and, as expected, he wishes to take this matter to a Court of Honour.

I invite you to choose two gentlemen that together with the two other members Mr. Scott selects will appoint a fifth member, who will become the president of the Court.

As you are perfectly aware, the members should be chosen within forty-eight hours. If you do not select any representatives, a unilateral Court will be formed.

Yours truly,

Dr. Pedro Sanchez Pessino

August 23, 1954

Dear Mr. Scott,

I visited Mr. Hemingway to ask him to define his intentions, as the conversations I held with you were rather contradictory.

Mr. Hemingway reiterated that, as a husband, he had to stick to his wife's story.

He also expressed his wish not to fight a duel with you, mentioning that he did not consider you to be fit to fight with him.

At the end of the conversation he said he had no intent to press this matter.

At no time did he make any attempts to take back his insults.

I now consider my enquiries finished.

Yours truly,

Dr. Pedro Sanchez Pessino

"As a husband he had to stick to his wife's story"?!

He's challenged to an honest-to-God, for-real, life-and-death, *mano-a-mano* duel and he tells the "second" of the man challenging him to the duel that *he*, *the* Ernest Hemingway "had to stick with his *wife's story*"? He had "no intent to press this matter." What is he *talking* about? *He's* the one being *challenged*. The one doing the *challenging* is the one *pressing the matter*. Pessino must've thought he was dealing with a certifiable lunatic. At the very least, he could be certain that he *wasn't* dealing with a *man*. No, when push came to shove, Hemingway showed that the most he would ever be was a mere *husband*.

26/8/54

Dear Dr. Pessino:

Thank you for your letter of August 24th which arrived in this morning's mail at 8:30.

For good and sufficient reasons I do not choose to meet Mr. Edward Scott on the so-called field of honor nor anywhere else. I will answer no challenges from him and will send no friends of mine to meet with his friends. If any tribunal interprets this as being motivated by cowardice I believe they would be in error.

I am not a publicity seeker and I will not be provoked into something which can only lead to the worst form of publicity.

Aside from other considerations my obligation at this time is to continue my writing and regain my health. At the present time I am fighting no duels with anyone. If any friends of Mr. Scott consider that to be an act of cowardice they are at liberty to think so. But it is a decision made by a man who has served in war with honor and is fully conscious of his obligations.

Since I have let you know my decision reached after mature consideration, and after talking to you, there is little point in explaining further.

I enjoyed meeting you very much and I hope you and your family are in good health.

Yours very truly,

Ernest Hemingway

And that, as they say, is the ball game. Hemingway loses his good name and his personal honour and admits himself to be a coward in a half-page letter which is (at least) more subdued in tone than the one which had provoked Edward Scott's challenge in the first place. I would suspect, however, that this is more attributable to Hemingway's natural cowardice than to any sort of late-blooming civilized nature. Note that Hemingway doesn't even *attempt* to fabricate "good and sufficient reasons"; there is just the empty phrase itself, the twice-mentioned "cowardice," and, well, that *is* the ball game.

He tries to hang on, having little but a nodding acquaintanceship with masculine honour and a wife more than amenable to manufacturing reality out of a delusional whole cloth which has nothing to do with the actual state of things. He *does* hang on, until the coming of Fidel Castro and his revolutionary band. On a routine patrol after Batista was swept from power, two of Castro's soldiers shoot Hemingway's favourite

pet, the sweet-tempered Black Dog, in cold blood. Dissociated from any grasp of reality, let alone truth, even Mary and Ernest Hemingway recognize that it is now time for them to go. In another age a man wouldn't wait until strangers shot his dog. Having lost his personal honour and his good name, in another time, a man would know the necessity to move far away, to exile himself from the environment where he had so disgraced himself that there was no hope of redemption. No hope of redemption in *this* life, anyway. In just such a fashion had Oscar Wilde departed England forever on his release from prison, to live the remaining years of his life on the continent as Sebastien Melmoth.

The Hemingways moved to Ketchum, Idaho: sufficiently desolate, sufficiently at a remove from San Francisco de Paula that—had they done so five years earlier—one could almost regard Hemingway as at long last having found some vestige of a gentleman within himself. But, no. They had to shoot his dog first. It's hard for me to imagine a man sinking that low.

His brain damage worsened until he was—as I have depicted him at the beginning of Ham Ernestway's story—incapable of forming even those simple and monosyllabic sentences from which he had earned his livelihood for more than three decades, labouring over the never-to-be-completed manuscript which was eventually published as *A Moveable Feast...*

...wherein he made his last desperate and pathetic attempt to lash out at the nemesis who had haunted him for decades, Gertrude Stein, "documenting" a visit to her home in Paris where, clandestinely

> *I heard someone* [presumably her lover, Alice Toklas] *speaking to Miss Stein as I had never heard one person speak to another; never, anywhere, ever.*
>
> *Then Miss Stein's voice came pleading and begging, saying "Don't, pussy. Don't. Don't, please, don't. I'll do anything, pussy, but please don't do it. Please don't. Please don't pussy."*

It was both a tasteless and an artless final riposte (as tasteless and artless as the title of the chapter itself, "A Strange Enough Ending"): to suggest that the Stein/Toklas relationship was sadomasochistic in nature and that Gertrude Stein was the passive/masochistic partner of the two. By any measure, a low blow and (I'm certain) an episode which Hemingway had completely fabricated as a salve for an ego still smarting from the rather more artful, rather more surgical beating it had taken at Gertrude Stein's hands in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.*

It seems to me to be no small indication of the inherent underlying fairness of life that what meagre talent Hemingway possessed slipped away from him as he struggled to complete this final poisonous bit of calumny.

Page 557 - *How It Was,* page 636

"*Tutti me...Chiamano bionda.*"

Lyrics, evidently, to an old Italian folksong which, on the evening of July 1, 1961, as Mary and Ernest got ready for bed in their respective bedrooms, they sang together.

Page 559 - *How It Was*, page 636

"*The next morning the sounds of a couple of drawers banging shut awakened me and, dazed, I went downstairs...*"

Page 560 - *How It Was*, page 636

"*... and saw a crumpled heap of bathrobe and blood, the shotgun lying in the disintegrated flesh, in the front vestibule of the sitting room.*"

Page 561 -

"*I think no wife...*"

From Denis Brian's *The True Gen:*

Denis Brian: *It was strange that she left the keys around for him to get ammunition to kill himself.*

Jeffrey Meyers: *She left them over the sink and when someone asked why, she replied, "I think no wife has the right to deprive her husband of his possessions."*

How It Was, page 636

"For an hour I shook, unable to control my muscles. Then in a flash of sanity I wondered why I should be so destroyed by the sudden violence *I had long* but too vaguely *anticipated*" [emphasis mine]

On the other hand, whenever the discussion turns 'round to the genders being "equal *before the Law,*" well, that is something with which I am in *complete* agreement.

And I think indicting Mary Welsh Hemingway on a charge of first-degree murder in the death of her husband—based on the above information—would have been a very good place to start.

Page 562 - Ngui: He is dead.

Page 563 - Charo: He has left this world.

Page 581 - In his imperfect recollection of the Swahili for "God. In the hand of God," (*Mungu. Mungu mkono)* Cerebus accidentally makes use of several different words in the same language: "*mdomo*," which translates as "mouth" and "*mto moto*," which translates, roughly, as "hot stream" or "hot river".

Considering how he and Jaka effect their escape from their predicament, this raises several interesting questions about aardvarkian nature...

...which, of course, I am completely unwilling to answer.

APPENDIX I

Letter from EH to Mary, found among abandoned papers at the Finca Vigia, dated June 1, 1953:
Honey:

I wrote these notes to clarify something in my head. Please return them.

Your exact words this morning were "You want to hog everything. You get angry if anybody even writes anything about the same country you are in. Look at that man who wrote that book about Spain."

Q: Who?

A: That Frenchman.

Malraux explained. Q. Who else?

Answer: Look at the way you got angry about Mr. Dos Passos just because he wrote about Michigan.

Mr. Dos Passos and *Native Country* explained. Mary had not read the book.

At another time Mary: You never told me you had any offer from *Look.* You did no such thing. You did not show me any letter from Rice with any offer from *Look.*

Explanation offered that we had talked about it when the Leland Haywards were down here. And that Mary was tired of hearing me discuss it.

Mary: You didn't tell me anything about Lowe's offer. You just whispered something to me.

Explanation that offer was fully explained to her after the Lowes had left. They left almost immediately after Mary arrived. They had called up and asked when they could come out. We had talked the whole matter over and after I had made our objections. Lowe had made his offer which Mary and I talked over at length that afternoon and evening. They came out the next day and we talked it over together discussing the character of the photographer etc. Lowe sent in his written agreement which Mary read and said was exactly the terms he had proposed except for the photographer to be three weeks rather than two.

Things getting sort of hopeless. Yesterday at lunch was shouted at, scolded and tongue lashed about clothes. Shut up and left the table. Came back and the tirade continued shouted so that servants and deaf Taylor could hear. Made no answer and did not get involved in it and did not bring it up.

The night after fishing the whole first day in the tournament was awakened at one thirty a.m. by scolding and bawling out. No way to stop it. Did not answer except to ask if would please stop as had to be up early to be out the next day. Scolding and tongue lashing continued and left and sat in the chair in the living room until five a.m. when came in with Mary asleep and slept until six when had to get up to organize sandwiches, breakfast, etc.

This scolding and tongue lashing was a continuation of a very violent one given me in the car in front of Taylor and Roland. This scolding tirade was exceptionally violent. A scolding for delaying our getting home early by stopping and talking too long with people at Floridita was probably justified and deserved. The violence of this one in the car and the vituperation in front of other people, however, was exceedingly embarrassing. The picking it up to say it all over again at one thirty a.m. I do not think was justified nor sound.

Got all preparations made and was leaving the house before Mary woke. Waved cheerful good-bye never mentioned the scolding nor the bawling out. Mary very good tempered and pleasant when we came in from the Tournament last Sunday night.

Don't believe I was bawled out or scolded at all on Friday. Next was the violent outburst at the table Saturday noon May 30th. Took no notice of it and obtained a quiet afternoon and pleasant evening with storm raging outside.

No bawling out in the night. Awake at 5 a.m. checking house. Storm of a tropical disturbance moving North-west into the Gulf of Mexico.

Scolding and bawling out came with the morning mail when I was asked to read a letter from Carl Brandt and made the mistake of saying Brandt was mistaken when he said that neither he nor Mrs. Hemingway knew of any negotiations with *Look.* These had been initiated by *Look* four or five months before and Mary and I had many times discussed them their disadvantages etc. What was true and correct was that we had no committments *[sic]* with books when Mary sent Brandt the samples from the diaries. But they had been making offers for several months.

The trouble is that I see no way of avoiding those terrible angry out-bursts. They used to be almost always in private and there were long intervals between. Sometimes months. Very often I deserve to have it done without rages or false accusations. They are no help.

I have tried being as good as I know how, to give no cause for jealousy with other women, and made an earnest effort, since I was thoroughly scolded for it, to get to the house at the exact hour I say will be back for lunch. Not to telephone saying I will be late. But to stop anything that would make me late and get there.

Try to be thoughtful about Mary in every way I know how: especially in seeing she gets her morning sleep. But I cannot hear the telephone unless I am close to it and she *can* hear it. So if it rings early I am defeated on that.

Had always heard women like presents and to be made love to lovingly. But on the day after Mary had a homecoming present and we had made love lovingly and understandingly and, certainly, at some length I had the worst public bawling out I have ever received in my life followed by being waked *[sic]* up at one thirty a.m. to hear it all over again. That night when I was listening to it I thought of saying, "I am a little deaf. Do I understand that you are thanking me for the little yellow convertible?"

The temptation to say this was strong enough so I got out of bed immediately to avoid starting answering. The only thing I have learned is that it is better not to answer at all. Women have no memory of what

they have said to you. But if you finally say something bad in answer THAT is what was said during the evening, or how it was: the morning; the noon; or the night.

Right now the question is whether I should accept Mary as a scold and give up another illusion. Or whether I should ride along and learn not to give a damn. I know I can do that but it will mean losing something I value more than anything: our love and companionship.

The strange thing is that Mary will come to me and say what can I tell her to do that will make her a better partner and a better wife. But if I should ask her now to seriously think about this problem, or habit it is now, of scolding she would probably answer, "What? Me a scold? I have the kindest tongue and the best disposition in the world and who are you to say a horrible untrue thing like that." So I might as well let it go.

But maybe we could both have some luck and she would admit she has been scolding very much lately and very violently.

Form & Void by Dave Sim and Gerhard

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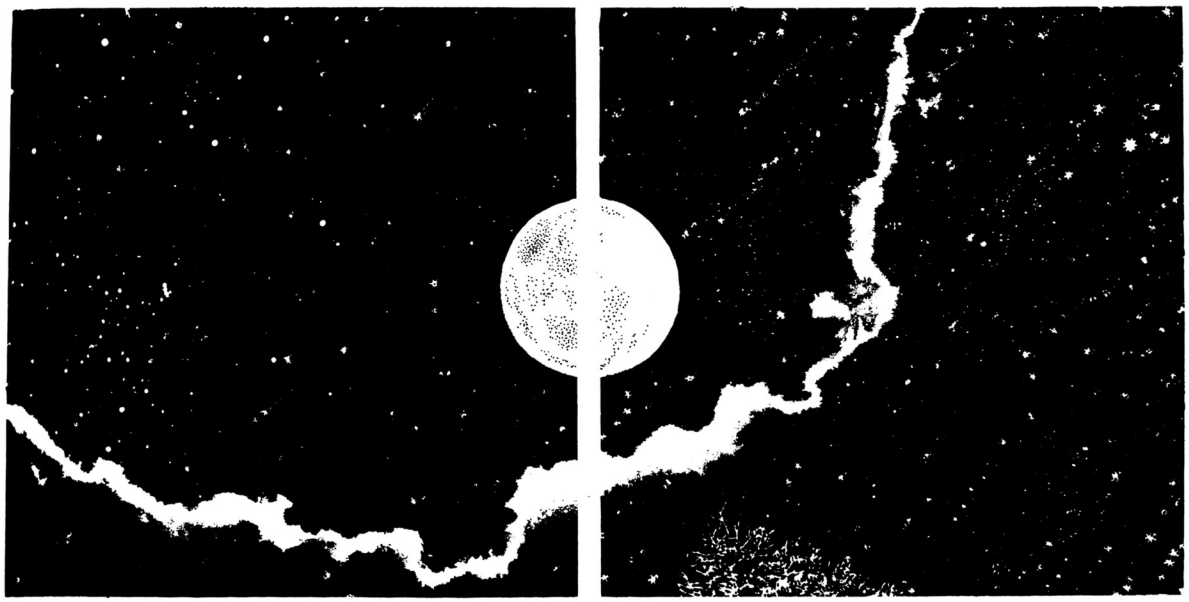
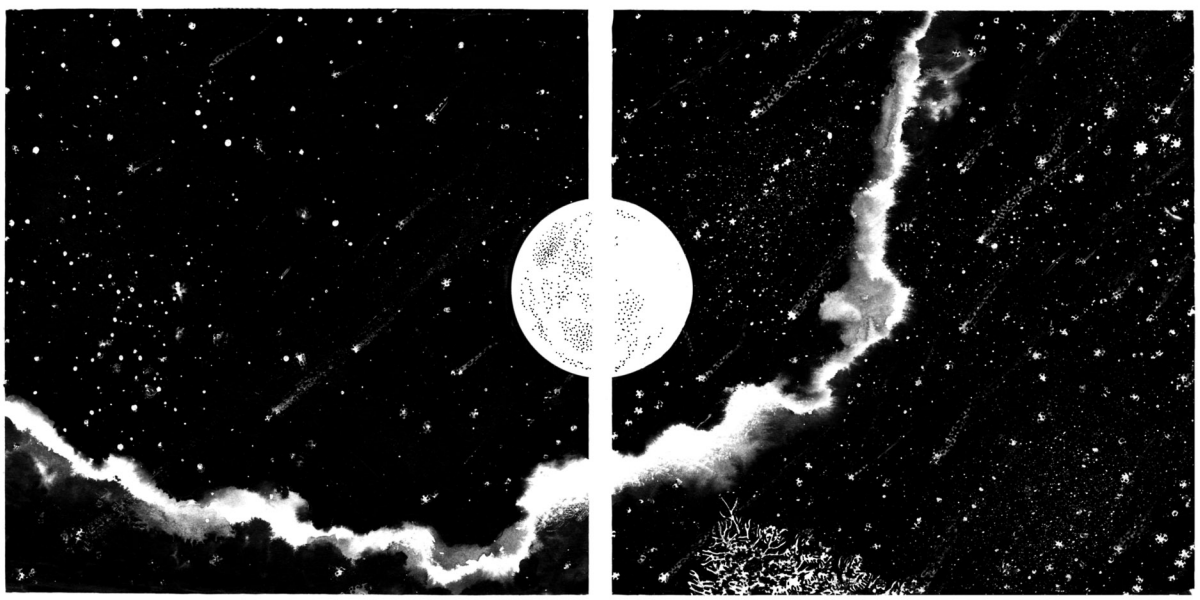


above: page 439, as it appeared in previous printings of *Form & Void*
below: the same page, scanned directly from the original art board for this restored volume.
right: above, page 648 from previous printings. below, 648 as scanned from the original art board.



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